















# SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY, VOL. XIII.

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# THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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## IVY ORATION

To-day we are in the historic position of pausing upon the threshold, where, before facing the future with the perennially hopeful vision of youth, we turn and look back, after them an-ner of all womankind. What each one of us sees there in the past is known to each one of us alone, but there is much that is shared by us all in common. Four years, in this comparatively early period of our lives, would have made many changes in any environment, and four years in an institution of this sort, devoted to the strengthening of character and culture, are, we all realize, probably the most directly influential of any in life.

The great lesson of education is not summed up for us here in any one fact or series of facts, but is comprehended in a certain definite attitude toward life; in a breadth of view, a quietness of mind, an aptitude for growth, and a recognition of the vital principles of truth.

We come from near and far, unrelated, unevenly developed, utterly heterogeneous, and the college holds us together for four years in an attitude of receptivity and scholarship—it unites us with bonds of daily intercourse and sympathy, fans our little talents appreciatively, and marks our crudities and limitations by inevitable comparisons—in short, it awakens and quickens individuality within us, and gives us, as its greatest gift, our-selves.

Emerson has named "self-trust" as the most priceless attainment of the student, and the education that leads to it he finds in nature, in books, and in action; but he conceived that the soul grows in stature principally by action, and that a man is made noble only by men. No one can be truly good alone; it is only in a group that we realize ourselves, and our community life here is of greater service in this sort of character building than we sometimes realize.

This self-trust and self-responsibility are the keynotes struck as soon as a student enters Northampton. Single-handed, she must breast the torrent of drivers and expressmen, and the emissaries of the S. C. A. C. W. Single-handed, she must plan her work amid the conflicting demands of official and unofficial advisers. Position and circumstance may prepare the way before her, but after all, it is really her individual use of them that counts. She has to stand or fall alone. The easiest path to the goal, she may not take; she may wander in circuitous and vexatious ways at first, but the vital thing is that she has undertaken the journey and is directing her steps herself.

This then, this sense of responsibility, is to my mind the most educative feature of college life. It is twofold in character: it develops both the individual and the social side. It teaches us to stand on our own feet and to make sure at the same time that we are not unduly crowding our neighbors. The difference between these is not always appreciated. A responsible self will reach chapel on time, but it will not do so by cutting across a corner of the grass. A responsible self will be duly prepared for examinations, but a responsible social self will not do so by withdrawing from the library shelves the only book available for her classmates.

It is really a very large thing, this being a responsible social self. It includes the private self, as the whole includes the parts. It is made of insight and sympathy, that wisest combination of the head and heart.

It is not always a wonderfully pleasant thing, either. It does not always indicate the position of honor, the heroine in the play, or the captain of the team—it may mean being the unapplauded prompter in the wings, or sewing on costumes, or attending to tiresome committee lists or reports. It may mean being silent when we would rather speak out, or speaking out when we would rather be silent. We sometimes much prefer

to sit with closed lips at class meeting, and then gravitate to a corner and grumble afterwards at the course affairs have taken, than to raise our voice in protest; and we may shelter our silence behind our innate love of retirement or any other modest quality—the fact remains that we were then morally weak and irresponsible, and grumbling is the resource of the irresponsible. We do not always learn this at once, nor in the same degree, but not one of us can pass through these years here without feeling, if only dimly, the vital prompting of this principle.

A more fitting education I cannot imagine, or a finer preparation for the world we are going forth to meet. For, if any word can touch the weakest point in the great public of American men and women, it is the word irresponsible. The spirit of an easy toleration of ills which a little resolution would remedy, has given a distinctive stamp to our national character.

That our determination can be effectively aroused in crises of national danger has been shown again and again and it has been our saving grace; but the occasion past, we are too much inclined to relapse indifferently into the old state of sluggish apathy. Then, too often, we gloss over disagreeable situations with plausible phrases, rendering lip service to our ideals while we ignore them in our actions.

The most effective worker for advancement is not he who takes refuge from evils in some Fool's Paradise of the imagination, but he who faces them with open eyes and undaunted courage. Evils there are everywhere; they are crowding in upon us as if marshalled for one desperate

“battle in the West  
Where all of high and holy dies away.”

Democracy is undergoing a severer strain than was ever before imposed, and it takes a stout faith not to quail under this trial. Instead of sweeping to their fulfillment, the hopes of a hundred years have grown sluggish in their flight; their pinions wearied; their anticipated goal withdrawn into dim, uncertain distance.

Is the scholar, then, the cultivated man and woman, to withdraw to the seclusion of refined communion in order to maintain the absorption and aloofness that were the ancient reproach of cultivated minds?

Never before has the need for academic, responsible minds been greater. It is the special duty of the American scholar to



uphold, not merely the faith in humanity, but the special faith, that to our new nation has been given the mission to lead the world to a truer conception of the fellowship of man; that the new world has been, indeed, divinely appointed to "redress the balance of the old." That Democracy must in the end prevail, was a truth unquestioned by the fathers of the Republic.

These facts have been earnestly preached of late to the graduates from men's colleges, and it needs to be no less thoroughly impressed upon the women of the land. We need espouse no conspicuous career labelled "Reform" to express that sense of social responsibility which has been inculcated in us here; we need mount no platform, nor clamor for rights, but we can make every decision of our private life tell for the public good. As to what that private life should be, the foremost men of our time have left us in no manner of doubt, but are insistent in proclaiming home-making as one of the chief ends of woman. We do not question the wisdom of this opinion. We are very sure there is none higher—but whether it is granted unto us for righteousness or not, the whole significance of our education forbids us to forget, in our own home-making, our wide responsibility for others' homes.

This is the most efficient sort of citizenship possible to have, and a demand for larger spheres is ridiculous. Educational problems are woman's by right and the great advances made in that world, the better regulation of child labor and increased number of children's playgrounds and parks, are due very largely to her interest and enthusiasm.

The greatest reproach of inefficiency that can be laid at her charge is the too familiar aversion to domestic service which has spread across our continent the serious conditions that menace so many households to-day. This is rather a sobering thought, not so inspiring, perhaps, as a missionary call, but a much more direct and personal appeal, for responsibility, like charity, begins at home.

We realize that if social thoughtfulness has not always been an easy thing at college, it is going to be no less difficult in the life before us. It will not always mean the heroine's part in the great world play—nor the leadership of important movements, nor even a name whereby to conjure—but it will bring all the inspiration of free service and the deepest self-realization that comes only from plain devotedness to duty.

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

## IVY SONG

Soft breezes blowing, and mountains glowing,

O sing for our Ivy Day !

Yon distant mountain and rolling river

We love and we will alway.

O sing for the days of college cheer,

For the friendships ever true,

For the lessons learned of the right and good,

For the ever broadening view.

To-day we sing you our Ivy Song,

To-morrow we leave for aye.

O sing as we never have sung before

That our song may never die.

O Alma Mater, so good and true,

Thy name we will ever love,

We'll strive to follow the ivy vine,

And climb to the heights above.

We're loath to leave thee, but still we know

Thy work will e'er abide,

That others shall tread the path we've trod,

While we seek the ones untried.

To-day we sing our Ivy Song,

To-morrow we leave for aye.

O sing as we never have sung before

That our song may never die.

LAURA JOSEPHINE WEBSTER.

## IN HALF TONE

### I.

Twilight—a haze that wraps the mountains,

And bares the dusky trees against the sky,

Fading the leaves to sober gray and silver ;

The swirl of wings and then a bird's sharp cry ;

A twinkling cow-bell in the dark swamp meadow :

The lap of water on a sandy bar ;

A dreaminess, a rest for hands weary,

And there, low in the east, a lonely star.

A star—a God-sent messenger, an angel!  
 All men have followed stars an unknown way  
 Up mountain or through sleeping field and woodland,  
 Followed the star to find the waking day.

Three wise men once with gold and myrrh and incense,  
 Rejoiced to see a star and followed long.  
 Though slow may be that path, and choked with brambles,  
 Hear not the pilgrims the hosannah-song?

Hark, how it fills the silent night-robed heavens  
 Till earth must echo and the hearts of men  
 Exult with joy: "Far winds the path before us;  
 Onward the goal lies"; fast they run again.

O, Alma Mater, lest our eyes be tear-dimmed,  
 Lest soon we lose the star nor follow long,  
 Give us your gladness; this the prayer we offer,  
 Open our ears to hear the angel song.

## II.

All your ways are pleasant  
 In the spring.  
 The pussy-willows whiten,  
 And the waters leap and gleam  
 Where the winter ice has melted  
 From the narrow roadside stream.

It is good to know your country  
 In the spring.  
 It is good to see the swallows on the wing,  
 And to feel the fresh wind blowing  
 In a land of grasses growing,  
 In a land whose name for loveliness  
 Is spring.

No more shall we wander when winter is over  
 Among your green meadows, nor climb each green hill.  
 No more shall we follow the paths that go blindly,  
 Far under the deep trees, where bird-calls pierce shrill.

The Mayflower pink shall grow under the deadwood,  
 And hazy blue skies shall look down in its face,  
 And moist shall the earth be, and cool to the fingers  
 Of those who shall go there to seek, in our place.

And blue as the rim of a torn cloud at sunset,  
The violets shall grow where the wood stretches wide,  
A hundred together with stems green and slender,  
Half lost in the sheltering leaves where they hide.

And all about the city shall be the slow roads winding  
Up the hill and down the hill, and through the wide, wide plain ;  
Whitening in the noonday, making light hearts lighter,  
Or drenched beneath the cool fall of the rain.

## III.

We were children when you called us from our playtime to your door,  
And your face shone with a beauty we had never seen before,  
And your love was strong to hold us as we listened to your voice.  
For you sang as one who knows the years, and knowing cries "Rejoice!"  
Who has trod the path to heaven, sees the lights that made it bright,  
And the morning that the good God sends to warn away the night.

Now we are no longer children ; childish days have swift gone by,  
Left behind us in the gloaming, hushed beneath the evening sky ;  
Left behind us now forever, till the years roll round again,  
And we find our vanished childhood, and we list to you, as then.

O, those sweet-voiced songs you sang us ! And the grandest, noblest song,  
That shall sing within us, dear as hope, above earth's noisy wrong,  
Was a melody of starlight, of a shining glistening star,  
That leads on and on forever, till there is no near nor far.

We have found that star, our mother, that rare star of gleaming gold.  
We have laden you with blossoms, all the sweets your arms can hold ;  
The wild faint pink of roses, and the green of tangled vine,  
And the raggedness and wilfulness of deep red columbine.

For our hearts have heard your music ; is there place for doubt or fear ?  
Unknown lies the path before us, yet ahead the star shines clear,  
And we leave the lands we've loved long, the old pilgrimage begun.  
While there flashes forth the gladness of a task that has been done,  
The gladness—and the sorrow—of a task that has been done.

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL.

## PESTALOZZI'S THEORY OF SENSE-IMPRESSION IN ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

All of Pestalozzi's pedagogical convictions came out of his own experience in teaching. He experimented before he theorized. "Ignorance," he said, "was certainly an indispensable condition for my discovery of the simplest method of teaching." Thus he was in himself a good illustration of his maxim—"things before words". He held that the aim of education is not to teach but to develop, to call into action the child's human senses, "not by restriction from without, but by expansion from within". The child should from its earliest years learn to pray, to think, and to work. This aim of a harmonious development of the moral, intellectual, and physical faculties of human nature suggests a three-fold division to which it is convenient to apply his theory of sense-impression or *Auschauung*, the foundation of his whole educational system.

"Every moral virtue taught to children should be intimately connected with an intuitive and sensible experience which is their own." Elementary moral education as expounded by Pestalozzi included three distinct parts. In the first place, a child's moral sense must be aroused by purifying his feelings. To this end Pestalozzi advocated no dogmatic creed or external organization, citing the Scriptural admonition: "Cleanse first that which is within, that the outside may be clean also." He aimed to awaken a religious sentiment by supplying the young with solid facts on which to base their conceptions of the beauty and justice of the moral life. So when his pupils were inclined to be noisy, Pestalozzi asked them if it was possible to learn under such conditions. The reality so presented to their minds naturally produced an idea of propriety. Thus the children of Stanz acquired a general sentiment of order and beauty.

The second part of the moral education consisted in the exercise of self-control, which Pestalozzi encouraged by such devices as having a pupil keep his eyes fixed upon his middle finger for a long time to increase concentration of attention. Again, a



good carriage of the body was practiced, as a remarkable influence on the character.

Thirdly, his children acquired a just notion of duty by means of reflection and comparison based on particular conditions of environment. Pestalozzi noticed that the orphans under his training at Stanz became self-conscious and lost their appearance of wanness.

The educator was consistent in his application of self-impression even to moral training. "Gaps in the early sense-cultivation of virtue," he said, "have the same consequences as gaps in the early sense-cultivation of knowledge." The success of Pestalozzi's instruction, and particularly of that concerned with the moral life of his pupils, rested upon their conviction of his deep affection for them. So the love of the mother unites with her instruction by means of object lessons in the early training of the child.

More obvious is the application of Pestalozzi's ruling principle to intellectual training. He asserted that sense-impression is the absolute foundation of all knowledge. Carrying out the conception of education as a development of already existing faculties, Pestalozzi declared that all our knowledge flows from three elementary powers, those of sound, form, and number. To the development of these faculties with their subdivisions he applied the method of sense-impression.

The teaching of sound includes sound-teaching, word-teaching, and language-teaching. Sound-teaching may be the teaching of sounds spoken or of sounds sung. The first should begin when the child is very young, the sounds being imprinted on the child's memory before he is capable of pronouncing them, always proceeding from the easy to the difficult. In singing, practice should precede theory—the child should learn to sing before learning the signs which represent musical notes. In his theory of word-teaching Pestalozzi somewhat inconsistently advocated the memorizing of lists of important nouns for future use—apparently departing from his reiterated order of "things before words". He was, however, carrying out his advice to give the comprehensible and wait for time and opportunity to bring comprehension.

The importance of language is emphasized throughout. Its aim is to lead the race from vague sense-impression, the usual starting point, to clear ideas. The study of language with each

individual child depends on the knowledge he has gained by sense-impression. It should begin by talking and hearing people talk. The ideal of development in language-study is the ability to express adequately one's perceptive impression. A pupil of Pestalozzi at Yverdon gives the following account of the teacher's method: "Language was taught us by the aid of intuition (sense-impression). We learned to see correctly and through this process to form for ourselves a correct idea of the relations of things." This natural method of learning the mother-tongue by hearing it spoken and by speaking it, without rules of syntax, Pestalozzi would extend to the acquirement of foreign languages also.

The second faculty, that of form, is the indefinite power of forming images, from which comes the consciousness of all forms. This Pestalozzi harmonized with the third faculty of number, the definite power of imagination from which comes our consciousness of unity, by summing up both in the so-called A B C of sense-perception and using the square as a basis; for the square, with its similar dimensions, illustrates alike the principles of form and of number. Thus before the child learns about geometrical forms he invents a sort of geometry for himself, learning to draw that he may see objects correctly; and before he deals with numbers in the abstract he gets his conception of numerical relations from actual objects present to his senses. Pestalozzi gave his pupils peas or pebbles to count, or at least marks on the blackboard. Gertrude, the model mother and teacher, trained her children to count the steps they took in crossing the room, and explained to them the decimal relations by means of the little square window-panes.

Pestalozzi in the immaturity of his pedagogical thought made impossible divisions and subdivisions of subjects not classifiable under sound, form, or number. He strove ever to educate the child through sense-impression, "not to teach him tricks as one teaches a dog tricks, for that is what education in ordinary schools often amounts to." For instruction in reading Pestalozzi advocated the use of movable letters glued on pasteboard. In an extreme reaction from the dry book-learning of the older schools, and influenced also by lack of resources, he used no books or copy-books at Burgdorf. The study of geography was introduced by a trip to the river bank, whence the children brought back clay to model the valley. Thus, by the aid of sense experience, the map was made intelligible.

Finally, in physical training, Pestalozzi approved of starting with the simplest motions, so that "the A B C of limb exercise must naturally be brought into harmony with the A B C of sense exercise." We must acquire ability by acting, and to make this possible we must have a graduated series of exercises.

These principles for moral, intellectual, and physical development Pestalozzi would apply to the child persistently from a very early age. He complained that he was unable to obtain satisfactory results in his training of a child of three because of the "three utterly unused years" that lay behind! This is in striking contrast to Rousseau's theory. Emile's education also began with sense-impression, but not until he was twelve years old did it progress beyond there; while Pestalozzi held that the perceptions through the senses should constantly lead to a higher knowledge. Moreover, Pestalozzi's purpose "to make the spirit of his future calling a second nature to the son of man" implied a practical outcome unknown to Rousseau.

There is no need to claim for Pestalozzi an originality which he himself denied. "We try to put in practice," he said, "what common sense taught men thousands of years ago." Yet again, he restored to credit the doctrines of a recent predecessor, Comenius, in regard to sense-impressions. Although the practice of Pestalozzi sometimes fell far below his theories, although those theories never attained the logical form of a system, yet "it is out of the folly of Stanz," in the words of Roger de Guimps, "that has come the primary school of the nineteenth century."

CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE.

## AN OFFSHORE HOME

A heavy fog had been rolling all the morning in a great, steadily advancing bank toward the north. The day had begun chill, with an ominous haze at the horizon, and the lengthening hours had given this unmistakable form. It had reached the lightship and passed on to envelop the distant mainland, leaving everything in its trail a prey to driving mist and shadowy gloom. Standing amidship of the *Vigilant*, her keeper could vaguely see her prow, and when he threw his head back to

look aloft, the lookout and the lantern seemed to float there in a vaporous sea. Drops of moisture clung to his beard, and he had enveloped himself in a battered oiler for protection. The great iron hull under his feet rose and fell with a long, swelling tide, and he touched the rail from time to time as he walked aft to take up again the task of polishing the heavy signal bell, which his interest in the weather had momentarily interrupted.

Evidently winter was at hand once more. Winter after winter had heralded its approach by the November fogs. Year after year, long days of gray monotony had forerun more bitter hardships. Days when the *Vigilant's* rusting hull showed like a ghost across the water, and nights when from her topmast the light struggled dimly, days and nights when it was unwise to leave the lightship, and when a succession of invented tasks filled up the old keeper's time. How well he knew their signs and interpreted their coming!

"Old Cap'n Peterson", the village folk called him, when at intervals his dory was pulled up on the shore of the mainland. On such occasions those who lounged about the "post office and general supply" establishment saluted the grim-visaged seaman with a friendly greeting and a well-pondered weather forecast. They knew little about him. The oldest settlers could recall the time when Cap'n Peterson had just been appointed to the Great Bar Lightship, but they did not remember whence he came nor where he had won his honorary title. They accepted him as a settled institution, as much an integral part of the *Vigilant* as her rays of guiding light, and those were as invariable as the sunset. Associate keepers had come and gone, seldom remaining over two years, but old Cap'n Peterson stayed on, fishing in winter and lounging in summer with a regularity unrivalled by the very constellations. When, the winter previous, the death of an associate and the long delay of the government had forced the old captain to face it alone through months of storm and stress, he had shown no change, and those human beings with whom he so seldom came in touch thought little of it. In the same manner, now that the vacancy had been applied for and gained by the captain's son, whom they had never heard of before, their curiosity was but mildly aroused.

Still the fog drifted, but at the noon hour a soggy warmth effaced its chill. The keeper rose from his work and stretched



his long frame somewhat stiffly. He tried a moment with narrowed eyes to pierce the surrounding veil, and then went down a few steps into the cabin to prepare his dinner. A little oil stove boiled some coffee and potatoes, and for the rest, chunks of stale bread sufficed. Two hard bunks, a fish-net in the corner, making with its rods and corks a bulky pile, an iron table, a stool or so, and the cooking utensils, made up the cabin furnishings. The port holes had once been ornamented with muslin curtains, but only a few tatters remained to attest their former glory. Cap'n Peterson surveyed it all with impartial content.

After dinner and a short dish-washing, he tilted back against the wall, rested his feet upon the table, produced a well-worn briarwood from his pocket, and soon the fog outside was not more thick than the air within. His eyes rested thoughtfully upon the second bunk, and a long pull of satisfaction upon the briarwood denoted inward approval. Yes, winter was at hand, and stormy battles stared him in the face; but in the past, alone yet brave in his solitude, he had fought them all, glorying in the thought of wind and wave which he was in a measure able to withstand. Winter was at hand, but it was not to be a winter like the past. Struggles and privations, cold and wet, these were endurable, but solitude, horrible, desolate loneliness, was different. To live for weeks in a space but several yards square, to be tossed and rocked there at the mercy of a winter's fury, and during those periods of imprisonment to hear no human voice, touch no human hand, and feel no human comradeship! That was a prospect to be faced tranquilly by no man. Old Cap'n Peterson had, however, endured it. Rare trips for supplies, absorbing fishing trips and gifts of reading matter from chance passing vessels, had made it possible.

It was not to a winter like the past that the keeper now looked forward so serenely. No wonder that long wreaths of smoke were wafted approvingly toward the second bunk. Soon it would have an occupant. Soon there would be some one to take turns at the watch, and to climb high into the lookout of a stormy night to tend the flickering light. Soon there would be one to rejoice with him over a successful haul, and to aid in the process of turning it into good revenue. Soon there would be some one to discuss in nautical term all the tidings brought



from the outer world by the steamers whose smoke sometimes blurred the horizon line.

A father and son who have not met for twenty years are not rare among sea-farers. Their fortunes often lie the width of the world apart. A father receives his government post and remains true to it through life. A son takes service as cabin boy for Eastern seas and is jostled about by the winds of fate until, some decades later, chance drives him home. It's all in the sailor's lifetime and he does not question it, but neither are his ties of blood therefore completely severed. A father's ultimate ambition is to pass on his life-work to his first born, and he in turn will surely come some day to claim that inheritance. The communication between Captain Peterson and his son John had been desultory throughout their separation, but they had always taken for granted the final reunion. Now that the realization of the dream was near, the captain's peaceful pipe best represented his acceptance of it.

His siesta over, he mounted again to the main deck, and set to work to mend an old piece of sail-cloth with strong, clumsy stitches. The dory's sail was brown and patched, but it had carried her bravely through many a tearing gale. In and out went the great needle, while the captain's absorption made him scowl and draw his under lip into a compressed line. The brown horny fingers were deft for all their awkward shape. Pausing an instant he placed the now extinguished pipe absent-mindedly between his teeth, and tugging at that seemed to help the job mightily. The sway of the vessel with its accompanying thud, and the muffled toll of a bell were all that broke the stillness. The captain's job was done, and he looked up to feel the breath of changed wind. The fog was lifting. A passing schooner hailed him from out the clearing mist and he looked then shoreward to find that its outline was just barely visible.

It took a few minutes to bend the sail to the dory, and to put things ship-shape aboard the *Vigilant*. Every rope was coiled, and the lantern polished and filled. John Peterson was to find his home in readiness. The offshore wind which had cleared the fog made it necessary to sail the eight miles close hauled, so he tied the tiller and bared his arms to the task of rowing. The long sweep of his oars supplemented the wind. The dory rolled over the swells, tossing back a fine spray from the short sea which the breeze had raised, and the hull of the *Vigilant*

dwindled rapidly. A thin mist remained from the morning's fog and the wind was cold. The old sailor bent backward and forward in a steady rhythm, the muscles of his hairy arms standing out and showing their long-trained power. His oars cut the water cleanly, while now and then he glanced ahead over his shoulder and straightened his course. His narrow blue eyes shone with the satisfaction of a sailor when he is putting his strength against the forces of nature.

The trip seemed long to his impatience to-day, but at length he drew near a line of rocks stretching across the entrance of a quiet harbor. Beyond these the water rippled gray, and a little village struggled down to its edge. The sailor shipped his mast, peered under his hand toward the distant wharf, and saw a single figure standing there. A signal of greeting passed between the two and Cap'n Peterson grasped the oars again with suppressed excitement. Straight as a die the dory shot through the open space between the rocks and glided out on the other side toward the wharf. The man standing there was tall and sunburned and roughly dressed, and beside him lay a well-worn sailor's chest. He was lightly bearded, as strong as an ox, and in the very prime of manhood. The father noted this with a quick glance as he came alongside.

"Take a half hitch, thar!" he commanded, tossing the painter ashore, and while the stranger made the boat fast, he stepped out himself and stood in the silent embarrassment of the man who fears to show emotion. The young sailor straightened, and met his father's eyes frankly. A strong hand-clasp was all, and John Peterson was the first to break silence.

"I'd know ye, father," he said, "and the place and all, and I'm glad to git here."

He looked out to where the *Vigilant* was barely visible on the horizon, and Cap'n Peterson nodded as he followed the look.

"It won't take long to run home ef we start right off, but the breeze'll flatten out by sundown."

The younger man lifted his chest aboard, and constraint vanished in action.

"I've been wantin' ye a long time, John," the captain went on, "for the work ain't ben easy. Together we can make her hum."

"I'm sick enough of knocking 'round," said his son, "and we'll man that ship out thar for all she's wuth this winter. I

ain't had a season's fishin' for quite a stretch, and there ain't nothin' like it after all. Yes, it sure is good to git back."

The young fellow sculled until they had passed the rocks; his father watched his long, vigorous stroke and muscular form, and laughed shortly.

"You'll make a loafer outen me," he said, "but I reckon that later on there'll be work enough for two. The nets are ready, and it won't be long afore they'll come in handy. We had the first winter fog to-day, and signs are we'll git another to-morrow."

John Peterson threw back his head and sniffed.

"Shouldn't wonder," he answered.

He rested a moment, leaning on the oar and looking shoreward. A willing exile from the world of men and action, it seemed as though in that look he bade it all good-by; and as the dory sprang forward again through the gap and caught the chug and splash of open water, no regret, only resolve and anticipation were in his face.

On their outward trip the two men talked of many things, of the far past somewhat, and of John Peterson's more recent travels, but principally of things nautical pertaining to their present world. The recognized sympathy of kinship and temperament already underlay their companionship. The sea was growing momentarily smoother and ahead the *Vigilant* rose and fell gently. The lap of water against the dory was drowsy and the sun was dropping dim and yellow through low-lying clouds toward the ocean's rim. Long before reaching their destination they were glad to take an oar apiece and counteract the growing cold. The lightship stood out gaunt and dark against the pale sky. Her tall iron masts with their spreading props topped by wrought lantern casings looked like huge skeletons. Shipping their oars, the two men pulled out the mast and deposited it in the bottom of the boat. Working towards each other from either end the sail was quickly furled and stowed up forward. It was a matter of considerable skill to bring the dory alongside the anchored ship, without crashing against her sides. Cap'n Peterson stood amidships fending off with an oar while his son put bumpers out along the gunwale, and then attached in their fore and aft sockets the ropes that hung from the swinging derrick above on the lightship. Then he followed his father up the rope ladder and lent a hand in

turning the crank which landed the dory safe on board. Old Cap'n Peterson placed a hand on his son's shoulder and there was a moment of silent mutual comprehension.

"Up aloft you go, John, and light them lanterns," the captain cried. "I'll go below and stir up some rations. We've a calm night ahead, but a cold one."

After supper, in sweater and coat, the men sat on deck smoking, listening to the night sounds and conversing fitfully. The measured tone of the bell came from somewhere out in the blackness. The twin lights above their heads dimmed the stars and cast a steady glow over nearby waters, but beyond that circle the darkness was but more dusky by contrast. Two or three lights from belated yachts and other home-going craft showed here and there, and one of these attracted the sailors' attention by its steady approach. The sound of singing was faintly wafted to them.

"One o' them yachts from Atlanticville," commented the elder, leaning forward with some interest.

A moment later they lost sight of the red light, there was an instant of blackness and the green shone forth.

"They've changed course and'll pass to port," he remarked.

The singing grew more distinct and voices were mingled with it, while the light grew brighter and brighter. One moment they could just vaguely make out the shape of the yacht, the next it seemed fairly upon them, and was by with a rush.

"Ahoy there!" came a cry, and a package landed on board the *Vigilant* with a heavy thud.

"Papers!" said old Cap'n Peterson. "These'll see us through the long fogs ahead!"

John Peterson had sprung forward. With three strokes of a hammer upon the great-toned bell, he saluted. It was his final greeting with the world he had quit, before the long winter should cut him off from it. Then he turned and held a lantern near while Cap'n Peterson untied the cords that bound together a pile of old magazines.

ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.



## DOWN HILL

Heigh ho !

Ah, do you know

Whither our flashing feet shall go ?

Hoofs have you, and the hairy thigh,

And a little brown wisp of a nymph am I,

Down the forest, flickering by

Low and high ;

Sing and cry

Heigh ho !

Who ever could know

Whither our bold brown feet shall go ?

Hoofs bite well on the moss-green stone ;

Small toes cling to the roots out-thrown ;

Quick hands catch at the light leaves blown

Low and high.

Sing and cry

Heigh ho !

Why should we know

Whither our following feet shall go ?

Slim tree bends like an Indian's bow ;

Brown bog curdles and creeps ; heigh ho !

Leaf and petal and sun-shape blow

Low and high.

Sing and cry

Heigh ho !

Never to know

Save that the hoofs and the brown feet go

Under the close boughs' blue-patched roof ;

Down the mountain, putting to proof

Little brown foot and lean brown hoof—

Low and high—

Sing and cry

Heigh ho !

Never to know—

Only to go and go and go !

Heigh ho !

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.



## OLD-COUNTRY-BORN

Onnie was down at the battling stones in the river rinsing out the last of her basket of clothes. Most of the wash was already spread on the grass to whiten in the sun, while she gave an extra rub to some particularly obstinate stains. She smiled as she scrubbed, for she was always happy down at the battling stones. Here she had first met Timothy Moran as he had helped his mother with the heavy pieces, and it was here that Timothy had told her he was going to America to earn a fortune for her. That was two years ago, and in another year he would be sending for her. Three years wasn't so very long, especially when a letter came every month from Tim; she would be getting one this day or the next! She spread out the last piece and went up to the house crooning gently the song Tim had taught her the night before he went.

“Oh green grows the laurel  
And soft falls the dew,  
And sad was my heart  
When I parted from you.  
But in our next meeting,  
If you will prove true,  
I'll change the green laurel  
For the red, white and blue.”

As she drew near the house little Antony came running out, waving a letter.

“Thank ye, darlint, I knew it'd be coming to-day or to-morrow.”

She carried little Antony pick-a-back to the house, and then read her letter. There was great good news in it. Tim had been made foreman, and as he had been very saving, would Onnie come out in two months? She suddenly commenced to cry, and little Antony stopped teasing the chickens to comfort his sister. Something must be the matter when Onnie cried. She had to explain that she was only laughing. Onnie's mother was very happy, too. She didn't believe in waiting years for

a man over in America when there were plenty as good in Ireland, but if Tim was a foreman already, Onnie would have a good home. Tim was that steady, anyway. Onnie would be married from her Aunt Ellen's, and then she and Tim would have a flat to themselves and perhaps send her a bit towards the rent. Little Antony was the only one who wasn't pleased; he wailed for an hour and then went out to watch the new calf, and Onnie gave him nine-pence to be good.

So Onnie went to America. She was sick and lonely on the ship. At night when she heard the timbers of the boat creak with the weight of the water, she lay awake and cried because she was sure the ship would sink. But the last day was lovely, and she went up on deck. Everyone watched the land of promise, green and beautiful in the distance. They sailed up the Narrows and Onnie thought she had never seen anything so lovely in her life, not even in Ireland. As the ship rounded the Battery and she looked up the long tunnel of high buildings on Broadway, she turned to the girl next her and said:

"It's a pretty village, isn't it?"

The girl answered, "I never saw the likes of it before. Will ye be doing general housework?"

Onnie blushed. "Yes, I think so. I'm wishing my little brother could be seeing this."

But when Aunt Ellen and Tim met her at Ellis Island, little Antony was forgotten.

The wedding came in a few days, and it was as grand as Aunt Ellen and Tim could make it. There were two priests and a fine supper, and Onnie looked lovely. She did feel sorry to find that her own home was an hour's ride from Aunt Ellen's, but she did not tell Tim so. Aunt Ellen displayed the flat proudly. It was over a florist's store, and the parlor windows looked out on Reid Avenue, so Onnie could see the passing. It was livelier to have the cars going by. It was a grand flat with five rooms, and a plush set for the parlor. As Onnie prepared their first supper, she was sure she was the happiest girl alive.

For the first few weeks the novelty of having a whole flat to herself filled in the long hours while Tim was away. It was June, and after dinner they went to the front windows where the sea breeze blew in; Tim smoked his pipe and they waited for it to cool off, so that they could sleep. Sometimes when it was very hot, Tim took Onnie to the beach for the evening or

to the park. She liked the park best, where she could walk on the grass, for the pavement blistered her feet.

As the summer went on, Onnie got acquainted with her neighbors. Down-stairs was Mrs. Hummel, who followed her husband home from work every Saturday night, so that he couldn't take his pay into a saloon. Once in a while he escaped her, and then there was more or less of a fight. Right across the hall was Miss Kelly, a dressmaker. Onnie used to leave the door open and watch the customers, mostly living-out girls, and they often smiled pleasantly at her. Up-stairs there were the Fishers. She went out scrubbing and he was a brick-layer. There were six children, and one of the boys was just little Antony's age. Onnie used to give him pennies when no one was looking. She did want to wash his hands and face, for all the six little Fishers were so dirty they made her heart ache. Once in a while she would visit Aunt Ellen, but Aunt Ellen had her own house to look after and couldn't be bothered with her all the time.

So the long, hot summer passed. One day, in September, she came home from visiting Aunt Ellen to find the door of the flat entrance tied with white crape. The littlest Fisher was dead. Just three days before, she had seen the child playing on the street with the others. Mrs. Fisher borrowed some dishes from Onnie for the wake. That night it was too hot to sleep, and Onnie lay listening to the continual tramp of feet above her. She wanted to cry, but that would have wakened Tim. The day of the funeral there was a long line of carriages up and down the block. Onnie kept away from the window and knitted busily on the heavy socks for Tim to use in the winter. The procession started down-stairs. They came to the turn in the hall outside the door of her parlor. The hall was so narrow that in turning the coffin scraped against the wall, but Onnie kept counting her stitches. When the last carriage had rolled away, she told her beads and worked faster than ever.

As fall and winter came Onnie gained more acquaintances and was less lonely. She missed little Antony most of all and at Christmas, when Tim gave her money for a new dress, she bought instead a suit for Antony. Then she was suddenly afraid that Tim wouldn't like it, but Tim just smiled and said, "Anything to please ye, mavoureen." So they did it up and sent it to Antony, and his mother wrote that he looked fine and she needed a new shawl.

It was in May that the baby was born and Onnie was sure that she should never be lonesome again. He was that sweet, with his big blue eyes, just like his father's, and he should be named for his father, too. The christening was a proud day for them both, and Aunt Ellen impressed its grandeur upon her Bridgeen, as they rode home.

"You'll want to be taking a good steady working man, like Tim, and not one of those young whippersnappers. Did ye see the width of lace on the christening dress and the fine big album on the parlor table? One of them clerks with all his fine clothes could never give you a grand lamp like that. And lace curtains, too."

In September, however, there was again a funeral. Again it was the heat, and Onnie's little Tim was borne down the narrow hall; the line of carriages drove off and the children in the street returned to their jumping ropes. That evening when it was all over and they were back in the little parlor, Tim covered his face with his hands and sobbed. But Onnie came up and comforted him.

"Mucha darlin', ye'll break my heart if ye cry. The Lord knows I've been crying myself, but I'll not be after weeping again." Onnie kept her word, but Tim knew that her heart was with little Tim. About this time he offered to write home for Onnie, and she accepted gladly, for a letter was a task of hours for her. One day there came a letter for him which Onnie did not see. It went, "I'll be letting ye have Antony, and Cousin Delia is sailing in a month now. He can get a grand eddication in America and Onnie will take fine care of him. The old cow died this day week." Onnie never saw that letter, but later on Tim suggested that when Cousin Delia came they should go and meet her. Cousin Delia came and brought little Antony with her.

That evening Tim sat smoking his pipe, while Onnie put Antony to bed. She came in.

"And Tim, he's grown so, I hardly knew him. Arrah, Tim, you're that good to me. We'll send him to the school around the corner."

"Well, Onnie, I'm thinking the country will be better for him; and I've taken a house way out beyond with a bit of grass to our feet and a garden for ye and Antony. You see, mavoureen, we're old-country-born."

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.



## AN OVERDOSE OF ECONOMY

"Timothy! Come back here!"

The old man stopped, halfway down to the gate, and hesitated. Then he turned wearily and went back to the house. His wife stood on the steps, her hands behind her, and her determined mouth drawn tight and straight.

"Timothy, where's the box your Bible goes in?"

The old man tried to hide the Teacher's Edition which he carried, in the folds of his long and obviously home-made cape coat.

"I—I guess I must have left it," he murmured faintly."

"You guess! Don't you *know*? Timothy Todd, I should think you'd know better than to carry that good real leather Bible under your arm so careless! What's the box for if it ain't to put it in, I'd like to know?" Like a flash her hands came from behind her back, and she produced the large white pasteboard box in which the Bible had lain when Timothy Todd's Sunday School class presented it to him the previous Christmas.

"Now put your Bible in that box and keep it there till you get to Sunday School. Then when you go to your class you can take the Bible out, and when your class is over you put the Bible in the box again and bring it home so."

"I—they look at me so queer, Seliny, I hate to carry it in the box."

"Pshaw! What if they do! More shame they! Ain't you got backbone enough to do what's fitten, I'd like to know? I want you to keep that Bible good. It don't seem as if you cared about it, though."

"But I—"

"Don't let me hear another word. Go along now to Sunday School and be sure you keep it in the box."

He turned submissively and walked deliberately down the path with the box held before him, as one carrying crown jewels upon a cushion.



"That's right," called his wife, "don't put it under your arm. It'll dent the edges if you do!"

On Timothy's return from Sunday School, he brought a visitor, a man who had come from the city and had addressed the Sunday School. Selina was fond of company, but it was one of her whims never to appear so. Timothy hustled the guest into the parlor and went out to find his wife. She was dishing up the cold roast beef which had been cooked the day before. She never did any cooking on Sunday.

"I—I've brought home a stranger," faltered Timothy.

She faced round upon him, dish in hand.

"You have!" she cried. "I suppose that means one more potato to boil."

"I—I'd as lief go without," he stammered. "I—can't we use the dining room and the new set?" he went on. "This stranger's a city man, and he's used to having everything nice." That last phrase was unlucky. Mrs. Todd turned on him with defiance in her eye.

"Well, I guess what's good enough for us is good enough for *him*. That set is nice, and if a piece should get broken I couldn't get another. And the carpet's new, and as like as not that man would drop something on it and spot it. No, Timothy Todd, I guess you and your stranger can eat along of me in the kitchen."

Timothy picked nervously at the linen handkerchief which had been put around his neck to protect his collar. Even through the handkerchief's liberal folds he could feel the frayed edge of the old collar which his wife had made him wear to save his good ones.

"Well," said Timothy resignedly.

As he went wearily back to his visitor, he glanced furtively in at the pretty new dining room. It had been built on, the spring before, and Mrs. Todd had bought a set of Haviland china, and the table, covered with a fine damask tablecloth, was always set with the beautiful new china. But, although the dining room had been built on because Mrs. Todd had decided she had had enough of eating in the kitchen, she had declared that the new room was altogether too beautiful and nice to eat in, and that the new china was too good to use. So the old couple still ate in the kitchen.

As Timothy and his guest went out to dinner, the old man

saw his friend looking curiously in at the dining room, where the table always stood invitingly set.

"I—my wife is housecleaning," said Timothy with a great gulp, "and she hasn't finished with the dining room yet, so I guess you'll have to knuckle down to eating in the kitchen."

Mrs. Todd shot a surprised glance at her husband and opened her mouth to speak, but mercifully held her tongue. The guest looked amused, but as he glanced at the kitchen table, he looked disturbed. He had a fine appetite, and the two cold boiled potatoes in the dish did not look either satisfying or inviting.

After dinner, he spent an embarrassing hour in the sitting room, which was ghostly, with all the chairs and the sofa draped in white linen covers, and a white linen cover on the organ. The guest did not know that the linen cover had been put on the organ to save an embroidered plush one, which in turn had been put on to cover a silk one which kept the organ from getting scratched. But Timothy knew it, and it seemed to him as if the stranger's eyes must pierce through all three covers with a glance of withering scorn. His wife's economical ways were a constant fret to him, and to-day it seemed as if it were worse than usual. He always hated to have visitors see Mrs. Todd's petty devices of economy.

After the visitor had gone, Timothy went into the kitchen, and getting a chair, took it out to the front porch and sat down. The air was cold and piercing, and he shivered, even in his heavy overcoat. His wife came out and looked at him curiously.

"What be you a-doin', a day like this, sittin' out here, Timothy Todd?"

He did not move, but his mild eyes snapped.

"It's so pizen neat in the settin' room I can't find a place to set down," he returned, with some heat.

Mrs. Todd, with head lifted high, stepped loftily into the house.

"Now, I suppose you'll be goin' all over the neighborhood saying I turned you out-doors," she said, acidly. "The Toddses never were cleaner than Heathen Chinees, anyhow," she went on, "but it *do* seem as if I might have trained a *little* more neatness into you after all these years."

The old man, left alone to shiver, sighed wearily.

"Seems as if she gets worse and worse," he murmured.

"Seems as if sometimes I could just cut and run away. Ain't there *no* way to get shut of her everlastin' scrimpin'?" His clouded face looked sad enough for a few moments, then suddenly he smiled, a mysterious, unusual smile, almost diabolical in its cunning. The tempest had not passed, and when at last Mrs. Todd called him in to supper, he sat in rigid unforgiving silence, leaving his wife to talk in an ostentatiously loud voice and ask unusual questions to which he did not reply.

But the following morning he was as serene as a lark and no word of his recent outbreak passed between the old couple. In the afternoon, Timothy hitched the old mare into the democrat wagon, and telling his wife that he was going to Dover, the next village, he set off down the dusty road. It was only three miles to Dover, and Timothy started at two o'clock, but it was seven o'clock before he at last drove into his own dooryard again.

"You *have* made a trip of it," remarked his wife. "Where's my molasses and the edging to match that sample I give you?"

Timothy made some incoherent reply and went into the barn.

The next afternoon, the Rural Free Delivery brought Mrs. Todd a letter. She read it eagerly, letters being unusual with her, and hurried out to the barn to tell her husband about it.

"I've got a letter from John," she said importantly, "and he says 'Caroline needs you. Come at once. Crops good.'" She recited it glibly, for it was short enough for her to have learned by heart in one reading.

"Be you a-goin'?" asked Timothy after a moment's pause.

"Why of course, just as soon as I can get round," she returned. "But ain't it queer John should have written just that way? Not say what's the matter with Ca'line or anything. Just 'Caroline needs you. Come at once.' And 'Crops good'! What does he think I care about crops at such a time as this? John always was queer. And may be Sister Ca'line has the pneumony or some fever or something. She always was delicate. I—"

"Perhaps she's cleaning house," ventured Timothy inopportunely.

Mrs. Todd quenched him with a glance.

"And another thing," she said, presently, "it's very cur'ous, but that letter has the postmark of Dover, and I don't see why

John should have come way over from Mansfield to mail a letter at Dover."

"Maybe he went there for the doctor," suggested Timothy.

"Maybe not," snapped his wife. "How can you say such foolish things at such a time?" and she flounced into the house.

When the five o'clock stage passed on its way to the station, she was at the gate, waiting for it. She was dressed all in black, with a crape bonnet and a long crape veil.

"Maybe Caroline's dead," she had said in answer to Timothy's remonstrance, "and then how would I look traipsing up there in a brown alpacy dress? I've left some cold corned beef and cold boiled potatoes on the kitchen table for you, and the table's all set." She climbed into the stage. "If I'm away over Sunday," she began, but the stage driver whipped up his horses and started off. At the corner Mrs. Todd thrust her head out of the stage and screamed back to her husband. "That loaf of bread ought to last you a week," she shouted.

But old Timothy only chuckled. As the stage wheeled around the corner, he breathed a long happy sigh of relief. "Thank the Lord!" he said fervently.

His first act on entering the house was to go into the sitting room and take all the linen covers off the furniture and carry them out to the barn. His next was to take all three covers off the organ and take them up garret. He stepped to the door and surveyed his work with pleasure; opened the blinds to let in the sunlight, and the really pretty carpet and furniture showed bright and cheerful where at first all had been sombre and gloomy as the tomb. Timothy's eye lighted on his Bible in its box. With one stride, he reached the table where it lay, and taking the book from its box, he carried the latter into the kitchen and dropped it into the struggling fire. Later, he went back into the sitting room, lay down on the unveiled sofa, put up his feet comfortably and sank into a blissful slumber, the first he had ever enjoyed in that room. The shadows grew longer, the sun set, the evening wore on, and the house grew cool. Through the open windows came the noises of the night, and the far, sweet scent of the pines. At last, as nine o'clock sounded, Timothy heaved a deep and regretful sigh and awoke.

After he had groped his way out in the kitchen and struck a light, the sight of the cold supper did not attract him in the least. He stood looking at it a moment in silence, then he bore



down upon the table, seized the cold beef and potatoes, and going to the stove, flung them in. He went to work, and, resuscitating the kitchen fire, made himself an omelet—Timothy was no mean cook—some nice hot corn bread and a pot of strong, strong coffee. These he set forth on the new china, upon the table in the sacred dining room. All the time, his face kept the mysterious grin it had worn the previous afternoon; and once in a while, a derisive, noiseless chuckle escaped him.

A fit of silent, painful laughter seized him as he finally sat down to the smoking hot supper at ten o'clock at night, alone, in the midst of forbidden splendor. He laughed on and on during the meal, always that noiseless, derisive laughter. He handled the Haviland china carelessly, and he sprawled in his quartered oak chair. Once he leaned over and dropped a piece of corn bread deliberately on the carpet, and laughed again in silent enjoyment. It seemed to him as if he had never tasted quite so delicious a supper.

At eleven o'clock he washed the dishes, but it was a slow process, for he had to stop frequently to bend himself nearly double when one of those fits of fiendish laughter seized him. He grew more and more careless; suddenly his hand slipped, and a piece of the precious best china fell to the floor and crashed into a hundred pieces. Timothy sobered for a moment only, then laughed out loud and straightened himself up and went on, with a shrug of his old shoulders, a devil-may-care look in his eye, and an old-time dancing-tune upon his lips. The Timothy of yore was gone, and in his place a careless, debonair Timothy, who could not be moved even by such an accident as smashing a piece of the best china. Suddenly he heard the front door open and quick steps coming along the passage. Before he could reach the kitchen door, it was flung violently open and Mrs. Todd appeared.

"Why—why, Seliny!" gasped Timothy.

"Yes," said Selina, calmly, "I've come back. Ca'line wasn't sick at all, and John didn't know *anything* about sending me any letter. Some one must have sent it to play a joke on him. I—"

A queer look in Timothy's face made her stop a minute. Then a sudden thought flashed across her.

"Timothy," she stammered, "*you* sent that letter!"



And the graceless Timothy laughed. Never in all his life had he outwitted her, and the fact filled him with a kind of fierce exultation.

"I was tired to death of your everlastin' scrimpin', Seliny," he said stoutly, "and I thought I'd get rid of you for a while. I meant to put things back as you left 'em, but you've stole a march on me. They might as well stay as they are now, I—"

Suddenly her eye caught the china on the floor and she sprang past him, into the dining room. She glanced at the table, ever set and ready, and she made a sure, swift survey.

"Timothy," she demanded, "where's the china sauceboat?"

For an instant Timothy did not reply. Then—

"It's broken," he said briefly but unremorsefully. "I broke it," and he turned on his heel to hide his laughter.

Mrs. Todd stood exactly where he had left her, her face ashy white, her eyes like blue steel. In every line her figure showed the droop of fatigue that the fruitless double journey had cost her. Many thoughts were whirling through her brain. It seemed as if she had never thought so hard in her life. She had gone away, and left old Timothy, humble, downtrodden Timothy, Timothy who knuckled under to her every wish, Timothy who had never dared lift his voice in protest (save only once, and that in yesterday's outbreak), Timothy who—the new Timothy stepped forward and touched her on the shoulder.

"Don't you think you'd better go to bed?" he queried. "You must be tired after goin' to Manchester and back—"

She turned to him with a strange new expression in her eyes. She, whom no man had ever outwitted in all her life, looked up at him and realized that at last she had found some one whom she could not manage.

She smiled a little tremulously.

"Yes, I *am* tired," she said. "Won't you light me up-stairs?"

And the new Timothy, with lighted lamp in hand, without a word preceded her up the stairs.

RUTH POTTER MAXSON.

## SKETCHES

The calm of the evening had fallen like a benediction on the little mission of St. Ignace. There was a resignation about it which the young priest could ill abide,

**In a Far Country** for he was a frontiersman as well as were the trappers across the straits. There was room for only the active ones in the new country. He left the chapel far behind and, in the deepening winter twilight, walked swiftly along the ice-locked cove until all traces of the settlement were lost to view. A few pines fringed the beach and warmed the inhospitable landscape, but it was across the straits, across the crude new land and beyond to the hills of sunny France that his eyes were turned. A cry leapt up within him and almost escaped his lips. He squared his shoulders, turned his eyes ahead and trudged on. The listening winds might have heard a hoarse dry sob flung to them and the inquisitive young stars might have seen the gulp of a sinewy throat and the tears in honest eyes.

Why could he not love the shores of the Great Lakes as he loved the valley of the Loire? Why must he always be unhappy when he was alone with himself? True, very true, the work was hard and the satisfaction small, but that ought not to discourage the heart of a strong man. Would he ever be a man? Work ought to strengthen him,—it *would* make him strong—it must! A man can't become a man all at a bound,—no! it was to come! Some day there would be an end to the heartache—no, oh God!—there could be no end—no end. Ever must the water rush through the straits, ever must the red man be a savage; and ever, over there, must the sun shine on the warm slopes of old France. No end? No—no end!

“Mother! mother! Don't be afraid, it is only I. Such a dream as I had! It is a beautiful night, mother dear. I was on my balcony. I fell asleep and I dreamed of little Pierre—

you remember him? He used to smile at me from the street when I was—oh, such a little girl. And he had such honest eyes, not a bit like Jaques'. And I dreamed that he threw at me—oh—hundreds of roses, and when I opened one a great pearl fell out, and it changed at once to a great tear, and in the tear I saw many strange places, and strange men from the New World—like in my book—you know? And I awoke so quickly, and my face was covered with petals from the pink rose that climbs over my balcony, and they were wet with dew—oh, so wet. Wasn't it so funny? Good-night, mother. I am going back to see if I can dream again. The moon is so glorious, so bright that I fear that I can't sleep very soon. Good-night! I wonder—whatever—became of little—Pierre,—he had—such—honest—eyes."

GAIL TRITCH.

THE ONES THAT FAIL

Then if life is a race to be won  
Or a battle fought out at our best,  
And no one can stop to give quarter  
And no one can pause for rest,  
O, you in the van of the fighting  
Look down on the faces pale  
That you crush beneath your eager feet,  
And pity the ones that fail.

O you, who exalt in the struggle  
And thrill with joy at your might,  
Look down on the weak and crippled  
Who were not meant for the fight;  
For we did not all start even,  
And it's strength and brute force that avail  
In the bitter battle for living,  
So pity the ones that fail.

And when the fighting is finished  
And the day has come to an end  
Take heart, you, who pitied poor weakness  
Or paused to give help to a friend;  
For when, by the crowd, the victor  
Is greeted with jubilant hail,  
The merciful Judge of the contest  
Will pity the ones that fail.

FLORENCE DIXON.

"S'phrony, S'phrony, where in the world be you?" called a nervous, high-pitched voice. "There's enough news to-night to make up for the dry spell we've been

**Highway Robbery** havin' lately."

Presently the owner of the voice appeared in the kitchen door with a newspaper in his hand and an excited look on his face. His wife looked up patiently from the peaches she was peeling.

"Wa'al, Pa, what is it? The ocean ain't gone dry or anyone paid the town debt, hev' they?"

"No, it ain't as bad as that," the husband answered quickly. "But the electric road is through to Leicester so we can go up cattle-show for twenty cents each way. Then see this piece here. Your niece, Sarah Hilton, is home from her wedding tour and is at home to her friends on Bellevue Street. Wa'al now," and for added emphasis he pounded the leaf of the cooking table. It was already overloaded and gave way, heightening the excitement in the air.

"Land sakes, Pa, ten quarts of my best preserves. And I was goin' to send them to cattle-show." She relieved her feelings in one long, indignant look.

"Now don't get a sick headache, Ma. I'll pare you a bushel of my best pears to-morrow, and you can get them done in time."

She was not easily placated but began to mop up the floor in grim silence, having extricated him from the deepest pools of preserve juice. At length, as if to relieve her own feelings, she burst forth:

"I suppose you was goin' to suggest that we stay with my niece Sarah next week. Allow me to suggest that if you're plannin' to stay over night in Leicester, you go and stay with your own relations and leave me to get my house righted."

"Yas, Ma," was his meek reply. "But I thought p'rhaps you'd enjoy seein' Sarah again. If it don't rain and you get your work done up and—and don't hev' a headache, won't you go?"

"It's little likely those three things'll ever happen together," was her non-committal answer.

The next morning she was forced, however unwillingly, to pardon the culprit when he appeared, with a badly stained apron around his neck and a bushel of neatly peeled pears.



"I suppose we might stay to Sarah's if we planned it to take our dinners so as to be there only two breakfasts and suppers," she proposed doubtfully and then brightened with a new thought. "I could take her some of that old-fashioned network embroidery she liked so much when she was down here. She said it was too good to be wasted on tidies. Why, if I can trust you to watch those pears and take the cover off the minute they begin to steam I'll go up now to look up those old tidies of mother's."

She rinsed her hands at the sink and vanished to reappear very soon with the work and several yards of her best knitted lace. She felt it was proper to trust in Providence and Sarah, having means to bribe safe protection from both. That very day a neighbor's boy was engaged to do the chores night and morning for three days, and everything seemed auspiciously arranged.

"It don't seem right, though," Ma repeated many times during the day, "not to be scheming how we could get taken to the depot for the early train."

"Goin' up in the electrics this way," Pa cautiously suggested, "we won't hev' a seat to ourselves, so we'd better be careful what we take. And then there's always pickpockets at cattle-show."

"What in the name of senses are you worrying about now, Pa? Was you afraid that I'd wear my diamond necklace?" she asked sarcastically. "I'll wear my gold-bowed spectacles same as usual, and if there's any sharper sharp enough to remove that beam from my eyes without my catchin' him, he ain't got any mote in his."

"There's no call for quotin' Scriptures that I can see," said Pa severely. "I was only thinkin' of my gold watch that's done me such good service these forty year."

"I guess there ain't many that wouldn't prefer a newer one," she sniffed.

The eventful day dawned bright and clear, as so many eventful days have dawned since the beginning of the world. Promptly at eight o'clock Mr. and Mrs. S'phrony Blake, as they were known in the neighborhood, stood patiently waiting for a chance to patronize the new line. They were surrounded by bags, boxes, and valises. Ma had her two best jars of preserves in a cloth bag under her arm, and in her hand an enormous bunch of her bright-colored dahlias.

Three hours later Niece Sarah Hilton was surprised to see them standing in her hall. She welcomed them very cordially. She had a great deal of room in her new house, and as yet the pleasure of entertaining was a delightful novelty. After lunch she escorted them to the fair grounds, and seemed to share Ma's anxiety about the position to be allotted to the famous Blake preserves. That evening she admired the old-fashioned tidies with such evident sincerity that Ma began to think perhaps she had been rash in giving them away.

Between the strange bed and pride over the prospective prizes her glass jars were to win, Ma slept little that night. She awoke with the proverbial headache which always accompanied any unusual excitement. She decided to stay in bed and let Pa make excuses for her when he went down to breakfast. How very slow and annoying he seemed as he laboriously attired himself in his Sunday best. He had broken a link in his watch-chain and muddled his boots quite sadly, and had a hard time remedying matters without the customary conveniences.

When he entered the dining room it was still an hour before the Hiltons' breakfast time. But Pa was much surprised to find the room empty and silent. He paced up and down, straining his ear toward promising sounds which issued from behind closed doors. All he wanted was coffee and doughnuts. Sinking into a chair he folded his hands despondently over his central regions and longed for Ma. She could command any situation. He would miss her to-day at the fair. She always knew what was worth seeing and saw it at the crucial moment. He remembered one cattle-show back in the past when he had gone alone. Nothing went right. He lost his way twice and missed the horse races. He found his way to the grand stand just as everyone else was leaving it. All the side-shows he attempted were closed and the prize dogs had been taken out for exercise and fresh water when he reached the hall.

At this moment his train of thought was agreeably interrupted by the entrance of a maid with the morning paper. As she moved toward the door Pa plucked up courage and petitioned for his coffee and doughnuts.

"I'll bring them at once, sir," she said, and smiled the abbreviated smile of a well-trained servant.

In a few moments Pa was happy.

"Just tell Mrs. Hilton I was in a hurry to reach the fair grounds," he muttered from the depths of his coffee cup.

A few moments later he arose from the table reconciled to life. He felt of his hip pocket and knew he was ready for anything even without Ma. With his imagination working on the thought of the horse races he left the house and walked slowly down the street until the car should overtake him.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilton now made their appearance in the dining room and were surprised to find tokens of Pa's early breakfast. The maid was called to explain matters. With her quick smile she delivered Pa's message.

"He's a queer duffer," observed Mr. Hilton. "Wonder what he's done with the old lady."

"She's probably in bed with a sick headache," his wife answered, for she knew some of the prominent traits of her family. "But really, Dick, I don't think it's safe for him to go about alone. He's an old man and I haven't much faith in his guardian angel. Some one ought to follow him."

"Just you wait and see! Trust an old farmer to get along at a real agricultural horse trot. But you'd better look up the old lady. You may want me to order something in town."

By this time Ma was sleeping peacefully, making up for time lost in the watches of the night.

Pa, too, was improving his time. His early car avoided the delays of the later crowds. He was among the first to enter the fair grounds. Only a few small boys preceded him, and only a middle-aged man with a brown mustache followed. The horse trots were not to begin until eleven, and he had all the interim to spend in the exhibition halls. He found many old friends among the exhibitors and made new acquaintances. His wife's preserves attracted a goodly amount of attention, and he lingered in their vicinity to store up laudatory remarks to repeat later on. Overflowing with good-humor, he observed genially to a middle-aged man with a brown mustache:

"Some women are going to be made pretty happy with this premium money. These exhibits are a great thing!"

The man stared at him a moment and walked away. Pa lingered.

At ten o'clock he went out to look over the horse flesh. Becoming very much interested in a certain brown mare and observing that a large majority of the crowd in which he stood were also interested, he prepared to do a little cautious betting. The man who took him up looked strangely familiar with his brown mustache.



The races were called and he followed the rest as they crowded around the judges' stand. Yes, he had bet wisely. The brown mare was winning the first heat. Pa got excited and offered to double the stakes. He need not tell S'phrony where he got the money to put a new bay window into their dining room. She had wanted one for a long while, but he had not been willing to spend any of his small income in such extravagance. The brown mare won again and yet the man with the mustache accepted doubled stakes. When the third heat was called Pa was sure it would be the last. This time the mare broke her pace and lost more than she could recover. The fourth heat was soon on and this time she seemed disheartened, for she lost the lead at the first. Pa glared at the man with the mustache. The fifth and last heat was called. The grand-stand was on its feet. Men began to swear and small boys to yell, while the babies howled their lustiest. The brown mare and her rival were neck to neck twice around the course till within twenty yards of the goal. The brown mare lost.

Poor Pa! He was afraid he might have to tell S'phrony about it after all. How he hated that man with his abominable brown mustache. He wanted to go home, but it was too early and might look unnatural. He wandered around aimlessly until his attention was caught by a tight-rope performer who was sitting on the middle of his rope fifty feet in the air with a stove in his lap. He was lighting a fire in the stove. How the people laughed as they watched the clever performer fry a griddlecake. Even Pa forced a smile. A moment later the cake landed with a flop right on his head and now with his good humor fully restored, Pa laughed with the crowd.

Reminded that it was a long while since he had eaten his doughnuts that morning, he finally pushed his way out of the throng and entered an eating tent. To his disgust the man with the brown mustache was sitting in the center of the room. His seat was not so far from Pa's but that their eyes met every time they looked up. Pa ate hurriedly without his usual keen enjoyment and left the tent before the other had finished.

He had no taste for more races, but found his way back to Exhibition Hall, where he gathered strength and consolation from the vicinity of Ma's preserves. He waited until it began to grow dark, and decided to walk home. He asked for directions several times, until an excess of weariness of body and



mind overwhelming him, he stopped beneath the shelter of a white post and waited for a car.

When with a prodigious effort he swung himself up the high step he saw the man with the brown mustache sitting on the smoking seat behind him. His head was wreathed in circles of black smoke until it seemed to Pa he was burning already for his sins of the day. "A deep, dark villain," Pa muttered.

Here at last was the familiar street corner, and with a great relief in his heart Pa left the car. As he started up the street he was conscious for the first time that day of a desire to know the exact time. He felt for his watch. It was not there; his fingers were searching an empty pocket! They moved to the other pocket. That, too, was empty. His watch was gone, was stolen! But how or where? Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. Remembering the face wreathed in smoke his thought grew into certainty.

At this moment he turned to look behind. He might have dropped the watch after all. He saw the shadow of a man deepening the shadow of the tree beneath which he stood. He stepped nearer and the man started. Yes, it certainly was—the man with the brown mustache. Like a flash Pa's hand went to his hip pocket. He pointed a revolver in the face of the man.

"Give me my watch," said Pa's voice with a depth of tone it never possessed before.

The man did not move.

"Give it to me now or I fire," repeated Pa's strange new voice.

The man's hand went to his pocket.

"Come, no delays. Give it to me and go!"

The man handed over the watch without a word.

"Much obliged," said Pa and turned and walked rapidly up the block and fairly ran up the house steps.

He went straight to Ma's room. She was sitting by the window waiting for him. Exhausted he sank into a chair by her side and began breathlessly to tell his tale.

Before his narrative had progressed far, Ma caught the contagious excitement. She jumped up and stood before the bureau.

"Jonathan Blake," she ejaculated, "you've committed an unpardonable sin. You've—you've robbed a man."

She held before his astounded eyes his own gold watch which had done him such good service these forty years.

"Oh Ma! Oh S'phrony!" he gasped. "Don't tell me. It

can't be so. And yet here's this other that I'm blasted sure I never saw before this day. Oh Ma, I feel like—like the little end of nothing, whittled off!" and he covered his face with his hands.

LUCIA BELLE JOHNSON.

Nancy lived under a cloud. She herself was not aware of the fact, and as for her sisters, they would all have declared that she was highly favored by Providence in being allowed to pass her

**When the Worm Turns** time with four such talented people as themselves. For it was true: four out of the five daughters in the Henderson family showed decided talent, while Nancy—well Nancy was overshadowed and almost obscured by the cleverness of the others. Henrietta, her eldest sister, sang, not a few popular airs in a popular voice, but German lieder and French folk songs in a carefully cultivated contralto which gave the listener an impression of a painful amount of what is known as earnest work. Elizabeth, the next sister, was the conversationalist of the family. She possessed a large amount of general information, the ability to turn a phrase and the happy faculty of saying the right thing at the right time. The twins, Dora and Ellen, did not aim so high in their accomplishments but were none the less skilled in their own particular lines. Dora was athletic and Ellen could cook. Dora was master of all the old standard games and sports and was always an adept in the new ones before anyone else in the town had learned more than the names, while Ellen could make everything the chafing-dish was capable of holding and any number of things which it was not.

Nancy, the third oldest sister, was without any decided bent, and if she ever felt any longings to excel she was deterred from trying by the perfection of her sisters. Everyone accepted her deficiency or rather thought nothing of it—that is, everyone except Aunt Harriet, a vigorous old lady, who occasionally paid them a visit which was welcome and at the same time dreaded. "And what do you do, Nancy?" she asked suddenly after she had been with them on one occasion for a few days, "Do you sing?"

"Henrietta sings," she answered.

"Do you cook? Can you play golf?"

"Well," admitted Nancy, "I did try to cook once, but Ellen hated to see me mess so that I gave it up, and when I tried to play golf Dora said she got so worn out watching me fan the air that she couldn't stand it another minute, so now I let her do the playing for the family."

"I see," was all Aunt Harriet said then, but at dinner she remarked, casually "I'm going home Saturday and I'll take Nancy with me for a month, if her mother doesn't mind. The house is opened and the country is lovely now."

If Aunt Harriet had said she was about to present each of them with a million dollars the astonishment could not have been more complete.

"Why, thank you, Aunt Harriet," gasped Nancy, "I'd love to go, but—"

"But, what?"

"Why, Elizabeth usually does the family visiting; you see she talks so well and is such a boon at teas, or Henrietta could sing for you, or Dora or Ellen—"

Her aunt cut her short. "I want you," she announced briefly, "I don't care for parlor tricks."

So Nancy, much to the amazement of the family and still more to her own, packed her trunk and departed with her aunt to that lady's very charming country house. For the first week she was the only guest. Aunt Harriet was a widow and managed a large estate, so the girl for the first time in her life was left to herself with no critical eyes to watch her doings.

"I feel so queer," she said one day, "almost as if I had mislaid my accomplishments—I mean without my sisters. They always could do everything that is considered proper—I rather like it, though"—after a pause.

The second week another visitor arrived, a visitor who filled the breast of Nancy with dismay and a desire to flee to her native heath. It was a man, not a particularly handsome one, to be sure, but one with a certain humorous twist to his mouth and an agreeable smile.

"This is my husband's nephew, Philip Treadway," announced Aunt Harriet by way of introduction. "I only wish he were mine—I don't like mine, but he answers very well. Phil, this is Nancy Martin—be sure you amuse her—she must be finding it dull here."

With that the energetic dame hurried from the room to consult the gardener about a new variety of potatoes. Nancy felt desperate. What would Elizabeth say? Would she—

"Would you like a hornpipe or a breakdown?" said a serious voice. "I know some card tricks, too, if you think they would amuse you more. I'm determined to amuse you, you see."

Nancy stared and then laughed aloud.

"Can you do a breakdown?" she asked eagerly. "I learned one of the steps once, but—won't you do it now?"

"Certainly," he said, and before she knew it she was clapping her hands and keeping time with her foot with as much gusto as if she had been raised on a plantation. She had scarcely had time to become frightened at what she had done or to feel self-conscious when he said suddenly:

"My, it's a bully day, let's play golf."

"I can't," she hesitated, "Dora plays golf."

"Does that prevent your playing? Not that I have the vaguest idea who Dora is. I'll find some clubs for you and meet you at the gate in five minutes."

Nancy went. What is more, with Mr. Treadway's patient and able instruction she progressed rapidly, and not only in golf, but in tennis and a dozen other things. He always seemed to take it for granted that she could do things and she just had to, as she told herself. It was two weeks later that he asked her casually one evening if he had not heard her singing the day he came.

"Oh, I don't sing," she stammered, "Henrietta sings. I was just trying over some Scotch ballads I found here."

"Won't you try them again?" he asked.

"Yes," said Nancy resolutely, and went to the piano.

When it came time for her to return home, although she was anxious to see her sisters again, she felt just a little oppressed at the thought of how her own importance would shrink the moment she stepped under her own roof. Perhaps the fact that she seemed rather important to one particular person made her a little more reluctant to leave.

"I am coming to see you very soon—if I may," said Philip, as he was putting her on the train, "and remember"—he smiled slightly—"Henrietta isn't the only one in the world who can sing, nor Dora the only one who can play golf."

It was but a week after Nancy came home that Philip tele-



phoned to announce that he was in town and to ask if he could call in the evening. When she told the news to the family there was considerable interest felt by them all, for though the girls were popular with men a new one was always a welcome change. Nancy herself had never had anyone come to see her alone, but had usually received what extra attention was left over when the others had had their full share. As she was dressing, Dora came into the room in some excitement.

"Oh, Nan," she said, "may I wear your drawn-work waist? Everything I own is in the wash on account of that house party, and I want to look decent when Mr. Treadway comes."

"No," said her sister fiercely. "It's the most becoming thing I have, and I'm going to wear it. He's coming to see *me*."

Much surprised and crestfallen Dora left the room, counting however on impressing Mr. Treadway, even without the aid of the drawn-work waist. But strangely enough, when Mr. Treadway actually came he seemed glad to meet the four girls because they were Nancy's sisters, but wished to talk to no one but Nancy, in spite of the fact that Elizabeth composed an epigram in his honor.

"You'll sing for me again, won't you," he asked, "the Scotch ones, you know."

"Henrietta always"—she began, then seeing that sister move toward the music cabinet she seated herself at the piano and began to sing in a really clear soprano, "O, wert thou in the cauld blast." The disinterested observer would have said that a cauld blast had passed over the house of Henderson so frozen with astonishment did they all look. How many more times in the next six weeks were they to look so when their sister played golf and tennis, danced and sang, and even regaled Mr. Treadway and herself with delectable chafing-dish delicacies without so much as asking their advice. And Philip Treadway,—he seemed never to realize how much better the others could have done these same things, but even went so far at the end of his stay as to ask her to continue to do them for his exclusive benefit.

"But Henrietta sings," she objected.

"I know it," he said.

"And Elizabeth converses."

"Oh, I know *that*," he exclaimed with perhaps unnecessary emphasis.

"And Dora is so athletic."

"She is," he admitted.

"And you know how well Ellen cooks."

"But Nancy, child, I want *you*," and although Nancy could not help marveling at his lack of judgment she was forced to believe what he said and to act accordingly.

MARION CODDING CARR.

#### WIND AND SPIRIT

I saw no giant rising in his strength,  
No sound of conflict broke the peace of night;  
Yet angry storm-waves wakened on the deep,  
The forest monarchs trembled in their sleep,  
All nature answered to an unseen might.

In the world's eyes he wrought no mighty deed,  
Gave neither magic word nor mystic sign;  
Yet just his presence made me long to fight  
All that is evil, champion the right,  
And his words thrilled me like a potent wine.

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

#### THE LOVE SONG OF THE STARS

I dreamed that I slept on a bank of snow  
And while I slept the wind blew low  
And lifted me up to the sky above  
Where the stars were singing this song of love:

"Oh, the tiniest star in Orion's belt  
Loves a star in the Milky Way,  
And a star in the Little Dipper loves  
A Pleides star so gay.  
And Jupiter burns for Venus,  
But Mars,—oh, alas! and alack!—  
Is burning with love for a shooting-star  
That went off and has never come back.  
Oh, all of the stars love each other,  
And all of the stars love the moon;  
And all of the stars and the moon love the sun,  
Though in summer it rises too soon;  
And all of the stars and the moon and the sun  
Are loving the Earth, and that's why  
Every morning and night during all the year long  
There is light for the Earth and the sky."

ELOISE GATELY BEERS.

The dancers whirled madly in and out, weaving patterns of color and rythmical motion, in dizzy succession. The background of gay foreign booths, scattered

**The Light of Other** down each side of the gymnasium,  
**Days** heightened the vivid color and added a note of the picturesque. To the faded

eyes of the Little Lady the scene was painful in its glaring brightness. She would not believe that this glimpse of a Parisian fête, this bit from a German street fair, only stood for the effort to raise money for needy students. No! it was a glimpse of real life!

As for the Little Lady herself, Time had but caressed her in passing, leaving her the exquisite beauty of a delicate faded flower; and as the dried rose finds no place among fresh flowers, so this human flower seemed out of place in the young life around her. Her fitting surroundings were the antiques and brasses, the treasures of the past, of the Swiss shop whither she had retreated at the beginning of the dance, and whence she gazed with trembling eagerness on the gay young life surging by. In gentle bewilderment she studied the baffling identity of the girls in their incongruity of evening dress and athletic garb. But whatever the costume, their youthful grace and vigor made a quick appeal.

With childlike joy she watched the students in foreign costumes flitting by—did she appreciate the honor?—with the young professors; the French girl in the charming blue and white peasant dress; the German mädchen, belovedly familiar; and the Italian in bold gorgeousness. Did this little Puritan acknowledge with what flutterings of her dear old heart she followed the coquetries of these gay young things, bewitching their helpless partners? She must have remembered this game, the last round of which she had shyly played long ago.

Among the brasses beside her were the sacred treasures the Little Lady had lent for the occasion; indeed it was their familiar presence that had drawn her to this booth, as if to behold old friends. While the light of other days crept into her eyes she put out her hand caressingly to a slender candlestick.

As she gazed now at the puritanical simplicity and purity of its design, the joys and sorrows of her life seemed to glow in soft light around the empty candlestick. She lived again the hour of their first home-coming, when, in the solemn hush of

the house, the candle shone warmly, tenderly, in the darkness. Once again she bent loving eyes over fine stitches in a tiny sock, or stood, candle in hand, above a little sleeper. Again she felt the dull pain of vigils and trembling prayers for the dawn. Faintly, faintly out of the past, she heard his voice reading from the Bible in the winter twilight of a Sunday afternoon. And that hour when, as she stood by his bed, taking the last farewell, she placed the lighted candle beside him, and then with sudden puritanical horror at the popishness of the act, as quickly put it away.

“Oh, what a love of a candlestick, do look, Ray!”

The light of other days flickered and died at the sound of the girlish voice. With sudden wistfulness and pain, the Little Lady, gazing at their youth, realized that the future held neither joys nor sorrows for her, that her light had gone out forever. And the candlestick? She would give it to this maid whose light—she looked shyly at the girl’s companion—was just beginning to burn.

LUCY WOOD.

#### LEONARDO DA VINCI

So hard he strove to penetrate  
The dark and secret ways of fate,  
So hard to force an entrance through  
The hitherto unopened gate.

He studied nature, science, art,  
The better that he might impart  
To his great age a beauty new,  
Which blossomed hidden in his heart.

He failed ; for fortune passed him by.  
Weary and sad, he prayed to die ;  
At last in bitterness he knew  
His hopes were dreams, and all too high.

It would have helped to reconcile  
Him, could he but have known the while  
His fame should live, the ages through,  
Forever in a woman’s smile.

ALICE ALDEN KNAPP.



## EDITORIAL

Ever since the days of what is fast coming to seem the long ago, we have waited for some definite time of the beginning of things, to turn the leaf of habit to a whiter and fairer page. It may have been Christmas or New Year or perhaps a birthday or just a Monday morning for which we waited. A resolution conceived and ratified on Saturday night lacks the verve and vigor of a Monday morning vow. It may have been a delay of days. Most of us remember strenuous efforts to "be good", but if through luckless chance a stern-eyed instructor frowned at you over fifty heads, you knew it was no use and went in recklessly for fun. It may have been a question of minutes only, as when you had spent three-quarters of your hour of practice beating out surreptitious jigs. You never reformed and finished the hour on scales. No, you ended in gay abandon, the soft pedal shuddering beneath the insistence of your foot. There is positive infection about beginnings. Witness ourselves, relieved from the searching clearness of the family eye. Who would have believed that Jane or Sarah or Tabitha could have engineered Dramatics, financiered the S. C. A. C. W., or undertaken a dozen duties fully as difficult?

Beware of wrong beginnings. When we have carried a faulty record well into the winter months, a better one is far less desirable in that its origin will always be flawed by what has gone before. Now is the the time for making resolutions, not impracticable and impossible in loftiness, but sane and sensible, helping us, not to be paragons—Heaven spare us from their kind—but generous minded and wholesome spirited.

A preacher, you say! Perhaps? But isn't it permitted to seniors in all the walks of life to offer you the wisdom of experience? Old age gives sage advice to twenty years, conditions being equal, for it is wise in the business of life; and so do we, being wise in the business of college and its ways. The truth

is even if we leave the old faulty road and take the new, it isn't just the same. We can never begin again in the whole sense of the word, for those who took the best way at the beginning are far ahead and we feel lonely and neglected. But swift walking overtakes, and there is no need for pessimistic soliloquizing even by the worst of us.

There is another virtue in beginnings—a false virtue perhaps, but a useful one. Having started accidentally well, we are ashamed to discover ourselves less than we seem, and end by being what chance made us appear. And to those first beginning to write the new chapter, how fair an opportunity is given for an unblemished record. We might chronicle our advice in a series of “Don'ts” for all the classes, beginning and ending with that which has been weighed and not found wanting. Don't be a snob; don't be a grind—and even in these, proportion is law.

We have long ago ceased to regard as clever or original the lawless spirits who recognize rule only to defy it. We have learned it advertises deficient self-control, and as such we deplore it, not for ourselves only. After all we represent an intellectual body. College is not a play-house except within prescribed limits. Why consider it as such or regard as commendable the feelings which lead to such consideration?

All of which is preface to a plea for quiet in the college houses. Nor is it personal feeling which prompts it. We are blessed with nerves which defy bedlam. But voices from all the houses justify this plea. The overflow in the library attests it.

We ask for your consideration.

The editors of 1906 announce the following changes in their Editorial Board:

Elizabeth Marguerite Dixon,	About College Department
Jessie Caroline Barclay,	Alumnæ Department

## EDITOR'S TABLE

There is a feeling among freshmen that only the elect, the very few, can contribute to the MONTHLY. This feeling is doubtless the result of a very becoming modesty in the class—a modesty which we would not for worlds destroy. Yet there is another side of the question which a class never sees until it has grown old and has taken the task of editing upon its own shoulders. The duties of the freshman are always very evident to the senior. Every year there are a few, but only a few, pieces of good work from them. We need more, for, after all, the new class is the undiscovered country in which we are naturally most interested. The other classes we know fairly well. We know what they can do, and where to look for the best which they produce. But we would have known them so much better and so much earlier if they had only realized that it is not presumption to contribute to the MONTHLY during freshman year. So let there be no misunderstanding. The MONTHLY needs the coöperation of the freshmen even more than that of any other class. We want you to contribute, and in the words of the overworked motto, “Do it now.”

So far we have escaped the “freshman rains”, but it is well to be prepared, and perhaps this little verse from the *Sepiad* will help us to view the matter in its most cheerful aspect.

My little playmates of the rain  
Are calling out to me again.  
I hear the patter of their feet  
Come splashing down the rain-soaked street.  
The yellow finger of my light  
Points out into the windy night.  
Little faces brush the pane,  
And voices call me through the rain.

The October number of our exchange department is perhaps the hardest one to edit, for most of the college papers devote their June issues more or less exclusively to Commencement reports, and lists of the officers of this, that, and the other organization ; all of which is probably very interesting to the college itself but makes dry reading for the exchange editor. We find relief in the poems which follow.

## THE SURVIVOR

When the last day is ended,  
And the nights are through ;  
When the last sun is buried  
In its grave of blue ;

When the stars are snuffed like candles,  
And the seas no longer fret ;  
When the winds unlearn their cunning,  
And the storms forget ;

When the last lip is palsied,  
And the last prayer said ;  
Love shall reign immortal  
While the worlds lie dead !

—*Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*

## MEMORIES

A last ray lingers soft on yonder hill ;  
The light is fading in the west ;  
And little birds have gone to rest  
Here in the twilight land, where all is still.

I watch a shepherd lead his flock along,  
Slow-wandering on their homeward way ;  
And faint through misty valleys grey  
I hear the echo of a distant song.

Why comes there o'er me now, by day unknown,  
A sadness, lingering strangely sweet,  
As if for joy and sorrow meet,—  
Is it the gloom, or stillness deeper grown ?

I know not now, nor may I ever know  
From whence that voice of sadness springs ;  
Enough for me,—it ever sings  
A song with memories of long ago.

—*Yale Literary Magazine.*



## SPRING WINDS

A field of whispering grass stalks, yellow-brown  
From snow and rain and sun and winter wind ;  
Ahead, and reaching far on either side  
The deep green circle of the evergreens,  
The changeless watchers of all nature's change ;  
Above, the sky, blue as the southern sea,  
The shade the folk of Naples call their own ;  
And warm, caressing sunshine over all.  
Among the high boughs of the evergreens  
A little wind goes whispering of spring,  
Then dips and lightly touches here and there  
The yellow stalks and sets them whispering, too ;  
Just as the gray gull skimming 'bove the sea  
Touches the water with his wide spread wings  
And rises, flying low, and dips again,  
And leaves behind a ripple where he dipped.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

## VAGABOND DAYS

*A whiff of smoke and a gypsy wind,  
A white road climbing high ;  
Then off and away on the hills to-day,  
Where the blue peaks touch the sky.*

This is the song we vagabonds sing,  
Light of heart as a swallow's wing,  
Or a thistle-bird in flight ;  
Taking the trail for the autumn hills,  
Where gentians bloom by the laughing rills,  
And the forest blazes bright.

Corn-shock tents for our resting beds,  
No other covering over our heads,  
Only the frosty stars ;  
Orchards a-plenty along the way,  
And a foaming drink at the close of day  
There by the pasture bars.

*A whiff of smoke and a gypsy wind,  
A white road climbing high ;  
Then on we go till falls the snow  
On the blue peaks next the sky.*

—*Yale Literary Magazine.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### MORNING SERENADE

There's a laugh at your casement, lady ;  
Hark to the jolly May !  
The bumble-bee hums in the blossoming plums,  
"It's the top o' the spring to-day !"  
Dream-time's over and done ;  
Fling we a kiss to the sun,  
And off on the road where we carry no load—  
—Sing hey !—  
Down the Daffodil Way !

Come foot it, my dryad lady,  
Dance with the dare-devil May !  
For the little wind sings as he flaps his wings,  
"It's the top o' the spring to-day !"  
He dances over the hills  
To dimple the daffodils,  
And the butterflies blue, they are dancing too,  
—Sing hey !—  
Down the Daffodil Way !

Hark to her laugh a-tinkle,  
Mocking, maddening May !  
Do you think that she'll wait while you're sleeping so late?  
It's the top o' the spring to-day !  
Oh, there's many a golden thing  
In the merry gold hands of spring,  
And the joy of the world lies all unfurled,  
—Sing hey !—  
Down the Daffodil Way !

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR '03.

## BESIDE THE DIAL—A RONDEAU

Beside the dial I dream the hours away—  
 The dear old dial o'ergrown with lichen gray—  
     In this quaint garden plot my grandsire planned,  
     And all around with box-tree hedges spanned,  
 To give his bride upon her wedding day.

And she,—she loved this garden well, they say.  
 I like to think with him she used to stray  
 Along its path, and linger hand in hand  
     Beside the dial.

And still, I dream, when flickering moonbeams play  
 Among the trees, and o'er the dial stray.  
     And midnight's magic stillness fills the land,  
     Their gentle spirits come once more to stand,  
 Living again love's brief sweet day,  
     Beside the dial.

MILDRED WALDRON BENNETT '04.

## Alumnæ Fund for Smith Students' Aid Society

Total receipts from all sources, from November 21, 1904, to September 16, 1905, inclusive, in checks, money orders, cash and pledges, including interest account of \$52.40 from deposit in Morristown Trust Co. and the special appropriation of \$1,000 from the treasury of the Alumnæ Association, .	\$11,636 85
Total disbursements, for printing, postage, etc.,	155 90
	<hr/>
Balance on hand, September 16, 1905, .	\$11,480 95

This balance is divided as follows:

On deposit in Morristown Trust Co. and drawing 3% interest, . . . . .	\$10,480 45
Pledges, unredeemed, . . . . .	1,000 50
	<hr/>
Total balance, . . . . .	\$11,480 95

These figures, we trust, will be increased before the Fund is closed, as there are two or three local alumnæ associations that promise a contribution this autumn or winter. The small array of figures very inadequately represents the widespread interest in this Students' Aid Fund and gives no idea of the vast amount of work done by committees and individuals.

An analysis of the Fund, showing the gifts of the alumnae organizations, gives a conception of the way in which a large part of the work has been accomplished.

The Western Massachusetts Association, . . .	\$2,207 43
The alumnae of Springfield raised . . .	\$252 00
" " Holyoke " . . .	100 00
" " Greenfield " . . .	40 00
" " Pittsfield have pledged . . .	200 00
The Boston Association, . . .	\$1,127 75
" Chicago " . . .	1,000 00
" Smith College Club of New York, . . .	1,286 00
" " " Worcester, . . .	558 99
" " " Washington, . . .	75 00
" " " Hartford, . . .	173 50
" " " Philadelphia, . . .	58 35
" " " Fitchburg, . . .	100 00
" " " Rhode Island, . . .	40 00
" " " Cleveland, . . .	100 00
" " " Detroit, . . .	32 50
" " " Milwaukee, . . .	32 00

The California and St. Louis Clubs have each made a small gift to the Fund this year with promise of additional contributions.

In the following cities and towns, groups of Smith girls have contributed to the Fund or given entertainments for its benefit :

Minneapolis, . . . . .	\$120 00
Buffalo, . . . . .	203 00
Fall River, . . . . .	30 00
Norwich, . . . . .	26 00
Bangor, . . . . .	25 00
A concert at Andover, Mass., netted . . .	66 00
An entertainment at Clinton, Mass., . . .	40 00
" " Monson, " . . .	16 15

The first Branch organization of the Students' Aid Society :

The Vermont Branch contributed . . . . .	\$88 50
Rutland gave . . . . .	\$43 00
Burlington, . . . . .	26 00
St. Johnsbury, . . . . .	10 00
Brattleboro is to make a gift this autumn.	

A second analysis of the Fund shows how the different classes have been interested in this work.

Each of the classes which held a reunion last June contributed to the Fund, and as follows :



Class of 1880, . . . . .	\$25 00
" 1885, . . . . .	400 00
" 1890 (Gifts and pledges), . . . . .	404 00
" 1895, " " . . . . .	746 50
" 1900, " " . . . . .	576 50
" 1901, " " . . . . .	206 00
" 1902, " " . . . . .	393 00
" 1904, " " . . . . .	313 00

The gifts of the other classes are as follows :

Class of 1879, . . . . .	\$135 00
" 1881, . . . . .	45 60
" 1882, . . . . .	45 00
" 1883, . . . . .	132 00
" 1884, . . . . .	60 05
" 1886, . . . . .	230 00
" 1887, . . . . .	65 00
" 1888, . . . . .	67 00
" 1889, . . . . .	72 00
" 1891, . . . . .	156 00
" 1892, . . . . .	138 00
" 1893, . . . . .	125 00
" 1894, . . . . .	397 50

(\$350 of this amount was given at the tenth  
reunion in June, 1904, and appropriated to  
this Fund.)

" 1896, . . . . .	253 00
" 1897, . . . . .	201 00
" 1898, . . . . .	200 00
" 1899, . . . . .	169 00
" 1903, . . . . .	218 00

This Fund is in fact, as in name an "Alumnæ Fund", for while there have been a few outside gifts, they have been, in each case, due to the special interest of some particular alumna.

NELLIE SANFORD WEBB, (Mrs. James A. Webb, Jr.,)	} General Committee.
ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE, (Mrs. Charles F. Marble,)	
MARTHA WILSON,	

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Mary Comfort Chapin, 12 Arnold Avenue.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'05.	Inez H. Barclay,	.	.	.	.	Sept.	9
'94.	Mary D. Lewis,	.	.	.	.	"	16
'02.	Eunice Wead,	.	.	.	.	"	18
'02.	Edith Hancox,	.	.	.	.	"	21
'02.	F. Mary Gardiner,	.	.	.	.	"	22
'05.	Ella Kellogg Burnham,	.	.	.	.	"	23
'05.	Elizabeth Hale Creevey,	.	.	.	.	"	23
'05.	Helen Clarissa Gross,	.	.	.	.	"	23
'05.	Alice Margaret Holden,	.	.	.	.	"	23
'05.	Helen Hunter Norwell,	.	.	.	.	"	23
ex-'03.	Alice Hall Jones,	.	.	.	.	"	25
'03.	Alice Murphy,	.	.	.	.	"	25
ex-'05.	Marjorie Sinclair,	.	.	.	.	"	25
'02.	Mary Terhune,	.	.	.	.	"	26
'86.	Leona May Pierce,	.	.	.	.	"	27
'05.	Ruth A. Cook,	.	.	.	.	"	27
'05.	L. Josephine Webster,	.	.	.	.	"	27
'97.	Emma E. Porter,	.	.	.	.	"	28
'01.	Helen Harsha Sherman,	.	.	.	.	"	28
'04.	Sophia Lord Burnham,	.	.	.	.	"	30
'04.	Sophie K. Hiss,	.	.	.	.	"	30
'03.	Betty A. Knight,	.	.	.	.	Oct.	1

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be sent to Jessie C. Barclay, 12 Arnold Avenue.

'82. Nina E. Browne, Secretary of the American Library Association Publishing Board, has published the first definite Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

'83. Mrs. S. F. Clarke (Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke) is much improved in health. She will be able to continue her work as Secretary of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae this winter at Williamstown and will probably attend the meeting in Atlanta in November.

Eveline Dickinson, after a summer at Grove Beach, Connecticut, returns to Philadelphia to complete her course at the Women's Medical College.

Mrs. Frank B. Founan (Florence Harrison Founan) has the sympathy of her class in the loss of her husband this summer.

Charlotte C. Gulliver's health is entirely restored after typhoid fever, and she returns this fall to her work at the Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Connecticut.

- '83. Caroline E. Hilliard has spent the summer in Italy and the Dolomite region.  
Edith C. Hine has gone abroad for a fourteen months' stay. Her headquarters will be Leipzig for the present.  
Miss C. A. Marsh returns to her teaching after a year's leave of absence at her home in Amherst.  
Mrs. E. S. Shumway (Florence Snow Shumway) is at present at 472 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York.  
Mrs. C. B. Spahr (Jean Fine Spahr) will spend the winter in Princeton, New Jersey.  
Mrs. Minton Warren (Salomé Machado Warren) returns to Cambridge this fall, after Dr. Warren's "sabbatical year" in Europe.  
Mrs. Russell Whitman (Alice Miller Whitman) is residing at 1325 Greenwood Street, Evanston, Illinois.
- '96. Eva L. Hills was married the fourteenth of June, to Mr. Lucius Root Eastman, Jr. Her present address is 25 Lakeville Place, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.
- '97. Helen Boss was married, June 7, to Dr. Frederic Russell Cummings of Concord, New Hampshire.  
Florence Dustin has announced her engagement to Dr. Allen Stanley Burnham of Gloucester, Massachusetts.
- '98. Frances A. Bridges has announced her engagement to the Rev. George H. Atkinson of Monroe, North Carolina.  
Gertrude C. Richmond was married, June 12, to Mr. William D. Tuck of New York. Address, 324 Wick Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.
- '00. Elizabeth Porter Meier was married, June 1, to Mr. William Valentine Schevill of New York.
- '01. Clara C. Juliand was married, September 6, to Mr. R. D. Van Valkenburgh of Hudson, New York. Address, 95 Green Street, Hudson, New York.
- '04. Bertha L. Thresher is teaching English and French in the Attleboro High School. Address, 68 Peck Street, Attleboro, Massachusetts.  
Mary Van Kleeck's address for the coming year is Chelsea Court, 21st Street and Chelsea Square East, New York.
- '05. Elizabeth Babcock has announced her engagement to Dwight Phelps Cruikshank, Jr., of Ottawa, Canada. She will spend the winter at home.  
Inez Hunter Barclay is teaching at Miss Stahr's Private School for Girls in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Address, 512 North Duke Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.  
Ruth T. Bigelow expects to spend the winter at her home in Utica, New York.  
Hannah Louisa Billings is acting as laboratory assistant in Physics at the Newton High School. Address, 939 Washington Street, Newtonville, Massachusetts.

- '05. Julia P. Bourland is teaching in the department of Biology in Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Illinois.

Grace A. Brown will remain at home during the year. Address, 939 Washington Street, Newtonville, Massachusetts.

Ella K. Burnham will spend the winter at home in Kansas City.

Mary Alice Campbell has been teaching in the Juvenile Agricultural School in New York this summer. This winter she will teach in Hasbrock Institute, Jersey City. Address, 467 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City.

Muriel W. Childs will spend the winter at home, at 512 West 151st Street, New York City.

Clara Sherman Clark is to spend the winter in Europe. Address, British Linen Company Bank, London, England.

Katherine Clark will spend the winter at home. Address, Catskill, New York.

Martha Clay is teaching History and English in the High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Helen L. Colby is teaching History in the eighth grade of the Grammar School, New Britain, Connecticut. Address, 54 Camp Street, New Britain, Connecticut.

Ruth A. Cook will remain at home until January, and then spend the rest of the winter at Orangeberg, South Carolina.

Elizabeth Hale Creevey expects to spend the winter at home. Address, 215 West Jersey Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Alice J. Curtis will study Art and German at home this year.

Alice W. Day is to teach Latin and German in the Chalten Hills School, Wyncote, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Lind Dice is teaching English and German in the Texas Female Seminary, Weatherford, Texas.

Kate K. Fairchild will be at home this winter. Address, 2200 1st Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Florence Lyon Fisher will remain at her home, Lyon Falls, New York, until late in the season, afterwards going to Auburndale, Cincinnati, for the winter. She will probably take a course in bookkeeping and music.

Isabella Rachel Gill has been appointed secretary of the Philadelphia Evening High School for Women. She will also pursue a course in English Literature at the University of Pennsylvania.

Susan A. Green has received a scholarship from the University of Chicago, and she will spend the year there, working for her A. M. degree in Biology.

Helen A. Gross will spend the winter at home in Hartford, studying music.

Lucy P. Hall is teaching Chemistry and Mathematics in Newport Academy, Newport, Vermont.



- '05. Mary Wilhelmina Hastings will spend the winter at home, writing and studying Italian. Her address is 1670 Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois. Myra Hastings is teaching in the High School, Littleton, Massachusetts. Pansy Alice Hill will be at home this winter at 86 School Street, Manchester, New Hampshire. Emma Hirth is teaching German in the Hartford High School, Hartford, Connecticut. Evelyn R. Hooker expects to study Applied Art this winter in Cincinnati. Marietta A. Hyde is teaching Elocution and English in the Hornellsville High School, Hornellsville, New York. Kathryn L. Irwin is associated with her sister in a private kindergarten in Bridgeport. Address, 83 Yale Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut. Alice H. Johnson is teaching Science and Modern Languages in the Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Vermont. Florence E. Johnson will spend the winter at home studying music, at 2219 Bryant Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Ruth Baird Johnson will live at 67 Tilden Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, this winter. Annie M. King will travel abroad this year, spending the winter in Germany. Alice Lawlor is to be principal for the coming year of a small public school in South McAlester, Indian Territory. Address, South McAlester, Indian Territory. Lucy Macdonald is teaching in a preparatory school in Princeton. Bertha D. Mansfield will teach in Miss Kearney's Private School in New York City for the coming year. Elsie Leonard Mason has announced her engagement to Alger W. Powell of Ghent, New York. Ruth P. Maxson expects to remain at home this winter. Address, 661 West 7th Street, Plainfield, New Jersey. She intends to make writing her profession. Elizabeth Moulton is teaching Latin and Mathematics in the High School at Polo, Illinois. Jessie Murray expects to spend the winter at home in Fort Des Moines, Iowa. Katherine Cole Noyes announced her engagement on July 8th to Mr. D. R. McLennan of Chicago. Leslie Osgood will spend the coming year at home. Address, 29 Faulkner Street, Malden, Massachusetts. Bertha Benson Page is teaching English and German in the High School at Old Town, Maine. Jennie Peers has a fellowship in music at Smith College for the coming year. Her address is 40 Park Street, Northampton, Massachusetts. Marjorie Perry will spend the winter at her home in Denver, Colorado.

- '05. Mary A. Perry is teaching at Stow, Massachusetts, for the coming year. Mary Austin Phelps is teaching German and History in the High School in Homestead, Pennsylvania. Address, 314 Eleventh Street, Homestead.
- Jean Baird Pond will be at Chicago University this year, doing graduate work in History and Literature. Address, 5824 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- Sue M. Rambo is teaching Mathematics in the High School at Hoosick Falls, New York. Address, 86 Classic Street, Hoosick Falls.
- Lucy Fay Rice is assisting in "Fairholme", a girls' private school in Amherst.
- Ellen T. Richardson will teach in the Misses Metcalf's school in Tarrytown, New York, for the coming year.
- Bessie W. Ripley expects to spend the winter at home in Hingham.
- Helen D. Robinson expects to spend the winter at home in Gloucester, Massachusetts.
- Elsie Rosenberg will spend the winter at home, studying music.
- Helen Shedd will spend the winter at home in Chicago.
- Hazel Shepard is teaching a grammar grade in the public schools at Ellington, Connecticut.
- Lucile Shoemaker intends to teach this winter. Address, 109 East Street, Massillon, Ohio.
- Fannie M. Smith is to study at home this year, preparatory to entering the Albany Library School.
- Grace A. Smucker will spend the winter at home. Address, 5937 Overbrook Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- Majorie Stanton is to act as assistant in the Beverly Public Library, Beverly, Massachusetts.
- Susie B. Starr is teaching Latin in the Peoria High School and living at home.
- Ethel L. Titworth will remain at home at 109 West Fifth Street, Plainfield, New Jersey, for the coming year.
- Lucie Aline Tower announced her engagement, on July 13, to Mr. Robert Woods Chandler of New York City.
- Katherine Wagenhals will spend the winter studying Art in New York.
- Josephine Webster will be with relatives in Bellows Falls, Vermont, until the latter part of November. The rest of the winter she will spend at home.
- Beulah Wells is acting as principal of the Shorthand Department, Rochester Business Institute, Rochester, New York.
- Alice Wheeler is taking the one-year course for college graduates in the State Normal College at Albany. Address, 115 Lancaster Street, Albany, New York.

Katharine Wing will spend the winter at home in Fort Edward, New York.

Helen Wright is teaching History, English and Latin in the School of St. John the Baptist, 231 East 17th Street, New York City.

## BIRTHS

'01. Mrs. George Emerson (S. Mabel Hood), a son, Edward Everett, born September 2.

Mrs. George Wynn Shirk (Amy S. Pope), a daughter, Mary Helena, born August 22.

Mrs. Willard H. Garrett (Nellie B. Ayers), a son, John Willard, born August 19.

## DEATH

'98. Jessie L. Hyde died at her home in Southbridge, September 25.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

It is a curious thing that in a community so full of energy, so overflowing with life and force as our college, there should be such a pitiful lack of the spirit of competition. We do not use the phrase here in the sense of trying to get ahead of other people and so win notoriety. We mean, rather, the exercise of our own intellectual power in some outward record of achievement.

Prize contests of the intellectual type have a peculiar worth. For instance, the competitors accomplish, in writing an essay in a contest, a certain amount of individual research and independent work that they might never otherwise have had the courage to undertake. There are very few college girls who have time or self-assurance enough to start out, quite independently, on a large piece of work. A formal competition offers just the necessary stimulus. Its conditions give moral support, as it were, and with this incentive there are opened up to us fields of thought hitherto undiscovered. We are told in our Philosophy courses to strive to cultivate a reflective attitude of mind. One of the easiest and surest ways to do this is by planning out for ourselves some special line of work. From those things which are most intimately ours, that is,—the things that we have worked over and completed by ourselves, there is much to be gained. Independence of thought, self-reliance, precision,—a host of virtues, moral and intellectual,—await us. In such a competition we think of the means, not the end. The prize is, perhaps, the *raison d'être* of a contest, but it serves merely as a terminus towards which we direct our efforts. What we really gain is by the way.

In consideration of all this, we wonder at the indifference of the college towards intellectual competitions. Is there something wrong with our attitude towards work? When so few girls are willing to undertake such tasks it would seem as if there were a marked disinclination to do anything beyond what is actually required. The true scholar, in Walter Pater's interpretation of the word, does not stop short when a cut and dried lesson has been learned. She is entitled to the name of scholar only when she carries on individual work after her own fashion. It is true, is it not, that what you guard as most precious after a few hours' reading in the library is likely to be something you have gleaned by the wayside, something you stumbled upon blindly in running through the leaves of the book?

Our time, you say, is not our own. We must do a certain amount of required work and we are glad enough to play when that is done. Of course, we cannot expect to get something for nothing. Certain outside distractions must be at least temporarily given up if we decide to undertake an individual piece of work. But what we gain in our intellectual equipment from pursuing and completing this work will far exceed and outlast the ephemeral pleasures and glory of the dances or plays that we sacrifice.



I feel moved to speak of that myth which perhaps some of us have entirely forgotten. I am sure the seniors have. Perhaps there still lingers in the minds of the sophomores a faint sweet memory of leisure

**Leisure Time** time; that time which missionaries and speakers are always referring to as the most precious of our college experiences—which we are frequently reminded should be employed thus and so—in letting the germs of knowledge we have gleaned take root, in meditating on our respective future missions in the world, or in “listening to our souls tick”. The fallacy of counting our chickens before they are hatched we have discovered doesn’t hold a candle to the fallacy of telling us how to spend our leisure time, it being, as far as I can see, the aim of our lives to dispense with that article. The term spare time will, I am convinced, be lost to the world ere long and the children of future generations will use it in the same sense in which we say spare ribs.

You plunge right in as soon as you reach the station and find ten men demanding your check. And the poor little freshman is in a chronic state of having ten things on hand all of which simply must be done at the same time. But one expects that in freshman year. You haven’t gotten hardened yet to going to bed every night with the knowledge that half the things you are told must be done are still undone. That comes with time.

But look at a sophomore’s program,—basket-ball from two to three, a rehearsal at two forty-five until three-thirty, a gym class at three-twenty, lasting until four, a committee meeting at three-forty. She is posted for hockey at four—a championship game—and she can’t miss it. As she wends her weary way home at five-fifteen she remembers that she has a book engaged at the library at five in which she must prepare a lesson supposed to take two hours. At six she comes racing home, still in her gym suit, only to be greeted by the dinner bell. The lady-in-charge gives her an icy glance as she comes into the dining-room at six-fifteen and another as she goes out again at six-forty so as to be in time for a Cabinet meeting at six forty-five. When she finally gets into bed and figures up when she ought to have been at things, she discovers that she is just two hours to the bad with a temper in much the same condition.

The juniors spend most of their time—so-called spare—managing “eats” at Open Meetings and collecting old clothes for the worthy poor in the interests of the S. C. A. C. W. And senior year is proverbially the year when you reach the height of everything, and chiefly of lack of leisure time. And lately there has been impressed upon our minds the necessity of living strictly by schedule. Never let an action slip without jotting it down, in case you may be called upon to give an account of it in tabulated form. You sit down to read and suddenly realize that your exercise card is due to-morrow and you have still four hours of exercise to make up. I am looking daily for a new form of card to appear—a little more explicit than the one now in use—bringing in a statement perhaps whether you walked in the morning or afternoon, where you went, and whether alone or accompanied. Also I am waiting for the appearance of several entirely new cards—say a bath card, calculated to ascertain whether the girls take the proper number of baths. Thereon we would tabulate our ablutions—hot, cold, or tepid—morning or evening,

how many a week or a day. It might create a stir, it is true, at first and also among visitors at chapel to have the president rise and announce that twenty-five bath cards were still to be handed in, and unless they were in by the next night, the delinquents must take their places in other institutions. Not that such a card would make a difference in the number of baths taken, but it would show a dangerous tendency. In an unusually busy week we might omit two or three, and some conscientious souls would, on the last day, have to spend the entire day making up baths, taking one right after the other.

Since there is this tendency, I throw myself into the current and plead for a leisure time card. And when all our other cards are safely in, what joy it would be to make up hours on the leisure time cards.

KATHERINE HAMILTON WAGENHALS '05.

If a good citizen of New England of a century or so ago, should return to visit his old haunts, he would probably be both amazed and horror-stricken

at the extent to which we trust our-

**The Inconvenience of Conveniences** selves to the conveniences of modern life. After his first glance of observ-

ation had taken in the electric cars and automobiles, his philosophic mind would turn to smaller things and he would favor us with a contemptuous glance.

"What!" he would say, "is it possible for human beings to be such slaves to inanimate objects! Where is the simple life we lived? Who are these beings who are bound hand and foot by the inconvenience of their conveniences?" And lost in sorrowful meditation, he would bid the spirit who had conducted him to this earth take him back as quickly as might be to the realms from which he had come.

Yes, the conveniences of life play a large part in our world. We are dependent on them, but it is only when they fail us that we realize what slaves we are. And how often they fail us! We try to do without them, but sooner or later we have them repaired and live again, happy under their rule.

In the college world we often feel that we suffer greatly from the treacherous actions of the conveniences on which we depend. Take, for instance, the fountain pen. How often does one see a student wildly rushing through the halls in search of a blotter. She has started out confidently in the morning with a well-filled fountain pen, but, to her sorrow, finds that while holding it tightly with her note-book, the cap has loosened, and her books and hands are badly stained with ink. Then, in trying to repair damages, more ink is spilled, and perhaps a new waist ruined.

Another great fault of fountain pens is their fiendish delight in getting misplaced. Fountain pens are lost by the hundreds. Anyone watching the notices on the bulletin board would think that the only thing a college girl cared for was her pen, and that it was always missing. A pen must be carefully handled. If carried upright, one is likely to find merely the cap in one's hand, the rest having disappeared. If carried downward, the cap falls off and streams of inky moisture follow. Accordingly one sees in chapel rows of girls clutching their fountain pens frantically with both hands.

Next in importance to the pen is the indispensable note book. If one uses the simple kind of our pre-college days, it is a proven fact that the book will be filled a week before the end of the semester, so as to prevent our jotting down topics for examination. But the separate-leaf note book being more of a convenience, has greater inconveniences. Not only do the leaves slip out, but the fasteners are at fault. There are various kinds, round ones, those which screw or those which snap into place. All are perverse. One kind which was particularly recommended had a habit of slipping off when going from class to class. Result,—a great confusion of loose papers.

It is not only in the class room that we are abused by our conveniences, but in our own homes, as we temporarily call the ten-foot-square spaces which we occupy here. The steam radiator is the source of the greatest annoyance. Have you ever been awakened in the night by a strange thumping sound? You sit up in bed and call softly to your room-mate. You hear her say in terror, "I'm sure some one is trying to break in the window!"

"Nonsense," you answer, but you demand in a loud voice, "Who is there?" The thumping continues. You suggest mice. Your room-mate scorns the idea and suggests the radiator. So you descend on it, and after screwing and unscrewing, the noise is stopped. You then go to sleep, to wake up after a time shivering with cold. You go back to the radiator and turn it on, after which you sleep, thinking that the room may be getting warmer. In the gray dawn you are awakened again by a loud sizzling and an uncomfortable feeling of moisture in the air. You look around and see that clouds of steam are pouring from the radiator. If you were your brother, you would swear as you climbed out to fix it, but as it is, you maintain an expressive silence.

These are only a few of our inanimate helpers who have deserted us in time of need. Anyone with a good memory can complete the list from personal experience. Still, would we live without them? Let those who will, heroically renounce them, but for myself I would gladly endure all their perversities and deficiencies for the good services rendered, by our conveniences.

FLORENCE MANN '06.

On Saturday evening, September 23, the annual Freshman Frolic was given in the Students' Building to welcome the entering class. Members of the

three upper classes brought the bewildered freshmen securely pinned to their visiting cards, and the first hour was spent in a course of jumbled introductions. The class of 1909 is a very large one, and with the addition of the upper-class freshmen who were generously sprinkled about, the hall was soon crowded. No girl's happiness was considered complete until the names overflowed from her card and were spreading themselves out on the song sheet.

At eight o'clock the signal was given for the four classes to separate and seat themselves beneath the class banners that were hung in each corner of the room. Then Marion E. Dodd, as vice-president of the S. C. A. C. W., announced that owing to the resignation of Margaret Stone the election for the office of president would be held. The ballot resulted in the election of



Clara Fisher Porter as president of the Association. After her speech the Glee Club and the three upper classes sang songs of welcome to the freshmen, who listened eagerly at the back of the hall, on the stairway and from the balcony where anxious mothers beamed their approval.

The Frolic was very successful, although the evening was rather long-drawn-out for a few of the freshmen who wandered up and down Green Street, looking for Seelye Hall, in order that they might "get their bearings" and march triumphantly home.

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

The work of the Smith College Association for Christian Work was begun on Monday, September 18, when the reception committee returned in order to welcome the in-coming class and those entering on advanced standing.

**S. C. A. C. W. Notes** On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday some members of the committee met all trains, while others were in College Hall to answer questions and assist in registration. On Wednesday afternoon an informal reception was held in the Students' Building, to which freshmen and their friends were invited.

The annual Freshman Frolic was on Saturday evening. The senior class president received with the vice-president and general secretary of the Association. Owing to the resignation of Margaret Stone, a short business meeting took place, resulting in the election of Clara Porter. The new president welcomed the class of 1909 as students of Smith College. The Glee Club sang "Fair Smith" and a medley, and all joined in singing college songs.

The first regular meeting of the Association was held in the Students' Building Sunday evening, September 24. Miss Wells explained the different phases of the Association work, and the president spoke of the ideals and purpose of the Association and extended an invitation to all those who desired to become members.

CLARA F. PORTER '06, President.

### Mission Study Classes, 1905-1906

Apologetics of Missions, . . . . Dr. Wood, Monday at 5

The reasons for missions in the light of present history and thought. In what respect objections and criticisms are valid, and in what invalid. Text-book—Modern Missions in the East. Lawrence.

Home Missions in the U. S., . . . Louise Forbes 1907, Thursday at 7

The beginning of Home Missions among the Indians; work for the negroes and "poor whites"; City Missions and College Settlements. Text-book—The Call of the Home Land. A. A. Phillips.

Alaska, . . . . Florence Root 1906, Monday at 5

The conditions of the people, and the different missionary movements. The aim is to discover the greatest need, and what has been done to alleviate it. Reference reading—No text-book will be used.



New Mexico, Philippines, Porto Rico—A Reading Course,

Betty Amerman 1906, Josephine Weil 1906

China, . . . . . Edith Wells, Monday at 7

General outline of the history and social conditions of the people, with a survey of the mission work that has been carried on in the past, and the present needs. Text-book—Dawn on the Hills of Tiang. Beach.

Japan, . . . . . Katherine Rusk 1907, Margaret Buss 1907

Geography, climate and people, educational, evangelical and medical missions, fields established, present needs and future outlook. Text-book—The Regeneration of Japan. Cary.

India, . . . . . Clara Newcomb 1906, Tuesday at 5

General survey of the country and people; contrasts between Hinduism and Christianity; methods of practical Christian work. Text-book—Lux Christi—Frequent reference reading.

Turkey, including Syria and Persia, Dorothea Schauffler 1907, Friday at 7

Geography, climate and people; religions, the influence on government and history; mission work, its peculiar problems; kinds of work, and classes dealt with; demands of the present situation. Reading—No text-book will be used.

Africa, . . . . . Bertha Christiansen 1907, Friday at 5

Geography, peoples, language and religions—Special problems of each of the four sections; slave trade and drink traffic; the evangelization of Africa. Text-book—Africa Waiting. Thornton.

Missionary Biography, . . . . Marie Murkland 1906, Thursday at 5

The lives of Livingstone, Mackay (Formosa), Isabella Thoburn, Hamlin and Verbeck. Their respective fields; nature of peoples and their religions; characteristics most effective in missionary work. Text-book—Effective Workers in Needy Fields. Reference reading.

Episcopal Missions in China, . . . . . Elsie Kearns 1906

A comparative study of the methods of Episcopal Foreign Missions which center upon China as typical.

All classes for this year are to be of eight weeks, beginning the last week of October and lasting until the Christmas recess. They will be repeated, however, after the first of January for new groups, with the exception of Dr. Wood's class in Apologetics, which is to be for the first eight weeks only.

There will be a chance for enrollment after the Mission Study meeting of the Missionary Society, October 22. All are cordially invited to join.

MARIE MURKLAND '06.

### The Furness Shakespeare Competition

Subjects for the essays: 1—The Supernatural Element in Shakespeare; 2—Shakespeare's Attitude Toward the Play-going Public; 3—Shakespeare's Substitutes for Scenery.

The list of competitors from the class of 1907 is at present:

Edith E. Brander,	Ethel Kenyon,
Ethel M. Baine.	Eleanor Little,
Elizabeth B. Ballard,	Blanche Mills,
Grace Buxton,	Lillian Major,
Gertrude Blanchard,	Margaret McCaskie,
Margaret Chevalier,	Helen Maxcy,
Marion E. Carr,	Alice McElroy,
Eva Cheville,	Helen Moody,
Eleanor Carpenter,	Agnes O'Brien,
Katherine Collins,	Alvara Proctor,
Ethel Curry,	Mary Ormsbee,
Helen Dean,	Ethel Parsons,
Ethel Cohen,	Marian Savage,
Eleanor Dickson,	Harriet Smith,
Helen Dupuy,	Virginia Smith,
Mary Eddy,	Louise Stockwell,
Katherine D. Frankenstein,	Nettie Strobhar,
Ernestine Friedman,	Hope Sherman,
Edith Gallagher,	Violet Stocks,
Agatha Gruber,	Mabel Scheibley,
Laura Geddes,	Helen Ufford,
Ethel Hurlburt,	Alice Varney,
Carrie Hilliard,	Ethel Woolverton,
Ethel Humphreys,	Dorothy Winslow,
Louise Jellerson,	Lucy Wood,
Eloise James,	Jean Welch,
May Kistler,	Alice Weston.

Through the generosity of Mr. Frank Gates Allen, Smith College was presented last year with a large plot of ground for a recreation field. The committee in charge of the plans for this field

**The Allen Recreation Field** propose to fit it for the use of all the students for general out-door recreation. Tennis, which is the most popular of the college sports, will receive the first attention. Up to the present time over six thousand dollars have been expended on the field in grading it and preparing it for the special work of making tennis courts, hockey grounds, etc. Of this amount only two thousand four hundred and seventy-six dollars has been paid, the rest having been borrowed from the college trustees. In order to put the field in a condition for usefulness, it is necessary to raise a sum large enough to pay off this debt, put the field itself in order, and remodel as a sort of club house an old house which stands on the place. It is hoped in time to raise money enough for a large

swimming tank and other improvements. The present committee hope to raise this year a sum of money large enough to put the field in order and pay the debt. To do this they need at least ten thousand dollars. Accordingly, they desire not only the support of the undergraduates, but of any of the alumnae who are willing to help. Anyone wishing to aid us or to know any further particulars regarding the Allen Recreation Field, will please consult the chairman of the soliciting committee, Florence L. Harrison, Dickinson House.

FLORENCE HARRISON '06.

## CLASS ELECTIONS

1906

President, Nellie Manville Brown  
Vice-President, Helen Fellows  
Secretary, Margaret Stone  
Treasurer, Gertrude Cooper

1907

President, Ruth Cowing  
Vice-President, Steele Hamilton  
Secretary, Isabel Brodrick  
Treasurer, Katherine Woods

1908

President, Margaret Rankin  
Vice-President, Orlena Zabriskie  
Secretary, Anna Russell  
Treasurer, Clara Ford

1909

President, Elizabeth Alsop  
Vice-President, Margaret Hatfield  
Secretary, Helen Dana  
Treasurer, Sue Orr  
G. & F. A. Representative, Elizabeth Bryan

## *CALENDAR*

- October 11, Sophomore Reception.
- “ 12, Mountain Day.
- “ 18, Washburn-Tenney House Dance
- “ 21, Alpha Society.
- “ 25, Pomeroy House Reception.
- “ 28, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- November 1, Play for the benefit of the Recreation Field.
- “ 8, Wesley-Haven House Dance.
- “ 11, Alpha Society.



The  
Smith College  
Monthly

November - 1905.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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# THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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## THE SCANDINAVIAN DRAMA

The mission of the Teuton has been one of emancipation. The Germans freed Rome fettered by the conventionalities of a civilization in which long centuries of Oriental growth had culminated. The young nation brought to bear upon the old an austere morality and an ideal of freedom, asserting itself in the simplest, most obvious form. But this was before the Germans, in their turn, spreading over Europe and intermingling their civilization with that of other people's, had built up a structure as complicated as Rome's had been.

To-day the Scandinavians in the fresh force of their moral conviction are seeking to emancipate the civilized world. Their nation's childhood is past, but its days have not been without education. They do not face for the first time European culture. As Teutons they have felt the influence of kindred peoples from whom they have learned the rudiments of artistic and literary expression, yet to whom they owe nothing of their peculiar inspiration. The chief centres of the Scandinavian literary activity are in Norway, but the quality of the writings varies to the point of incongruity. They are not distinctively Norwegian, but represent the inconsistencies of the national character. "So striking are these contrasts," says Havelock Ellis

in his book entitled "The New Spirit", "that they have been supposed to be due to the mingling of races; the fair-haired, blue-eyed Norwegian of the old Sagas, silent and deep-natured, being modified now, especially in the north, by the darker, brown-eyed Lapp, with his weakness of character, vivid imagination and tendency to natural mysticism, and again, especially in the east, by the daring, practical, energetic Finn. "However this may be," the English critic continues, "among the Norwegian poets various qualities often meet in striking opposition; wild and fantastic imagination stands beside an exact realism and a loving grasp of nature; a tendency to mysticism and symbol beside a healthy naturalism."<sup>1</sup>

The earliest Scandinavian dramatic literature sprang largely from foreign seed. So long as the north was absorbed in learning the literary manners of Germany it did not realize what wealth lay in its own legends and folk-lore. Oehlenschläger, the great Danish dramatist who wrote during the first half of the nineteenth century, revived the mythological heroes. Others followed his example and the Romantic school, then supreme in Europe, came to exert an influence over Scandinavia more lasting than its prevalence in any other country. It is only recently that there has come a reaction, and this has been remarkably vigorous. Results are far from being determined, but Scandinavian drama seems to tend in the direction taken by the foremost representatives of this "new spirit"—Björnsterne Björnson and Henrik Ibsen.

The personal intimacy between Björnson and Ibsen particularly emphasizes those characteristics which sometimes caused harmony, sometimes active disagreement. From the beginning, as the natural outgrowth of a somber, solitary boyhood, Ibsen manifested that profoundly critical attitude toward society which later Björnson came to share. Of the latter Richard Burton says: "He has shown an intellectual development and a shift of ethical and artistic creed which are remarkable. He has well-nigh boxed the mental compass of opinion."<sup>2</sup> Ibsen, while the most inconsistent of men, underwent no such cycle of changes. From the first, he was mastered by one ideal, *perfect freedom*, and this he sought always.

It would seem as if there were little to draw these two men

<sup>1</sup> See "The New Spirit" (third edition), page 133 (article on Ibsen).

<sup>2</sup> See "Literary Likings" (Copeland and Day, Boston), page 110 (article on Björnson, Daudet and James).



together during their early years. In every respect they offered complete antithesis. While still young, Björnson won fame and financial success. Ibsen struggled in obscurity and poverty until he was forty. Björnson found no cause to be dissatisfied with Norway and her political status. Ibsen lived in voluntary exile because he could not endure the international policy of his native land. Björnson was an ardent partisan. Ibsen not only refused to cast his lot with any party, but did not hesitate to proclaim himself an "all-embracing Germanist" who believed that national consciousness should one day give place to race-consciousness, and the state be abolished altogether. In his relation to men, Björnson was impulsive, reckless, over-confiding. Ibsen, on the other hand, was suspicious, apt to brood in his loneliness over fancied or exaggerated wrongs. Disappointed in his attempt to come into perfect understanding with his friends and above all with his own parents, brothers, and sisters, he severed his home associations and lived in a seclusion which seemed to many morose and savage.

Yet while Björnson was writing pastorals and romances, in quite the approved conventional way, and receiving the popular applause, he was constantly in communication with that solitary, brooding countryman of his laboring in Italy without recognition. His conviction that Ibsen was a true poet was the bond between them, the sole secret of their strange friendship. Björnson did not sympathize with Ibsen's ideas or mode of life, yet he did all in his power to make the conditions favorable for his work and to bring the results before the Norwegian public.

Ibsen was a man of boundless hope and firm belief in a great personal mission. Although he found the political atmosphere of his own country intolerable, his ambitions were for her. When at last he begged the Norwegian government for an author's stipend, he asked it "not for a secure income, but for the life-task which I immorally believe that God has imposed upon me—the task which seems to me of all others the most important and most necessary—that of awakening the people of Norway and inducing them to think greatly."<sup>1</sup>

The Scandinavian language is particularly well adapted for vigorous, versatile expression, and conscientious translators, such as William Archer and Frances Lord, make us appreciate how fully Ibsen realized the power of simple, natural phrasing.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by William Archer in "Ibsen in His Letters" in *Littell's Living Age* for April 22, 1905.

His literary style is certainly novel. Ceremony in writing he puts aside with the same impatience with which he rejects conventionalities in general. Dealing thus with realities and not with their external guise, his appeal is universal. The theory that he writes entirely from an æsthetic point of view or that his doctrine is "Art for art's sake" is disproved by his early refusal to regard "an æsthetic system, isolated and claiming inherent validity". "Æsthetics, in this sense," he declares, "appear to me as great a curse to poetry as theology is to religion."<sup>1</sup> In reference to criticism in general he says: "The majority of critical strictures reduce themselves in the last analysis to reproaches addressed to an author because he is himself and thinks, feels, sees, and creates like himself instead of seeing and creating as the critic would have done—had he had the power."<sup>1</sup>

When "Peer Gynt" was judged by the Danish critic, Clemens Peterson, as "not really poetry", Ibsen took up the defence warmly, denying Peterson's affirmation with what Mr. Archer terms "a splendid arrogance".<sup>2</sup> "The book is poetry," he declares, "or if it is not, it shall become poetry. The concept of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall refashion itself in accordance with the book."<sup>2</sup> Moreover, in his indignation, he threatens to "set up as a photographer" and "deal with his contemporaries in the North individually, man by man."<sup>2</sup> "Nothing shall escape me," he says, "no thought or feeling lurking behind the words in every soul that deserves the honor of being noticed."<sup>2</sup> This dramatic speech seems worthy of some of the author's characters. He might have been speaking through Rebecca West. Yet he avows that he is no more unkindly disposed toward his fellow countrymen than he is toward himself. He subjects himself, as he tells us, to most severe introspection, "probing, sounding, anatomizing searchingly my own inward parts and that at the point where it bites the sorest."<sup>2</sup>

As for the sources of his plots and character study, Ibsen maintains that all his writings stand in close relation to his own life. Everything has its basis in some experience which he has "lived through". He takes "composite photographs" and declares that "a model is as necessary to a comedy-writer as to a sculptor."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by William Archer in "Ibsen in His Letters" in *Littell's Living Age* for April 22, 1905.

<sup>2</sup> See article in "Living Age" as before.

Mr. Archer, in an article entitled "Ibsen in His Letters", recently published in "The Living Age", tells us that "the making of a play meant for Ibsen an extraordinary effort of mental concentration. He put everything else aside, read no books, attended to no business which was not absolutely necessary, and lived for weeks and months with his characters alone." In June 1884, Ibsen writes, "I have in these days completed a play in five acts, that is to say, I have thought it out. Now comes the more delicate manipulation of it, the more energetic individualization of the characters and their mode of expression." This play was "The Wild Duck". A month or two later he writes, "The people in my new play, in spite of their manifold frailties, have through long and daily familiarity endeared themselves to me . . . I believe that 'The Wild Duck' will perhaps lure some of our younger dramatists into new paths and I hold that to be desirable." In 1890, when he had finished "Hedda Gabbler", he says, "It gives me a strange feeling of emptiness to part from a piece of work which has now for several months exclusively occupied my mind and my thought. Yet it is well that it has come to an end. The incessant association with these imaginary people was beginning to make me a little nervous." The average reader will no doubt be abundantly able to appreciate Ibsen's feeling here, considering the characters in this, the most extreme among his social dramas.

Ibsen's mind was intensive rather than extensive. He saw one aspect vividly and for the time being lost sight of other relations, although he did not deny their existence. He believed in the "survival of the fittest" among ideas.<sup>1</sup> This habit of thought is evident in his plays. In the movement of the plot, the germ-idea first appears in a highly contrasted setting, barely suggesting future complications which the reader feels with curiosity mixed with apprehension.

Above everything else, Ibsen stands for *individualism*. It is synonymous with his ideal of perfect freedom. His watchword is "Be true to yourself". "How far a man's position is strengthened by organization or association," he says, "I cannot judge. It seems to me that he is strongest who stands alone."<sup>1</sup> Here are seen the elements of the root-ideas for "Rosmerholm" and "An Enemy of the People". It is evident

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Archer in "Living Age."



that Ibsen was not interested in a political revolution. "What is wanted," he declares, "is a revolution of the spirit of man."<sup>1</sup> It is the old ideal which the Jewish and Christian moralists have upheld—the solution of the problem of sin and suffering, an ideal of individual righteousness. Specifically, Ibsen desires a "democracy of aristocrats", every man a nobleman, and according to Mr. Archer, he never becomes pessimistic except when he fears that this ideal of his can never be realized, but "must always stay a contradiction in fact as in terms".

The most prominent issues of Ibsen's individualism are the problems of marriage and the position of woman. He deals with marriage in its broadest sense, the joint compact of man and woman. He considers woman as an *individual* and shows that the conventional acceptance of her rôle is a source of evil. Whether *she* be satisfied with playing the part of a Norah is not the question. If the human race is to fulfil the purpose for which it was created, man and woman as individuals must act in perfect freedom. Therefore, Ibsen declares, "I deem it no wrong to disturb us in our sleepy or pious disregard of bad conditions or false views of life. The full development of all healthful forces can lead only to good."<sup>2</sup> He maintains that the ideal marriage is founded on love and perfect understanding. It is not a beatific state in which love deadens the man or woman to all responsibilities or further desires. In his own words, "It is union in thought, feeling and will, tasks of duty and sources of joy" which enables the husband and wife to "fight life's battles, bear its pains and enjoy its glory together—and this by having directed, forwarded and freed each other's development."<sup>2</sup> In brief, passion and duty must travel the same road, and to prove this Ibsen portrays woman not ideally but realistically. He shows her concentrating all her powers upon a task which appeals to her because she has been denied all influence in the realities of life. Rebecca West and Norah Helmer are alike ignorant children, meddling—the one in fierceness, the other in simplicity—with things about which they know nothing. The natural craving to know and do is not wanting. But it has never been guided or gratified. Accordingly in following its impulses blindly Rebecca and Norah work disaster.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Archer in "Living Age".

<sup>2</sup> Cited in "Living Age".



In each case, the reader receives a strong suggestion of what might have been; how the very powers which wrought evil would have wrought good if properly disciplined and directed. "Hedda Gabler" especially emphasizes the deplorable effects of narrowing conditions which deny the woman-soul its recognition. Hedda was naturally powerful and she wanted to play her part in real life. Since she found the conventions of society opposed to any such activity, she took it upon herself to experiment secretly for the gratification of her overwhelming desire. Her attempt to "shape a human destiny"<sup>1</sup> of course resulted in calamity.

A study of the Scandinavian drama would not be complete without considering, at least briefly, the work of August Strindberg. The romance and tragedy of his life read like a novel by Balzac. He was a man of versatile genius, subject to temporary fits of insanity. In his home life he was particularly unhappy, having been married and divorced three times. His wretchedness he attributed to the demoralizing influence of Ibsen's plays on the modern woman. It does not seem to have occurred to him that in his own experiences lay not the confutation but the proof of Ibsen's doctrine, that the underlying conditions, his diseased imagination and extreme distrust of all women, worked out exactly as Ibsen had demonstrated. For Strindberg the true marriage was indeed impossible. His unhappiness increased with age. He wrote dramas on social themes, every one more tragic and pessimistic than the last. Always woman was the offender and sufferer. He was constantly imputing to her new misdeeds and inventing new punishments for her. The whole atmosphere is radically different from that of Ibsen. Strindberg cannot look beyond the misery of the present. His plays are the expression of a man personally outraged and irretrievably embittered. He has not the self-control to seek the fundamental cause of the prevailing conditions or to conceive a possible remedy.<sup>2</sup>

In this paper there has been no attempt to give a synopsis or critical analysis of any of the Scandinavian plays, but merely to indicate the spirit in which they were written as being their truest interpretation. Ibsen and Björnson we have seen like

<sup>1</sup> Words of Hedda, quoted from play.

<sup>2</sup> For study of Strindberg, see *The Theatre* for April, 1905.

two streams, the one pursuing always a straight course the other flowing first in the opposite direction, then turning and rushing into its neighbor and blending with it to form a single, powerful current. In spite of the superb strength of their united forces, one cannot help feeling some regret that the author of so beautiful and effective a piece of work as "Over Awne"—translated into English under the title of "Pastor Sang"—should be absorbed into another man's genius. Yet, in yielding himself up to this, he makes the other's mighty ideals his own. August Strindberg appears as a passionate character, his naturally great talents a slave to disease and personal suffering. It is Ibsen who stands out as the strong, dominant figure—dark, to be sure, not with the gloom of pessimism but of eternal warning and judgment. Yet through the judgment shines the prophecy which shall be fulfilled with the "revolution of the spirit of man". The ideal does not fall short of the highest—it is *perfect freedom*.

MARION SAVAGE.

## YEARNING

Sing me not of the frozen north  
 And the leaden skies above ;  
 Sing me a song of the golden cloth,  
 Of flowers astir like white sea-froth  
 In the heat of the sun's hot love.

Sing me not of heights of snow  
 And the sting of the north wind's breath,—  
 Sing me of passion, for I must go  
 To plant a kiss in the tropic glow  
 Hot on the lips of death !

Sing me a deep man-throated strain,—  
 Sing me of war and quest and strife !  
 Sing me of love and the passion of pain,  
 Till cruel and strong my hands have lain  
 Full on the flower of life !

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

## AUTUMN

The sedges by the brook are curled and brown,  
The golden-rod's last flame has flickered low,  
The gentian's silken lashes close are sealed—  
Her fair blind sister faded long ago—  
The milk-weed down floats idly on the air,  
And on the silent stream the dead leaves flow.

No sign of life, save in this oak-leaf's hue,  
And even this is in the clasp of death,  
For 'tis the flush of fever's hectic glow,  
Where it was touched by winter's deadly breath—  
Yet on its surface, mystic pencillings—  
O teach us, Nature, what thy tracing saith !

For in the life-blood of each fallen leaf,  
Her hand prophetic, like the sibyl's old,  
Hath writ a message, as in revery  
She sinks at the approach of winter's cold.  
In revery, not slumber, no, nor death,  
But source of newer mysteries yet untold.

JESSIE VALLENTINE.

## EMERSON'S ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP

A snowy afternoon, an armchair before a glowing fire, a restless, feverish mood, and Emerson,—these make indeed a perfect whole. Perhaps you object to the mood ? Emerson, you think, appeals to one when contented, at peace with himself and the world ? The keenest enjoyment, perhaps, comes then, but the greatest value is better seen when we are discontented, at variance with ourselves and the world. At such a time, if we pick up a volume of Emerson and read his calm philosophy, his eloquent advice, his beautiful poetry, our mood changes,—we become filled with contentment, peace, and hope. Perhaps the work we choose is his essay on friendship. Of what use are friends ? We are lonely—there are none to whom we are dear. We know how untrue the thought is but our present mood

paints everything dark. We read Emerson's words at first carelessly, then thoughtfully, at last joyously. His words open fresh thoughts, his eloquence stirs new feelings. Friendship is a new and wonderful thing, seen through his eyes.

Emerson's theme is friendship in its highest form, a relation spiritual and sacred in its nature, whose characteristics are truth and tenderness and affinity between its members; whose expression is a happy mean between the poetical or unsubstantial and the practical or material. He writes from the point of view of the moral philosopher, the student of ethics, whom so many material-minded people pass by with the remark, "but he's so impractical!" Impractical? Why? Because he shows us the essence and elements of true friendship, and tries to influence us to seek for these in forming our friendships rather than to let ourselves be led by a less spiritual standard? Is he impractical because he tells us to value our friends not for what they give us but for what they are to us; to fit ourselves to be friends by cultivating sincerity and sympathy, our highest ideals, our best selves, that, in being friendly, we may find friends in others? If this is to be called impractical, we may well regret the great number of practical people in the world.

"My friends," he says, "have come to me unsought. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself I find them, or rather not I, but the Deity in me and in them derides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one." This informal treatment of the subject, making us feel that he is addressing us personally, is especially appropriate, for friendship implies a nearness of two natures, and if he can succeed in bringing us so close to himself by words, what must the effect of his actual presence have been upon those who had the privilege of knowing him? Thus in the degree to which we feel him capable of deep friendship are we the more influenced by his words. And what a master of words Emerson is! He weaves them together in a thought structure so intricate, so amplified, that we cannot pick out his pattern at a glance. When we stop to analyze, we realize the more the great wealth of his intellect. He begins with one idea and while our minds have perhaps followed it up with another, logical but paltry, his has branched out into a hundred rich and fruitful thoughts, which we, attempting to follow, find as elusive as the brilliant flashes of a precious stone.



It is interesting to see the different ways in which he develops an idea. The more common methods of exemplification, metaphor, and analogy he frequently uses. Of definition, too, he makes good use. "Friendship is a select and sacred relation." "Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and consent in the other party." And again in the words by which he assigns to friendship the two paramount qualities of truth and tenderness. The principles he uses oftenest in his exposition are those of development and logical description. The former is well illustrated in the words: "Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well tempered and so happily adapted, that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. But I find this law of one to one peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship."

His logical description of friendship gives us his best ideas and their clearest application: "The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and holy that can be joined. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what is drudgery."

Although the essay deals with abstract ideas it is given life and color by the many concrete illustrations. It is literature of thought with a large admixture of feeling. The ideas suggested appeal primarily to the intellect, but the language in which they are clothed is so eloquent that the emotions as well are aroused and the imagination stimulated. We admire equally the depth of thought and the beauty of expression. The fundamental quality of this expression is eloquence, which is gained by the choice of words and their harmonious and striking combination into rhythmic, forceful sentences.

There is a distinctive style in the essay, but one which it is hard to define. It contains all the elements of beauty, force, and clearness, but something else beside. Like the man of

whom it is an expression, it is full of varying pitches. He was a creature of moods and his style is one of ever surprising changes. The whole essay stands in direct contrast to one written on the same subject by Bacon. The latter lays stress on friendship as a means of obtaining material benefits, while Emerson has attempted to show us the pure pleasure to be derived from a friendship apart from all worldly interest. Just here lay his greatest difficulty. The world to which he must offer his work was only too ready to accept Bacon's views—a world too practical to agree with Emerson, too selfish to carry out his ideals even though it saw the good in these. It was, then, to the few who would both appreciate and accept his ideas that Emerson was forced to address himself. To combat the existence of friendship on a merely worldly basis was his purpose in writing—surely a worthy one and well accomplished.

HARRIET LEWIS SMITH.

### THE GREENWOOD

Oh, take me back to the greenwood !  
I am sick of the city's strife,  
Its babel of meaningless voices,  
The rush and the stress of life,  
And there in the dim, cool cloisters,  
With the oaks for my wardens gray,  
I shall rest till my sad heart findeth  
The peace it would know for aye.

I am tired of the mighty city,  
With its white, hot streets ablaze.  
Ah, fain would I go to the greenwood,  
To its fens and its pleasant ways !  
And deep in the aisles and spaces  
Of each elf-haunted glen and glade,  
I would dream that its cool, dark places  
Were the castles my fancy made.

Oh, take me back to the greenwood,  
To the stirring of leaves and wings,  
To the flashing of sunbright waters,  
To the singing of crystal springs,  
To the glimmer of gold on the river,  
To the croon of the breeze's prayer !  
Oh, take me back to the greenwood,  
For my heart, my heart is there !

AGNES MARY O'BRIEN.

## FALL

### I.

I love to rise in early morn  
And climb the hills so free,  
Where silver mist each peak has kissed,  
Hiding the world from me.

I stand and watch a creeping change,—  
The white is streaked with gold,  
The rising breeze stirs o'er the trees,  
The pearly mists unfold.

A mystic joy I feel, the while  
I gaze with steadfast eyes  
Far, far away, where early day  
Enters the changing skies.

### II.

In waning day I love the fall,  
I love the fall's grave cheer,  
Its golden sheaves and dead brown leaves  
To me are aught but drear.

In woods the nuts are pattering down  
From trees of burnished gold,  
The ground with red is carpeted,—  
The world seems young, not old!

Then homeward slow my steps I turn,  
The powers of night have won,  
The harvest moon lights hill and dune,—  
An autumn day is done.

CAROLINE BORDEN HINMAN.

## HIS MASTERPIECE

Some years ago, in a sunny little town in a sunny northern state, Tony the hunchback lived. His life indeed may not have been sunny, for both his father and mother died when he

was but a small child and the uncle with whom he lived had a fiery temper and a passion for drink. When he was under the influence of either he would beat Tony and swear at him; but worst of all, he would take away the boy's beloved fiddle. Those were terrible days. Gradually his uncle's rage would abate, the fiddle would be returned, and all would go on smoothly.

One stormy night in early spring the uncle came home in a drunken fury to the shanty where he and Tony hammered at shoes all day long. As he burst in at the door, the little hunchback looked up anxiously from his work. His slender sensitive face flushed when he saw the brutal old man, his dark eyes grew large and full of fear. The dimly burning oil lamp on the shelf flickered in the blast of wind which entered. The floor, cluttered with clippings of leather and skins, was blown clean. Out thundered the man's voice and through the air flew a bottle; it struck the lad's face and cut a deep gash. The blood spurted out; the drunken man, delighted at the sight of it, laughed horribly and staggered toward the boy. Tony, rising quickly, holding his hand to his face, dodged the menacing figure before him. He ran to the corner, seized his fiddle and bow, and was hurrying toward the door when his uncle wheeled, swore again, and brought down his heavy arm with terrible force upon the deformed back. The boy staggered, and with a cry fell down unconscious.

The next morning Tony bound up as well as he could the horrid cut across the left cheek and lower part of his forehead. No one knew the pain in his back which drove him almost mad. And no one knew that once again his fiddle, his only friend and confidant, was gone. But in that childish heart the loss of it, the longing for it, made their deep and lasting impression.

That morning, being left alone to finish some work which his uncle was unfitted to do, Tony dragged his bench to the open door. The birds in the old elm by the roadside sang joyously, the sun shone radiantly upon the earth refreshed by the night's rain. Presently Tony heard the quick clatter of hoofs. A moment more, and into his sight galloped a vision as bright as the glorious morning—a little girl of unimagined beauty, thus Tony thought—riding upon a pony. As she reached the door where Tony sat she pulled in her little steed and leaned over anxiously.



Tony, leaving his work, rushed out into the sunlight. "Can I help ye, miss?" he ventured.

The child glanced at the ugly figure before her. "Why, yes, you may, please. If you'll take the stone out of his right fore-foot, I'll be ever so much obliged."

It took but a second to perform the service, then straightening himself, as well as he ever could straighten, Tony smiled humbly at the shining figure. The child, torn between loathing and pity for the ugliness of the creature before her, smiled down at the crippled boy and dropped a bright coin into his hand. "Thank you many, many times," she said. Another moment and she was gone. The lad stood there in the road, clutching the coin tightly and gazing after the departing vision. His dark eyes shone with happiness, his whole heart went out to the beautiful lady. Then and there began his lifelong adoration—the joy and bane of his life.

What days of happiness for Tony followed that first meeting—what evenings of unbounded joy when, his uncle out of the way, he sat with his beloved fiddle, playing in the twilight, while above him fluttered a creature with golden hair and wonderful eyes, and lips that said, "Thank you many, many times." And how carefully he treasured the bright coin—the idea of spending it never occurred to him. The dreaming, sensitive lad, from the baseness and vulgarity of his surroundings, had gazed, as it seemed to him, upon heaven. The thought of ever knowing the beautiful little girl never entered his head. She was to him as something divine, to be adored from afar. But often on those spring nights he journeyed up the hill and through the woods, to catch a glimpse of the great white house where she lived. On his return he would take up his fiddle, and placing it lovingly under his chin, would draw the bow across the strings with a hand so caressing, so tender, that passers-by would often pause and listen. "Who is he?" they would question, and on being told it was Tony the hunchback, they would smile pityingly and say, "Poor lonely little dwarf!"

Ah, but they did not know! Lonely? Tony did not know what loneliness meant. For always gazing at him from above, were two eyes so kind, so beautiful, so lovely. No, no one could call him lonely. And when his hand trembled a little as he stopped playing and reached out into the air, it was not because he was simple-minded and silly. It was just because

the vision grew so real and so beautiful that Tony thought he could grasp it. But it always faded away and returned only when he played. Thus many happy hours passed and the days stretched into weeks, the weeks into months. Tony was almost unconscious of time, so happy and content was he in his love for the Beautiful Lady. In the hardest and ugliest moments of his life the thought of her always strengthened and ennobled him.

But at last joy ended and sorrow came, for the Beautiful Lady went away. She went in early July, and for three long months Tony dragged himself through the days, hoping, living for the time when she would return. When that day finally came, such tumultuous gladness filled Tony's heart that for the first time he began to wonder what it was that caused these sudden changes from hell to heaven.

It was a year later, and Tony was now eighteen. At the end of a clear May day he slipped quietly out of the back door, and made his way through the narrow, noisy streets until he reached the hill. Having gained its summit, he turned aside, crossed a field, and entered a footpath which led into a wood. The rays of the setting sun fell slantwise through the trees. The birds twittered busily, a brown thrush sat swinging on a twig directly above Tony's path and sang, oh how joyously! The evening air was full of the smell of the damp earth, of the sweet perfume of the arbutus hiding its dainty beauty beneath the leaves and grass. The lad, dwarfed in size, with hunched back, a scarred face, and irregular features, stopped short in the path. His dark and usually sad eyes were alight with the joy that nature brings to her true lovers. The thought of the Beautiful Lady's nearness, of her perfection, of his complete happiness in the thought of her, all rose up in his heart. He raised his hands to his face, closed his eyes and drew a deep breath. It seemed to him that none could be happier than he.

Resuming his walk, he emerged from the wood and came into sight of the large colonial house where she lived. Then he waited, contentedly sauntering up and down the wood-path or gazing at the house. This was no unusual occurrence, for Tony always hoped that sometime here he would see her, and that she perhaps would see and speak to him.

On this particular evening, Tony had scarcely been there five minutes when a light laugh made him start. In a moment he

was in the midst of some thick underbrush, whence he could see perfectly without being seen. Into his sight, walking slowly, came the Beautiful Lady. She was dressed all in white, soft clinging stuff that trailed on the ground behind her. Her golden hair was gathered into a loose knot at her neck. She was singing low, as though to herself, and her eyes were bent upon the ground as she walked. Presently she stopped and looked at the sky, bright from the afterglow. In the eastern heavens rose the moon, round and full. She saw this and smiled to herself. Beautiful, happy, rich in all blessings of life, how perfectly unconscious she was of the eyes that were gazing at her from the bush near by, how ignorant of the great and wonderful part she played in the life of a poor, ugly little dwarf!

Tony gazed and gazed. He wanted to call out to her, but he did not. Soon she turned slowly and walked away. Tony gazed until she had disappeared; then rising he walked home through the woods. They were lighted now by the moon's rays and the myriads of stars; and the twittering birds had given place to the crickets and the incessant

"Katy did. Katy didn't.

Katy did. Katy didn't!"

When Tony reached the little shanty which he called home, he took his fiddle and seating himself upon the stool on which he worked all day, he began to play. This was the only way in which he could vent his feelings. There was no one to talk to, no one to confide in. Tony had never had any companions, so the fiddle had early become his only confidant, and how he loved it! His surprise and delight at actually seeing the Beautiful Lady had combined to rouse and excite him. But when she had departed, and the return to his ugly home was all that was left him, a reaction set in. The hopelessness of his adoration, the greatness of it, appalled and distressed him. Taking up his fiddle, he drew the bow across the strings with an uncertain hand. What should he play? From the window where he sat he could see the moon, the same that she had seen and smiled upon. Tony gazed at it, motionless, then slowly he began to draw the bow across the strings with more assurance. The music was sad and low with his longing and pain. But presently the sadness ceased, the notes became sweet, unutterably sweet. Then even the sweetness was lost in the joy of it

all. Tony hugged his fiddle close, his eyes grew bright. A sense of mastery, of triumph possessed him. Suddenly he heard his uncle's heavy step. With a start he jumped up, and clambered to the garret where he slept. The moonlight came flooding in through the low window, and lighted up the bare boards and the narrow cot. Tony carefully hid his fiddle, and as he laid himself upon his bed, a quiet and happy sigh escaped him. The world was a very beautiful and lovely place, after all!

The next morning it was drizzling rain. The air was oppressive, the day gloomy. Tony felt depressed. In his work that morning he often stopped to ask himself, "What is the matter with the world?" During the afternoon he found out. He went to return a pair of mended shoes, and found the owner, Mrs. O'Connell, standing on her doorstep, chatting with her neighbor, Mrs. Murphy. Mrs. O'Connell, being a good-natured woman, smiled kindly at the ugly dwarf and asked him how he did. Just then the Beautiful Lady's carriage drove by, a gentleman seated within. Immediately Mrs. O'Connell and Mrs. Murphy began to chatter like two magpies.

"D'ye s'pose that's the count?"

"Oh, say, I bet it is! I heard he was comin' this mornin'."

"An' just to think o' that purty young gal goin' to marry a furriner an' live abroad! Sakes aloive!"

Tony stood and listened as though rooted to the spot. His eyes grew large, and a look of such agony and despair shone in them as no one would believe could be called forth by such simple words.

"D'ye mean to say," he found himself asking, "that she's goin' to marry a foreigner and live out of America?"

Mrs. O'Connell turned and said hastily, somewhat crossly, "Yes, child, she's goin' to be married in June and go right over there to live. It's a mighty fine thing for her and for this town, for it's a real count as what's goin' to be her husband."

"Husband! Her husband! Tony trembled all over and his face was white. He turned away and limped slowly down the street, through puddles, mud and all. He saw nothing, he knew nothing, but just this one thing—she was going away. "And forever!" he cried aloud, stopping short and looking wildly about him. He clenched his fists and gasped. He went home and pounded at shoes all that dark and dreary day and evening.



Then he climbed to his attic room and lay down upon his bed, staring with large feverish eyes into the darkness.

"Can I live?" he thought. "Will this pain ever cease?" He pressed his hand upon his heart, dumbly wondering what it was that seemed to be eating away his life.

As he lay there wide awake, a longing for his fiddle came upon him. Reaching down, he pulled it out from under the bed. Unmindful of the lateness of the hour and of his uncle's presence, he placed the violin under his chin and began to play. The strains came forth in answer to his suffering—notes long and mournful and wailing. Sometimes they were harsh and strident, quivering out into the night air. Then they would become so soft and low that it sounded like a person sobbing. The uncle awoke. He stared through the darkness at Tony; could it be possible that Tony was playing? He leapt up in a rage and strode toward the lad. When his uncle struck the fiddle from his hands, Tony fought fiercely with all his small strength, but fell back at last unconscious.

It was late one afternoon in early June. The shadows were beginning to lengthen and the birds sang their evening songs. Tony sat on his bench, a shoe between his knees, working busily. He heard a carriage stop without but he did not look up. A shadow fell across the floor, but he went on working. A woman's voice said, "Good afternoon." Tony jumped, the shoe fell from his hands and the color rushed to his face. There before him, looking directly at him, was the Beautiful Lady!

"Good day, miss!" he managed to mumble.

"I have brought you a shoe of mine to mend," she said, unwrapping a small parcel and bringing to light a slipper. She came forward a little and held it out to Tony.

"You see," she said, bending her head over the slipper so that her big white hat hid her face, "you see the heel came off, but it can easily be fixed. Can you do it for me?" She raised her head and looked at Tony inquiringly. Her face was so near—so near to his. The big blue eyes were full of kindness and gentleness. Tony passed the back of his hand across his eyes, then stretched it out timidly and took the shoe. His fingers just touched the tips of hers.

"Yes, miss, I can," he said slowly.

"Thank you, and when can you have it done? I'd like it soon, if possible."

She stood there wondering a little what was the matter with the queer, ugly little man.

"Any time," said Tony.

"To-morrow afternoon? Yes? Very well, then. Thank you. Good afternoon!"

She smiled again, then turning, entered her carriage and drove away. Tony, holding tightly to the shoe, stood looking after her. Even after she had gone and the sound of her carriage wheels had died away, he still stood staring with unseeing eyes down the road.

The day of the wedding had come at last. At four o'clock Tony found himself seated in a back pew of the little church on the hill. He had not been in a church for so many years that he had almost forgotten what it was like. Long ago, before his mother had died, he used to trudge off with her every Sunday morning, and he could remember well how he used to love the music and flowers. Now, as he sat there, listening to the sacred music as it came peeling from the organ, and waiting to see the Beautiful Lady for the last time, a longing came to him for something higher and better than he had ever known.

She came—clothed in shimmering white, with her bridal veil falling about her. Tony shrank back into the pew as though afraid of the vision, so radiant, so beautiful, so happy! The service was soon over, she was coming down the aisle again, leaning on the arm of her husband! An expression of wonderful sweetness and joy rested on her face. Tony looked his last, and she was gone.

In the weeks that followed the Beautiful Lady's marriage, a change took place in Tony. The sharpness of his grief passed, leaving him even quieter, and with a sadder expression on his ugly, thin face. This was the hardest thing he had ever had to bear. But, as always, it was the best thing that could have happened, for it made him a man. Often now when his uncle would enter the shop in a rage, swearing and ordering him about, there would be a rebellious flash in Tony's eyes. He—the slave of such a master! Tony had never felt his manhood till now. Then the crisis came. The uncle, enraged at Tony's increasing independence and appearance of revolt, went one step too far. One day he snatched away the fiddle, raised it high over his head and brought it down with all his strength

upon the iron last. The beautiful violin was shattered into pieces. Tony sprang up, his eyes flashing fire, his pale face quivering.

"Oh, curse ye!" he shrieked, and with head lowered, he rushed like a little beast upon the cruel man.

As soon as Tony was able to walk he went away. It was early one morning in September. He left the shop, his pale scarred face set in grim determination. He carried a tiny pack on his back; in his pocket was one dollar. These were all his worldly possessions. As he passed through the little village, still sleeping peacefully, as he saw all the familiar sights for the last time,—something like a sob rose in his throat. But the village once left and the broad highway gained, the little hunchback stepped along bravely. He was a man now, master of himself; and a new feeling of independence was within him and for a while extinguished that of his former abject love. But then the waters flowed back, the old current rushed in and joined the new stream.

Tony's destination was New York, for to him New York was the goal of all ambition. The way was long and hard. He often lay down by the roadside, faint and weary. "Can I ever get there?" he thought. But where there is a will there is a way, and ever there was the comforting thought that when he did reach his goal he would be free to work for himself.

Imagine then the disappointment and despair of the lad when, having finally reached his destination, he found that work was the hardest of things to get. He gazed with astonishment at the city, so much larger, dirtier, and more awful than he had ever imagined. "Where shall I go?" he thought. No place seemed to offer an asylum for him. But being a plucky lad, he walked the streets for days, always hoping that to-morrow would bring him better luck. He was in a sad condition; his clothes were torn and ragged and dusty. He was tired and hungry. At the end of a week his courage began to fail. He started out in the morning with a less sprightly step. That afternoon it rained. Tony's coat was thin and the wind was sharp. His teeth chattered. He stood close against the outside of a building, trying to get as far away from the rain as possible.

A group of newsboys stood on the corner, deviltry in their eyes. They saw Tony, they jumped upon him as their prey. They pulled him out and challenged him to fight.

"I ain't agoin' to fight," cried Tony fiercely, "an' you let me alone. I ain't done you no harm."

The gamins, delighted at his wrath, pushed him along with rude jokes and jeers. Tony struggled. He was powerless against them. His foot slipped and he rolled into the mud and water of the gutter. They shouted with delight and danced around the humiliated hunchback with shrill cries of joy and derision. Tony rose, stunned and dizzy. He turned to the yelling mob about him and, pulling off his coat, clenched his fists and made a rush at them. A policeman soon broke up the fight. He clubbed Tony and he clubbed the gamins. The latter picked up their papers and, whistling cheerfully, departed. Tony slowly put on his coat and hobbled away. That night he sought out a dark doorstep. He dropped down exhausted, and leaning his head on his cold grimy hands, he whispered in a quivering voice, "Suppose she should see me now." But the Beautiful Lady was far away across the waters,—and there, as here, the place resounded with her praises.

It was two days later Tony limped along a down town street, neither knowing nor caring where he went. Once in a while he would stop and cough, a harsh, hard cough which seemed to shake all the strength out of his frail body. He passed a basement restaurant and the smell of cooking floated out to him. He stopped and looked greedily in. Then he slowly descended the steps and entered the shop. He made his way to the back and approached a desk. He said in a hoarse voice to a burly looking man sitting there, "Could it be that you are wanting any help—any one to sweep the floors, or scrub the pots, or anything sech as that?"

The man looked up quickly and gazed with astonishment at the sad figure before him.

"Are you quick and lively? Don't look so with that back of yours."

"Oh yis, sir," Tony spoke up. "Indeed I am, sir—I am as quick as anything, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Tony."

"Where do you live?"

"Don't live nowheres,—I ain't got no home."

"Where do you come from?"

"I come from up north, and oh, sir, I am awful spry. My uncle"—



"Have you ever worked before?"

"Yis indeed, sir. I've mended shoes, and I am so quick—"

"Hum!" the man cut short Tony's speech of self-commendation. He sat looking at the young fellow with a business-like air. Tony's pale cheeks showed a spot of color. His eyes were imploring. His hoarse broken voice trembled with eagerness.

Then the burly man behind the desk said, "Well, I'll try you. We're in need of a kitchen boy. But mind, if you're not spry and obedient and honest, you go!"

Tony gave a cry of joy. "Ye'll take me, sir? Oh, an' if I don't serve ye right, ye can kick me out on to the pavement."

The man nodded acquiescence both to the question and the suggestion. Then beckoning a waiter, he ordered him to take the boy to the kitchen. Tony at last had found work. What was more, he had found a home, for the man behind the desk, who seemed to be the boss, told him he could have the tiny room beside the coal bin in the cellar.

When Tony went to his room that night it was dark save for a dim light that filtered through the high narrow window. He knelt on the pallet of straw and took from his neck a cord on which hung a silver coin. He raised it to the light and gazed at it with adoring eyes. "I wonder where you are," he whispered very softly, "beautiful, beautiful lady, I wonder if you know I have work and a home." Then a fit of coughing seized him and he fell back upon the ground too weak to move.

Tony's days were busy now. From five in the morning till ten at night he worked. He ran a thousand errands, he washed the floors and scrubbed the pans. He cleaned the stoves and made the fires. The boss was pleased with his work and he liked the lad. He had no wish to "kick him out on to the pavement." But wishes cannot always be observed in business. Tony's health was getting worse. His cough left him weaker every day. One night in December when he went to bed, he thought that he could never get up again. The next morning he had a fever and coughed incessantly. But he rose and went about his work. Within two hours he fainted dead away. Great excitement prevailed in the kitchen. The head chef was indignant that the kitchen boy should occasion so much disturbance. Accordingly, as soon as Tony revived, he was taken to his room and left. The next morning the boss came down, and in a rough but kindly way told him that he must go. Tony gasped.

"But, sir, I've worked hard. I can't help bein' sick. I'll git up now. I'm well. I feel fine."

The boss looked at the wasted figure before him and wondered how long the lad could live. Then he went out.

Tony dragged himself to his feet. He had no possessions to get together. He stumbled out into the street and limped slowly away. His temples throbbed. He could not breathe without pain. But these were for the moment forgotten in the terror and despair caused by the thought, "I haven't any home." His thoughts reverted to his old home—the memories seemed sweet. He forgot his uncle's cruelty, and remembered only the sunshine and the happiness and the Beautiful Lady.

It was growing dark. Tony still walked on. Suddenly he stopped short and listened. Through the clatter of the noisy streets came a sound which caused his heart to thrill and his hands to tremble. They were the notes of a violin! For a minute only Tony paused. Then he hobbled on, swiftly following the sound. In the midst of a crowd of half-interested men and women stood an Italian, scraping away on an old violin. Suddenly the crowd parted, a tiny hunchback, with a white, skeleton-like face, and eyes burning with eagerness and joy, appeared before him. His hands were clasped and he leaned forward watching the violin with a gaze so ardent, so intent, that the man stopped short.

"What's the matter wid yer, sonny?" he asked.

"Oh, sir," Tony said almost in a whisper, "would yer—oh, sir, would yer let me touch the fiddle just once? Oh, the kind saints bless yer, sir!—oh, oh, oh!" The man was holding out the fiddle toward the boy. His dark face was full of surprise. Tony's hands went out like a flash,—he touched it, trembling,—then he fondled it, he seemed to feel its very heart. The Italian thought the lad was bewitched. Tony's long gaunt arms held the violin close, his face against the polished wood, his eyes shining with an almost superhuman light. "Can I play?" he asked. Mechanically the Italian gave the bow. Trembling like a leaf, Tony placed the instrument under his chin, then raising the bow drew it across the strings. At the first sound of the notes—those voices which had been silent so long—all the sorrow and despair and bitterness fell from Tony's heart. He forgot where he was—he forgot who he was—he remembered only two things, the music and the Beautiful Lady.

The notes had died away, the hunchback was standing there with bowed head, his hands clasping tightly the fiddle and bow. A rustle passed over the motionless, spell-bound crowd. Some one spoke, then many voices arose,—the crowd began to move away. A young man, tall and well dressed, pushed through the throng and approached Tony. His eyes were full of admiration when he said, "I beg your pardon, but may I ask your name?"

Tony looked up. He sighed, and turning toward the Italian, said in a low voice, "May the Blessed Virgin thank ye, sir—I never can." He returned the violin and was about to move away when the young man addressed him again.

"May I ask your name, sir? Your playing is wonderful."

Tony looked up at the man. "My name is Tony."

"Do you live around here?"

Tony's eyes clouded, the expression of happiness faded,—he was coming back to earth,—"No, sir," he said.

"May I ask where you do live?"

"I don't live nowheres. I ain't got no home."

A fit of coughing seized him. When it had passed he staggered a little. He put his hands to his temples and closed his eyes as though in pain.

"You feel ill?" asked the man.

Tony opened his eyes and gazed in surprise at this persistent questioner. "Yes, sir," he answered, "I feel quite low."

"And where are you going to be to-night?"

"Walkin' the streets, I guess." He shivered and turned up his coat collar.

"Pretty wet night for you to be out," the gentleman continued. The rain had begun to fall.

"'Tis, rather, but—"

Again Tony doubled up in a paroxysm of coughing. The young man looked at him a minute irresolutely, then slipping his arm through that of the ugly, ragged little hunchback, he led him away.

"Would you like to spend the night at my house? It seems too wet to stay out this night, with such a cough."

Tony turned to look at the man. The latter had not realized that the lad's face was so thin and his eyes so large.

"The good saints bless ye!" was all Tony said.

That night Tony slept in a bed as white as snow and as soft

as down. It was all so beautiful, so quiet, so warm. He turned his burning head slowly on the pillow. He sighed, a long drawn sigh that sent a sharp pain shooting through his chest. A woman's voice, sweet and low, asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, ma'am," answered Tony.

A cool hand was laid upon the lad's forehead.

"If you want anything during the night, just ring this bell. Good-night." A thrill of joy ran through Tony. He clasped a coin which hung by a cord about his neck.

"Good-night, Beautiful Lady," he breathed.

The concert room was thronged—the sound of a hundred voices rose and fell. There was a hush, and out of the silence came the sound of a violin. At the first notes the crowd sat motionless, listening. There was a tale told in that music, sad and despairing,—broken here and there by triumphant joy, and the never ceasing throbbing of a human soul. As the last notes died away silence filled the room. Then a thunder of applause broke from all.

"The man who wrote that is a genius," remarked a fine looking old man. His companion was young, tall, and well-dressed. In answer, he turned and said, "The man who wrote that was a genius. Also he was a poor lad—a hunchback—with no home but the street. He died about a year ago, . . . but his music will live!"

KATHARINE DUBLE HINMAN.



## SKETCHES

### AUTUMN SONG

The dead leaves fluttering to the ground  
Are souls of Spring departing ;  
Whimsical, they fill the frosty air,  
Fluttering, hovering, darting !  
Then they fall at last to earth,  
And there are beaten by the rain,  
Never more to rise again.

Souls are they of Spring departing—  
Some are sombre, some are gay,  
Some have not yet lost entirely  
Fragrance of the far-off May.  
Oh my heart, when you are fading,  
Let your added years all bring  
Echoes of the far-off Spring.

AMY GRACE MAHER.

For fifteen years the town had been practically dead ; the population began to decrease and the young men left. Some one built a factory on the other side of the railroad tracks and the town began a new life, but the old inhabitants took no notice. With the growth of the factories came new wealth into the old families, as well as several entirely new families of means. Still the old town took no notice of the foreign population the other side of the railroad tracks, till suddenly an election went in an unheard-of way. There had never been but one political party in power in the state. That was the Prohibition, and now from Rutland came a "low-license" state senator. This woke the old families up, effectively, to discover in the city a well-organized political machine, run by one Hullahan, from the other side of the tracks.

This man, Hullahan, originally came from New York, but owing to trouble with a local boss, his chances for political advancement had been lost for the present, and he retired to the hills of Vermont, as walking delegate, to await developments. There, however, he found a sufficient field of labor. Coming from New York, he had never dreamed of a city with but one political party, and that the Prohibition. It was contrary to nature, so he set to work organizing one to his liking. His position as walking delegate helped him, but did not provide the necessary funds for the plan, so he turned elsewhere for aid.

The town was practically without amusement. There was a feeble Country Club, patronized by a few of the well-to-do. There was a very poor theatre which received very poor shows, to which very few went. It was too poor for the rich and too costly for the factory hands, and Hullahan reasoned that there are always more poor than rich in a town, therefore base ball at ten and twenty-five cents would be more lucrative than plays at a dollar. So the base ball team was organized; at first, merely the people from the other side of the track attended, but gradually the interest spread till even the solid citizens cut short their business days to go to the games, and score boards drew crowds at every corner. As the money poured in, Hullahan's party grew until there came the unheard-of election, when Rutland sent the low-license senator to Montpelier.

Hullahan's ambition did not stop here. What he wanted was a low-license mayor, but he knew that his party was not strong enough to carry the town, now aroused by the situation. Therefore the candidate must be one of the old and respected citizens whose character would answer the battle cry of the Prohibitionists, "Low license is only wanted by the disreputable." Moreover, he must be a man to appeal to the factory hands, and carry the organization solid. If such a one were found the chances were good. As Hullahan mentally reviewed all the solid citizens and dismissed them one by one as unsuitable on various grounds, base ball again came to his aid.

Among the representative men was Deacon Kingsley, mainstay of the Baptist church. He was doubly unsuited, in that most of the factory hands paid him rent, a slow and painful process; and because he was equally unpopular with the first families. He had originally possessed a large farm, down the

other side of the tracks, and the coming of the factories had made him so prosperous that the feeble Country Club decided that he would make a desirable addition. So he was shown over the house and grounds, the members expatiating on the joys of out-door sport, especially for those bound by the cares of business. The deacon maintained a discreet silence, but the next day when the editor of the "Daily Tribune" questioned him about his approaching membership, he replied, "Yes, I spent the afternoon watching them fools knock a ball round the pasture. Quite amusing, too." The Club declared Mr. Kingsley too commercially minded to appreciate the beauties of nature thus offered.

The first base ball season, the deacon had remained resolutely away. The second found him furtively glancing at the score boards. The summer after the momentous election, when Mr. Hullahan was searching his mind for an available candidate, the deacon broke his resolution and started for a game. In his youth he had pitched for a team of boys from the Slab City saw mill, and a hankering after these unregenerate days seized the deacon, as he steered his way to the "bleachers", down close to the field, an unprotected position which cost only ten cents, and where excitement is hottest.

No sooner had the umpire called the game than trouble began. His right-hand neighbor gave the deacon explanations, while the one on the left contributed expletives. The umpire was suspected of being in the pay of the opposing team. His decisions were declared "rank". Also Milligan, the best pitcher in the state league was to pitch for Rutland. The game commenced, and when it was Rutland's inning, and Milligan began his work, every muscle in the deacon's body quivered. It was the same old game of his boyhood.

The umpire's decisions were erratic, and as the excitable bleachers yelled and groaned, the deacon began to lose himself. It was the seventh inning, the score was 2—2 and the visiting team was at the bat. "Ball—one strike, ball, strike 2, third ball, base on balls," and the batter ran to the coveted place, while the crowd hooted at the unfair decision. "What does he want?" demanded the deacon's right-hand neighbor, while the left-hand commented, "Aw, get him some glasses." The deacon grasped his umbrella and rose to his feet. The second man struck out, and the people cheered their favorite pitcher. The

third man came up and struck with that clear crack which tells of a safe hit, and the first runner reached third base. "He'll steal home," groaned the right-hand neighbor. "Or the umpire will steal it for him," added the left-hand, but it was in silence that the crowd awaited the outcome. "One strike." The second ball came and the batter struck foul. "Out by two feet!" yelled the right-hand neighbor, while the crowd yelled "Foul ball!" but the umpire allowed it, and in the confusion the first player reached home.

At this the bleachers swarmed out on the field, and many things might have happened to the umpire, except for the two policemen who now put in appearance. From this position of safety, the umpire ordered the game forfeited to the visiting team, which surrounded its champion and escorted him down to the station. By that time the public wrath had somewhat subsided, and as the visitors waited for their train they were wholly off their guard, and did not notice a middle-aged gentleman, with clothes of slightly clerical cut, grasping a large umbrella. It was Deacon Kingsley, with righteous wrath gleaming in his eyes, as he came close to the umpire and broke his umbrella over the culprit's head. After it was all over the deacon thought of the Baptist church and his eminent respectability, and shuddered, though he knew that with similar provocation he would do the same thing over again. But the next morning he awoke to find himself the town hero.

Then Hullahan selected his nominee. The deacon was somewhat surprised to be put up as the low-license candidate, when he had never touched a drop in his life. However, the plan worked and the deacon was elected mayor. "Sure," said Hullahan as he wrote out the mayor's first message to the board of aldermen, "sure, base ball's the game."

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

#### DREAMING SHIPS

I saw the silent ships all dreamily  
Spread out unwearied wings, and sail away  
Where the broad river loiters to the bay,  
And the wide bay sweeps out to meet the sea.



"What are those mystic dreams, half-guessed and dim,  
That lure you from the port?" to them I cried,  
"Until thy prow shall dip in seas more wide,  
Thy spell-bound masts gaze o'er the world's blue rim?"

The ships flew on without a word for me;  
They are not proud, the ships, but only dumb;  
Back to the empty port no answers come  
Of what they seek across the briny sea.

It may be 'tis a shining in the air—  
A rainbow light that shimmers on the spray—  
A silver sheen that shifts from day to day,  
Ever escaping, flickering everywhere,—

Or do they crave the salt smell of the brine,  
Breathing throughout the long bright afternoon,  
Till still night cometh, and the holy moon  
Diffuseth o'er the sea her light divine?

But still the silent ships all dreamily  
Lift wide unwearied wings, and sail away.  
Back to the empty, wondering port there stray  
No words of what they seek across the sea.

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

Roger Stanton, half-back, made his preparations for the last game of his last season, in more or less bitterness of spirit. He had intended to give up playing his senior year, and grant the demands of academic work a fullness of consideration not always compatible with the strenuous duties of the foot-ball season. But the captain and coaches had come to him with melting plea. It was a crucial season. The college might be deprived of the privilege of intercollegiate athletics. It needed its best and cleanest players to support the claims of athletic competition for a place in college life. It always had seemed easier for Roger to give up than for other fellows. So easy, that classmates had ceased to attach any particular value to the many concessions they induced him to make. He cared little for glory, and was so distrustful of his own ability that he was far too ready to submit to the estimate of those who valued him in terms of their own advantage. It was a foregone conclusion that he would yield.

All the season things had gone wrong ; to cap the climax, at the last minute they had taken on the team—to play in the most important game of all—Harry Tilden, who had barely covered the regulation requirement of practice, and was felt to be, at best, of questionable persuasion in the matter of foot-ball ethics. But he was a bright, winning fellow who carried everyone before him and won, with little exertion and in the opinion of some, less desert, high marks of scholarship and popularity. Roger was far from accusing captain or coaches, however tacitly, of prejudice or favor, but he felt that his own serious interest in the welfare of the team had warranted a little more on the part of authorities. In other words, he had reached, by indulging in a dangerous series of reflections, that uneasy stage where one realizes that the dignity of sacrifice is a frail thing of the moment, and eclipsed with unwarrantable ease by the brute strength of the main chance.

Thompson, the broad-chested captain, broke in on these cogitations, and called the team to action. As Stanton issued from the dressing-room, an arm was flung across his shoulders, and a pleasant voice sounded lightly in his ear. He faced about in irritation at the question, exclaiming, "Bob! If you don't know your signals yet I'm sorry for you, that's all." Then, relenting a little, he added, "Mine's 22-8. You'll be—" Here the sound of the whistle ended the sentence. The Blue nine came running on the field, where the Gray was already in possession, amid cheers and flying colors. The great game had begun.

. . . . .

It was near the end of the last half—the score so far a tie. The ball had gone to the Blue for a foul, and after one hard struggle, there were still four of the five yards to gain.

Roger, nearly exhausted with ceaseless tackling, stood hands on knees, eyes fastened on the ball, and ears strained to catch the numbers from the lips of the quarterback, "2-6-4-22-9!" There was a quick, uneven rush, a sharp swaying struggle. The desperate energy of Stanton and his comrades had only availed to guard a gain of two feet.

The tall half-back set his teeth. If only he could get his hand on the ball, push through the center and to the enemy's right! He could attack the weak right flank and so escape the relentless left half-back, already the fate of several Blue goal-seekers.

As if in answer to his eager wish, the command rang loud and clear, "2-9-6-22-8!" With tense nerves and muscles, one arm outstretched to guard, Roger sprang to receive the ball. His hand was almost on it, he could fairly feel his feet flying over the turf and see the goal ahead, when there came an eager rush behind him; the lithe form of the full-back, Tilden, darted between him and the center and shot ahead, clutching tightly under his arm—the ball! Straight forward, through the line he ran, and for a minute clear, swerved sharply to the right.

Roger comprehended in a flash. Tilden's quick wits had enabled him to see the weak spot, to scent an easy victory, and he had stolen the ball. But had he counted on the left half-back? No—he was turning to the right. Stanton dashed aside his vis-a-vis, whirled away to the right behind the heaving center, and was off to the enemy's left.

It was a race for victory. The long grand stands were alive with excited, quivering onlookers, straining on tiptoe to catch the first sight of the success or defeat of the fleet-footed full-back. Gray pennants and blue floated tremulously in the breeze. Of a sudden, as the pursuer cleared the dark mass of men, and was so close to his object as to dare to bend perilously forward for the spring and tackle, and just as the gray line drew in its breath for a rousing cheer, a long, dark form sprang along the ground, and the heavy Gray half-back, caught as in a vice, stumbled and fell. The Blue line burst into a prolonged, exultant yell.

As Stanton raised himself painfully from the earth, the Blue coach came tearing up.

"What was Tilden doing with that ball? Dick called you as a sure play. What were you doing?"

"There was a mistake," said Roger slowly.

"So it would appear!"

"Tilden asked me his signal just as we were beginning—oh, you know, he wasn't at practice yesterday when we changed the signals—and I—guess I told him wrong. Anyhow, he won the game for us."

"Won the game! he ran all right, but he wouldn't have been within fifteen yards of the goal if you hadn't done his thinking for him. Why, man, you won the game yourself!"

As Roger turned smiling away his eye fell upon Tilden, who

was standing so near as to have heard the conversation. He looked up gratefully, but the smile faded from Stanton's compressed lips. He drew himself up to his full six feet, looked the full-back straight in the face with quiet, cold, unutterable scorn, and silently moved away. The next moment he was borne aloft and carried from the field on the shoulders of the triumphant team, amid the shouts and cheers and songs of an endless line of Blue.

Late, late that night,—after the shouts, the cheering, the praise of classmates and instructors, the supper, toasts,—all were over, and Roger sat at his desk writing the anxious mother at home of the victory, there came a hesitating knock at his door. In answer to Stanton's hearty "Come in!" a pale, haggard, fair-haired fellow entered hesitatingly, and stretching out his hand to Roger, faltered,

"I—I did a dirty trick to-day, Stanton, and deserve to be kicked. I've told the cap'n and coach—but I want to tell you you're the manliest fellow I know. I don't suppose you'll want to shake hands with me after—after *that*—but I'd like you to know I've grace enough to be ashamed of it—and what you did to-day has taught me a lesson I'll never forget—what it is to be a man, and *play fair!*"

For a minute the brown and blue eyes met, searchingly, steadily, then in a strong hand clasp of understanding and trust there met two *men*.

MARIE MURKLAND.

#### IN THE DARK

At night when I go up to bed  
The house seems very queer,—  
The rooms are all so big and high,  
The darkness is so near,  
That I just hold my breath, and keep  
My eyes fixed straight ahead.  
I never feel a bit like sleep  
When I go up to bed!

And when I'm tucked all nicely in,  
And mother's gone down stairs,  
The strangest sort of things begin  
To happen everywhere.  
Then, sounds I never hear by day,—  
They are so thin and small,—  
Begin to creak upstairs and stay  
Right in my bedroom wall!



And once, in every great long while,  
 There comes an awful *crack*  
 That sends the creeps,—you needn't smile,—  
 All up and down my back !  
 It makes me shiver now to think  
 How lonesome-ish night seems !  
 I wonder that I sleep a wink  
 Or ever have nice dreams ! ”

Once mother came ; she heard me call  
 And guessed I was afraid :  
 “ The house is *tired*, dear, that's all,”  
 She said, “ when you have played  
 All day, just think how good it seems  
 To stretch ; it rests you so !  
 These little boards and great big beams  
 Are stretching now, you know.

And yawn and sigh just as you do  
 When we come up to bed ! ”  
 I s'pose they really must be true,—  
 The things my mother said,—  
 And so I try to think I'll just  
 Not hear them ; yet it seems  
 Sometimes, poor house, as if you must  
 Be having *horrid* dreams !

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS.

#### THE FOOL

A jester, I, in cap and bells,  
 Beside the throne in motley sit,  
 My duty is to make you smile  
 By my poor jests, by my poor wit,—  
 I, the poor fool.

When e'er your friends would fain be gay  
 With laughter, jest, the time beguile,  
 Then must I by my folly please  
 Though sore my heart, the weary while,—  
 I, the poor fool.

For some by deeds of valour brave,  
 And some by singing tender lays,  
 And some by their own worthiness  
 Can win your favour and your praise,—  
 For me, poor fool.

A useless thing with senseless smile,  
 A creature all deformed and queer,  
 Born to be mocked at, ridiculed.  
 Such then must I to you appear,—  
     I, the poor fool.

Beneath my motley beats a heart,  
 Nor yet was heart in faith more strong  
 Master, in true fidelity,  
 To you, my sovereign, I belong,—  
     Ay, the poor fool.

Perchance when years have rolled away,  
 When pomp and power are at an end,  
 Then life revealed without pretence  
 May prove to you, your truest friend,—  
     I, the poor fool.

EDITH CHARTERS GALLAGHER.

Mornin', doctor, draw up a chair, won't yer?  
 How'm I feelin' this mornin'? Well the rheumatics doin'  
     nicely. No thanks, I don't care

**The Mercies of Providence** for yer medicine. I tempted  
 fate once and got well paid for  
 it and I ain't likely ter try agin.

How's that? Well, yer see it was nigh ten years ago one of them smart busy bodies of a city doctor, a specialist yer call 'um, came up 'ere for the summer and asked me if he could perform on my eyes, and I, bein' a discontented, silly thing, and not realizing God's mercy, let him do it. Yer see I'd been blind for nigh twenty years, I forget what 'e called it, and I'd 'ad a real comfortable kinder time in life, and when I was first performed on it was real nice. Father and the boys were jest that tickled, it was even more an honor than my bein' blind, and we'd been always a bit sot up over that. Yer see no one else in these parts was blind, and the ladies all made it sech a point ter kinder drop in regular and give me all the news, and father, 'e always was that kind. Well, as I was sayin', I was performed on.

Did I like seein' again? Well, yes, I kinder enjoyed it at first. Yer understand I'd never seen Sally—she's our youngest, yer know—and it was a real pleasure, only I must say I was a mite disappointed, as she was not nigh as good lookin' as I somehow had picked 'er out to be.

Oh, no, I'm not complainin', I was jest statin' facts, and I feel real obliged to Providence.

What's my reason for bein' agin doctors and their medicine? Well, as I were sayin', I real enjoyed seein' for a while. I kinder sot around and all the ladies dropped in and was that took with me, but after a while it kinder wore off and they didn't drop in like they'd used to. And then yer see trouble began fer me. Father, to pay fer that there meddlesome doctor's bill fer my eyes, had ter mortgage the farm, not that 'e begrudged that, but it was a poor season and we was hard pressed for the interest, and so father, 'e asked me to 'elp. Well, the first thing I knew I was workin' in the field, yes, actually in the field, I, who'd always sot in the comfortablest chair in the 'ouse. Well, I kinder reasoned with father, but 'e's real sot when 'e gets started, and I alway did 'ate a fuss more'n nothin', so I jest give in and let things kinder slide along. Well, I worked in the fields and did washin' and cookin' besides, for nigh ten years, until I was nigh tuckered out, and so one day when I catched that awful cold out in the 'ayfield, I jest said ter myself, "Now, Maria, ye was a big fool once, but yer never goin' ter be again if the Lord give ye another chance," and 'e did. I got ther rheumatics so bad I ain't been able ter move much sence.

Ain't the pain bad at times? Well, yes, but yer see when it gets real bad, I jist call ter mind how comfortable like I ware afflicted before, and I realize it ware askin' too much of the Lord ter do it as well agin, and that I'm kinder payin' fer my first presumption agin Providence. Then when the ladies begin to come in jist like they used ter with their quiet words and talk about the news, and father brings me a new piece of ribbon or a nice geranium, and Harry fetches the kindlin', I jist heave a sigh of real thankfulness.

No er thank yer, doctor, I like yer real well and think yer do the best yer know how, but I ain't any use fer yer trade, yer too careless of the powers that be and I'd never risk chancing Providence agin.

FLORENCE LOUISE HARRISON.

One of the most important uses of children, from a social standpoint, is the unconscious service they render by filling in the long and uninteresting gaps in necessary

**On Children** conversation. The mother of an only child may perhaps have moments of remorse after she has exposed her darling Bobby to the attack of two or three old school friends and a few distant relatives, but with a large family, the skillful mother can manœuvre in such a way that the attention of the enemy is divided and little harm is done.

Two days in the month are usually set aside for the purpose of receiving one's duty-drawn friends, and for displaying to the curious whichever child may happen to be on hand. The unwilling victim is seized by the nurse, carefully washed and stiffened and placed in the parlor to suffer. The "visiting lady" takes him gently but firmly by the chin, looks into his dark-brown eyes that are so like father's, examines the Van Arnsdale line of his forehead, and then unflinchingly pronounces him the image of Aunt Sarah. Aunt Sarah, whom he hates with all the hatred of the small child for the inevitable relative who always impresses on rebellious minds that "little children should be seen and not heard!"

But the "day-at-home" is not the only time set apart for the trial and sacrifice of helpless innocents. They are often served with the after-dinner coffee. A lull in the conversation is met by the appearance of Bobby or Jane or Sarah, as the case may be, who has been kept awake by artificial stimulants in the form of promises of candy, a visit to the zoo, or any other long-felt want that has at last found the favorable opportunity for expressing itself. The child is passed from one guest to another like the prize at a card-party. His existence as a unique personality is challenged. "He has his father's eyes, his mother's mouth", and "Yes, there can be no doubt about it"—here all eyes are turned toward a hideously gloomy oil-painting that darkens one corner of the dining room—"Yes, his chin came over in the Mayflower."

And all this Bobby and Sarah and Jane suffer in silence. Ought it not to make up for a multitude of sins?

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.



AUTUMN'S FAIRIES

The solemn snow-fairies with feather-soft wings,  
 These some people love the best,  
 Or the sweet, smiling fairies that summertide brings,  
 In the gauze of a rainbow drest.

Some love sprightly fairies all laughing with glee  
 Who people the sunbeams bright,  
 Or dance and sing by the fog-sparkling sea  
 And swing in the sea-foam white.

But the fairies dearest to me of all  
 Bring autumn's west wind strong ;  
 You can hear their low chuckle and thin-voiced call  
 When the dead leaves scuttle along.

They have weird brown faces so wrinkled and queer  
 You would think them as old as the sun  
 When behind the dead leaves they peep and peer,  
 Then caper and scamper and run.

With goblin grin do they laugh and leer  
 When they're caught in the wind's mad whirl,  
 And they scurry and skip in the dry leaves seer  
 Which ever around them swirl.

They play hide-and-seek in the dry leaves dead  
 In the hail and the frost and the rain,  
 But the solemn snow-fairies' noiseless tread  
 Will send them off again.

HELEN DEAN.

The man was alone. It was the first time in many years that he had been absolutely alone with nothing to do but ponder on his life. At other times there had been many business cares to consider and worry over, and he had never had a chance to think of the life he was living. But now when the best of his years were over and his success in business was assured, he had decided to rest a little that he might enjoy at his leisure the wealth he had gained. It seemed strange that morning to be strolling quietly along the lonely shore instead of hurrying to his work with the

rest of the bustling city, but it was what he had wanted—a change.

The day was radiantly beautiful. Back of him stretched the dunes ; before him, the sea. The man was free to do what he listed, but here it was silent and solitary, and he was not accustomed to silence and solitude. It had been long since he had had any real leisure. He seemed strange to himself—at a loss for thoughts of interest now that he was quite alone. He remembered when as a boy, he had rather enjoyed wandering alone over the fields. He had not seemed strange to himself then. There had always been interesting, even exciting things to think about. He had been fond of imagining the brave deeds he would do when he was a man—how his words should move and make men better. That was so long ago.

The man looked out across the waters where the sky and sea met, and he wondered. Where was the old joy gone ? Was it because he was older and the years left, held little of striving ? He could not tell, and yet looking out over the sea there came to him a sense of his loss and he knew that in gaining what men call success he had thrown away the best of his wealth—his ideals.

EUNICE FULLER.

"Say that again, please, Billy," cried May Rice in an incredulous tone.

"Well, you needn't believe me unless you want to, but it's a fact, Agnes is going to have a man for Glee Club concert, that is, he's a friend of Sue Parker's and she's going to invite him for Agnes."

As the girl finished, the other occupants of the room remained in awestruck silence, which was only broken by a low whistle from the irrepressible May.

"What's he like ?" at last ventured a voice.

"Well, from all I can make out, he's a rather ordinary sort of a chap. I asked Sue quite particularly if he was either deaf or dumb, and she replied in the negative. There's no hope for it, girls," and their informant sank wearily into a chair and buried her face in her hands while her shoulders shook convulsively.

"Poor man, I pity him," said some one in tones of deep and sincere regret.

"What do you suppose he'll do?"

"What can he do? You all know how impossible it is for Agnes to talk. Why, she will sit for hours with a perfectly intelligent look on her face and never say a word. Oh, she's charming in that quiet, refined style of hers, but she will be as out of place with a man at the concert as a bull in a china shop. One of the girls went home with her last month, and she said it was ghastly. She tried to keep the conversation going, and the men who had happened in did their best, but it was a lamentable failure."

Silence followed the long speech until suddenly May Rice broke out vehemently.

"Girls, we have just got to do something. Think of that man! Think of the opinion he will form of this college! We must make Agnes talk!"

"Conceal a phonograph on her person," said some one.

May continued with more decision: "We will have to write out all the conversation and Agnes must learn it. You'll have to help, girls."

"Hadn't we better consult Agnes?"

"Yes. Some one please call her."

Agnes appeared and was duly consulted. She ventured but few remarks, and although her expression was martyr-like, she consented without demur.

"Let's see, he'll be sure to ask you if this is your first year at college, Agnes, because you look so childish. Now look offended and tell him you're a sophomore. Oh, please try and look more hurt. Ah, that's better. Got that down, Billy? There, you must say the sophomore class is the largest one the college has ever been honored with. Tell him we beat the freshmen unmercifully in the basket ball game and, oh you might as well tell him all about our Bible papers, and I guess that will do for that. Got the speech down, Billy, main topic and sub-heads? One of you girls will have to write it."

"Now that ought to take all the time before the dance begins. During the first dance you must apologize for the looks of the dining room. Show him the four black places where the four tables come, and point out the favorite ones."

"Don't take but two dances with him, as we'll never get enough for you to say."

The scheme progressed finely, and for a week before the concert Agnes was excluded from the world, and sat with piles of manuscript before her, poring over it and looking as if her last friend had long since left this world. She had a fair idea of all the speeches, but was decidedly doubtful where they were to be offered in the dreary afternoon and evening that confronted her.

As her victim stood before her with friendly smile and happy countenance on the eventful afternoon of the concert she found he was not as formidable as she had expected, but to his few conventional phrases she found courage to answer only "No" or "Yes" in a dreary and final tone.

The man's expression had varied from one of surprise to a look which betokened a decided hurt. The girls became desperate and signalled frantically to Agnes to rouse her to a sense of her duty to them and to her guest. Agnes continued to look more and more distressed and became more clam-like. May summoned up courage to wave the manuscript threateningly in the air, but to no avail.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dale, but I think your friends are trying to attract your attention," ventured the Man.

"Oh, but they are not," replied poor Agnes hastily, and then flushed at the length of the sentence she had just uttered. Desperately she ventured, "I am a sophomore."

"Yes, so Miss Parker told me. Then we are rival classes, for I am only a freshman," and Agnes saw one long and carefully worded speech vanish in the dim distance. She could hardly vaunt sophomore prowess in the face of a freshman.

"Do you have Bible?" Agnes asked the question jerkily, with the determination to do or die.

"I am studying for the ministry," he replied, smiling seriously, and once more her attempt at a light and airy discussion vanished.

Once more Agnes hung her head in agonized silence and uttered "Yes" and "No" at proper intervals.

At the end of the first dance they found seats in the large dining room.

"What a pleasant room," said the man with an evident attempt to be pleasant, "so large and sunny and all that, you know."

Agnes caught a look of meaning from May, who had seated herself quite near and had incidentally overheard the last speech.



"Yes, isn't it!" she murmured courageously, and then continued, "Have you noticed those four long, dark places on the floor where the varnish still remains? Those are directly under the tables."

"Yes," answered the man expectantly.

"Mrs. Olcott sits at this one and our faculty at the other. The other two are the most popular," said Agnes without a thought of humor, but the man laughed heartily, and so she smiled in a manner which he decided was charming.

After that things went better, for there was very little to be said as they met between the dances. In the meantime May had tried by a few delicately worded phrases to tell him that Agnes meant nothing, was quite harmless, and so forth, to which the man replied quite finally that he considered her charming, and May retired to confide in the girls that she had been unmercifully "squelched".

But as the last dance drew near Agnes confessed to a feeling of fear and the man found it impossible to call forth the desired conversation. Again the girls waxed desperate.

"Miss Rice is signalling to you, Miss Dale," said the man.

"But she's not, that is, I wish she wouldn't, for I can't think of anything to say!" Silence.

"To say?" at last queried the man.

"Yes, to say to you. If you don't care I'll get my speech and read it to you." This speech was not altogether the speech of meek little Agnes. There was a certain desperate humor in it and a desire to get even with the girls.

"Tell me more about it," said the man.

"Oh, there's nothing to tell. Everything went wrong from the first. You should have asked me if I was a freshman, and I was to say every possible thing I could think of against the freshman class. Instead, you told me you were one, and I couldn't say anything. Then the particularly witty speech that Billy spent an hour on, about Bible papers, was spoiled when you told me about your studying for the ministry. Well, shall I get you the manuscript which was to contain my brilliant and witty conversation? We might recite it to each other, for there were many things you were going to say that you forgot entirely." Agnes' cheeks were flushed, her eyes dark with excitement, and all restraint had vanished.

"It wouldn't be quite fair to the girls, would it, to Billy and the rest?" and he smiled.

"No, but I feel as if I must vindicate myself. Still, as the afternoon is spoiled, it really doesn't matter."

"You have yet to get me to admit the afternoon was spoiled, and I am sure the evening will be altogether delightful. Till then, Miss Dale."

Agnes found the girls assembled in her room.

"Well, you found your tongue at last," laughed Billy.

"How do you like him?" from all.

Agnes walked silently over to the waste basket and deliberately tore the carefully worded sheets into minute pieces.

"Why, what will you say this evening?" shrieked May, in tones of terror.

"I don't know, May. At least we can do it by the selfsame means we did this afternoon."

"But you did talk sometimes, and toward the end you were quite brilliant. What did you talk about?"

The answer was chilling. "I discovered he is a freshman, is wholly unsympathetic when you discourse frivolously on Bible papers, and thinks the dining room charming. I didn't use any more of your points, and don't intend to." She added contritely, "Girls, I know you meant well, and I don't suppose I would have got on half so well without you. But truly I think to-night I can manage by myself."

ETHEL BELLE KENYON.

## EDITORIAL

Music! Yes, music! All kinds—good, bad and indifferent. We love it all in various ratios of quality and degree. The fling and go of ragtime exhilarates us; we mark the rhythm with the energy of an enthusiast and find ourselves swinging along, keeping step to the tune—it's only a tune, you know—and sympathizing mightily with the street urchins, dirty and clean, who crowd around the pulsing hurdy-gurdy—mysterious comrade of the street.

We are familiar with all sorts of wind-song and bird-song and rustling of leaves. We know the clear song of the thrush, and with pleasure not untinged with regret, hear from time to time the high sweet notes of his little yellow-coated brother who has never known the freedom of the out-of-doors. We are as fond, in our own way, of the song black mammy sings over the suds as of the applauded technique of a Prima Donna.

Altogether we love music, not only individually but collectively. We may not adequately understand Wagnerian opera, but we know and appreciate those musicians who, singing the melody in their hearts, hold us silent, spellbound.

Music and musicians remind us of a custom said to be true of a western college. We cannot affirm it, but its truth or falsity bears no direct relation to its intensive worth. The story goes that at five of the clock all lovers of music assemble in their stone-built chapel to enjoy for an hour communion with the master musicians of all time. A pleasing custom, is it not? A rest, a recreation, a lesson in culture, but best of all an enjoyment. Although we would not willingly put our hand and seal to Shakespeare's words,

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

we believe it is true that the lover of music finds in the refinement of art, and even in the hum-drum of the every day, something of beauty which his less gifted fellow fails to see. The

story of the fisher lad and his sea that sang to him when he was good, melody—and when he was bad, discord—is true of us all, more or less, with life as the sea.

We believe that the appreciation of music is largely a gift, but hold firmly to the theory that in part it can be acquired and in its totality improved. That the acquisition of such appreciation is to be desired can scarcely be questioned. Aside from the music as an end in itself, there is the broadening influence of the emotional response—a response not often given. We do not refer to the clapping of hands nor to any of the outward manifestations of applause, but to the inner and more real response. Restrained emotional demonstration we almost unexceptionally approve, but deplore the unresponsive calm that sometimes lies beneath.

Generous opportunity to become more familiar with the classics is afforded us in the Friday afternoon recitals. It sounds a very simple matter, but on closer examination is found to involve time and labor justified only by the full endorsement of continued attendance. We are inclined to believe it might be advantageous to transfer the recital to Assembly Hall, which would make possible, ample accommodation, better ventilation, and more frequent rendering of organ selections, but we are aware that this change might involve difficulties appreciable only to the initiated.

By the advantages offered in *Parcival*, *Lohengrin*, and the analyses of the *Nibelungenlied* we have been enabled to understand in part and to contribute in part to discussions of Wagnerian music along general lines and to follow with greater interest and profit symbolic music in all its forms. We take this opportunity of expressing as a college our gratitude for these advantages and in the full appreciation of pleasures past, we doubly anticipate the musical recitals of the year to come.



## EDITOR'S TABLE

### TREASURE TROVE

As when with spade in hand, explorer bold,  
Hot mornings have I labored in the sand,  
Delving for riches buried there of old,  
What time I deemed this earth all treasure-land ;  
So have I gone a seeking 'mid the mould  
And shifting silt of mine own sandy brain  
For some fine doubloon of a word there rolled  
Sometime and hid, that, being found, might deign  
To grace my beggar rhyme—and there, behold !  
Treasure of rich words to the heart's delight !  
Such topaz, lapis lazuli and gold,  
Opal and bits of carven malachite !  
"For him who seeks us," cried they, "jewels we,  
To set within the crown of poetry !"

Alice Morgan Wright.

At the Academy of Music, October 19, Lohengrin, presented by Mr. Henry Savage's English Grand Opera Company.

It is not often that Northampton is able to hear grand opera in its own Academy, and the opportunity was appreciated by a large audience. The occasion had been made doubly interesting by the substitution for the regular Friday recital of a short history of Wagner and his work, followed by an analysis of Lohengrin with selections by Professors Sleeper, Story, Mills and Miss Shadee. As Mr. Sleeper spoke of the essentially dramatic character of Wagner's opera, in contrast with those which are more purely musical in purpose, it was interesting to follow the presentation of Lohengrin dramatically as well as musically. Mr. MacLennan as Lohengrin fulfilled this dramatic ideal far better than did Elsa—who was at times stiff and unreal. Her singing was good, but lacked an emotional quality which would have made her appeal more personal. Lohengrin possessed this quality to a marked degree, as did Ortrud in her

less attractive rôle. The Wedding March was distinctly a disappointment, but the scene of Lohengrin's first entrance could hardly have been improved upon. On the whole, the Savage Company has sustained their high grade of work of which we had a glimpse last year in the presentation of Parsifal.

At the Academy of Music, November 1, Kyrle Bellew, in "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman". As the title would lead one to infer, "Raffles" is a sensational play. On seeing this production, advertised as "an entirely new and original comedy drama, by E. W. Hornung and Eugene Presbrey", the spectator is nevertheless forcibly reminded of "Sherlock Holmes", although he feels at the same time that the latter is a better play. On the whole, "Raffles" was very clever and entertaining. Kyrle Bellew's finished acting received unstinted applause. The support, while it might have been stronger, was always satisfactory, especially in the case of E. M. Holland as Captain Bedford.

The current discussion of the morality of a play which makes a hero of a thief and raises stealing from the level of crime to that of art and science is, of course, inevitable. Raffles, a man of good family and education, extends his love of sport to a keen enjoyment of scientific and artistic robbery and lays the blame of his weakness on "a taint in the blood". Our sympathy is with him from first to last. It seems inevitable that almost any audience would thoroughly enjoy the clever dialogue and rapid action of the play, particularly the clever acting of Kyrle Bellew, without incurring any moral effect, either positive or negative.

E. M. D.

#### THE OCEAN SPIRIT

The swallows are skimming across the sand,  
The sky lies close to the sea ;  
The Ocean-Spirit holds his hand  
All graciously to me.  
He is calling me to the distant land  
Where the sea-edge meets the sky ;  
And the gray ships sail,  
And never a gale  
Goes rushing and roaring by.  
He is calling me with the call of the sea,  
To wander off and away.

The swallows are flying across the dune,  
 Swift home to their nests again ;  
 High in the heavens a crescent moon  
 Hangs for a lamp to men.  
 And must I answer the call of the sea  
 To wander off and away,  
 Lonely and still,  
 All at the will  
 Of the ocean cold and gray ?  
 He is calling me  
 With the call of the sea,  
 To wander, and I would stay.

*Wellesley Magazine.*

#### INDIAN SUMMER

A dreary silence everywhere,—  
 On yon bare branch a leaf, the last,  
 Scarce rustles in the drowsy air,—  
 For summer's day is past.

Yet still the sky is warm and clear ;  
 Across the lake no shadows lie ;  
 And from yon bush o'erhanging near  
 A thrush sings merrily.

He knows naught of the winter's cold,  
 Nor feels the calm before the storm ;  
 What matters it,—the sky is gold,  
 And all the air is warm ?

*Yale Literary Magazine.*

In the Harvard Monthly there is an interesting article on undergraduate criticism, the truth of which will be apparent in almost every college. Literary criticism is seldom undertaken here for its own sake, and we find it only in connection with society meetings or the English Department.

"But the chief merit of undergraduate criticism is its value as literary training. In criticism, as in verse, words have a new and unexpected value; phrases, to be effective, need thoughtful and finished workmanship. A thing must be said fairly well, or it had better be left unsaid. It is as a training in the use of words, which is valuable even if a man never opens a book after leaving college, that undergraduate criticism has its *raison d'être*."

"The undergraduate, for fear he may not be original, hesi-

tates to put his critical ideas on paper. Of course it is not easy to say things effectively; but it is wellnigh impossible to say what no one has said before. Much of the unwritten undergraduate criticism is shrewd and well put; must it be lost because the author is afraid it may not be wholly new? As a class, we are as timid about writing what we think, as we are reckless in speaking it."

We also quote the last stanza of "The Immigrant":

Land where our dead lie buried, where the day  
Ebbs down our western meadows, and on high  
The stars, beginning faint and far away,  
Float to the surface of the deeper sky;  
Oh land that bore us, in that chastened hour  
We look to thee with new and purer eyes,  
That see the crouching dread behind the power,  
And all the woe beneath the purple guise.  
Then do our pitying hearts go out to thee,  
Unmindful of thine errors manifold,  
And the bad past with all its misery—  
For thou indeed hast suffered, and art old.  
Our hearts go out at eventide—and yet  
We bear thy stripes and cannot quite forget.

*Harvard Monthly.*

#### OCTOBER

Oh, hark to the night-wind whistling by!  
The fall of the year comes down the way,  
The sky of evening shows pale gray,  
The stars come quick and bright on high;  
The linden leaves are brown and dry,  
And the air is chill at set of day  
From the breath of the night-wind whistling by,  
As the fall of the year comes down the way.

The woods at night-fall strain and sigh;  
The birds are still or blown away;  
The buds are dead that bloomed in May,  
My own heart fills with a still-born cry,  
As shrill the night-wind whistles by,  
And fast the fall comes down the way.

*Georgetown College Journal.*



## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### BOND AND FREE

Oh, ye who bide by home and hearth,  
Oh, ye who lie and sleep,  
Oh, ye who drink and smoke and dice,  
Dull comradery ye keep !

Never to run up any hill,  
Amazed to meet the dawn,  
Never to take the wind for praise,  
The sea's proud spray for scorn,  
And never, at the dead of night,  
To pray and fear, and see  
The endless stars sweep out of sight  
Into Infinity !

Oh, ye who bide because ye must,  
Because your Fate is spun  
Dull gray with ash and clinging dust,  
Though ye cry out for sun,  
I pray for you, that when at night  
Ye close your weighted eyes,  
The miracle of seer's sight  
May show you Paradise ;  
That star and sea and long white road  
And marching Night and Day,  
And holy snow and vaunting wind  
May wrap your soul away.

And if I seem to mock at you,  
Oh, dreary lives and base,  
It is but as the sky's bold blue  
Derides a sullen face.

I pray for you !—But, woe is me !  
Perhaps, when we are dead,  
Ye shall be lords in Paradise,  
And I, bond-slave instead !

FANNIE S. DAVIS '04.

In the latter half of the eleventh century a poet of Iceland called Saemund the Wise undertook to collect the poems and stories which had to do with the Norse religious system. The scald who thus pre-

**Norse Folklore** served the beloved Pagan Tales from the monks, who had preached Christianity in Iceland about one thousand years after Christ, was himself a priest of the new religion. His work consisted merely in bringing together the oral traditions of his people and committing them to writing, without fusing them into a unified whole as Homer did the Greek tales that make up the *Iliad*. The collection that Saemund made is called the Elder Edda or "Great-grandmother," for the material dates back to very remote times. The first of the thirty-nine poems contained in this Edda, the *Völuspá*, gives us a general view of the whole Scandinavian mythology. A Vala, or prophetess, sings of the beginning of all things:—

"It was Time's morning  
When Ymir lived.  
There was no sand, no sea;  
No cooling billows;  
Earth there was none,  
No lofty heaven;  
Only the Gulph of Guinnegas,  
But no grass."

Before the creation of the world there existed realms of mist and of fire. By the action of heat and cold the giant Ymir was created, and also a gigantic cow, Audumbla. This cow, by licking a block of ice, released the god who became the grandfather of Odin. Odin and his brother succeeded in killing the giant Ymir, and then formed the earth or Midgard from his body. In the words of the Edda:—

"Of Ymir's flesh  
Was earth created,  
Of his blood the sea,  
Of his bones the hills,  
Of his hair trees and plants,  
Of his skull the heavens,  
And of his brows  
The gentle Powers  
Formed Midgard for the sons of men;  
But of his brain  
The heavy clouds are  
All created."

From the great giant's flesh came also a troop of little spirits whom the gods sent, according to their merits, to be dwarfs and trolls in secret underground places, or to inhabit Alfheim as fairies and elves. In the center of Midgard stood the great ash Yggdrasil, the tree of life, whose origin may have been the same as that of the scriptural Tree of Life; so that the Christian missionaries adapted the Norse custom to the great festival of the new religion and gave us our beloved Christmas tree.

The Elder Edda is full of metaphor, on account of the tendency to represent the forces of nature in the persons of the gods. Odin, the father of them all, personified the air. He was the god of the wind, and also of disembodied spirits. The mediaeval myth of the Pied Piper of Hamelin is

really a story of Odin who, with his pipe, the whistling wind, cleared Hamlin town of the rats, or souls of the dead, with which it was infested. Odin's wife, Frigga, was the goddess of the clouds. She spun them upon a beautiful jewelled distaff which the northern folk call Frigga's Spinning Wheel, but which we know as Orion's Girdle.

Thor, the son of Odin, was the mighty god of thunder. His worshippers used to bless themselves with the sign of Thor's sacred hammer, before they learned to do it with the sign of the cross. Thor used his invincible hammer against rock and ice, and fought the wicked giants who nipped the buds and flowers.

This struggle between the cold of winter and the warmth of summer, between darkness and light, frequently appears in the Norse stories. The people of the north could speak with feeling of the long cold winter months and of the joy with which they welcomed the showers and flowers of spring time. Thus, Idun, the goddess of spring, was lured away from the abode of the gods by Loki, who left her to the mercy of the giant that represents the cold wind. The gods were losing their strength and beauty in the absence of Idun, and so sent Loki, the south wind, to bring her back in the form of a seed or a swallow,—signs of returning spring. The same idea appears in the story of the beautiful bright god Balder, who is slain by the Mistletoe, the only thing that failed to promise not to harm him, and the only thing that refused to weep at his death. So winter is victorious over summer, but is conquered in its turn when Balder's death is avenged.

Loki, the fire-god, who first personified the spirit of life, finally became the prince of lies, like the mediaeval Lucifer. He caused the gods so much trouble that they finally punished him by binding him in a rocky cavern, where a serpent was fastened over his head to drop its venom upon him. His wife, Sigyn, stayed faithfully by his side to catch the poison in a cup. Sometimes, however, she had to leave him to empty the cup, and then Loki writhed so terribly with the agony of the drops of venom falling on his face that all the land about was shaken with earthquake.

The Scandinavian mythology lacks the grace and airy beauty of the Greek stories, but is full of the sincerity and rugged vigor that characterize the northern nations. Their warlike spirit is well shown by their hopes of Valhalla, the heaven whither the brave warrior was carried from the battle-field by the beautiful Valkyrie maidens. A dismal place of the dead was provided for those unfortunate enough to die of illness or old age. Thus the religion, which was an expression of the national character, reacted upon that character, making it more warlike by reason of those very elements that sprang from their love of warfare. The grim humor and the tragic tendency of Norse mythology correspond to the rigorous climate and forbidding landscape of Scandinavia and Iceland. Ever present in the divine minds was the Twilight of the Gods, the great Ragnarok, or day of judgment, which should be followed by regeneration.

The poetry which tells us all these wonderful stories about the gods is followed in the Edda by *Hávamål*, the High Song of Odin, a collection of

ethical maxims that remind us of Solomon's proverbs. There is much human nature in some of the axioms. Here is a useful suggestion :—

"A foolish man,  
When he comes into company  
Had better keep silence,  
No one remarketh  
How little he knows  
Till he begins talking."

Another idea worth consideration :—

"I hung my garments  
On the two wooden men  
Who stand on the wall.  
Heroes they seemed to be  
When they were clothed !  
The unclad are despised.

In the second part of Saemund's Edda is a heroic cycle of Icelandic poems which contains the original material of the German Niebelungen story. The romance of Sigurd the Volsung, who rescues a maiden by slaying a serpent, represents the great tragedy of the year. In the Niebelungenlied only the names are changed, Gudrun becoming Kriemhild, Gunnar Gunther, and Atli, Etzel. The Younger Edda, written a century and a half after the Elder, by a Christian saga-man named Snorre Storleson, is a collection of prose tales, a sort of commentary upon the mythological poems of Saemund's Edda. The saga-men, or tellers of tales, had taken the place of the scalds or poets, and this transition marked a change in the national taste. Snorre retold the stories of the Elder Edda and added other folk-tales and legends. He was the author also of the "*Hevinskringla*," a chronicle of the kings of Norway. Hundreds of other sagas were written in Iceland in this period, mixtures of history and romance, fable and fact ; almost every prominent family had a written record in the form of a saga.

When the old Odinic theology was replaced by Romanism and monkish instruction, the ancient eddas and sagas were suppressed and buried from sight for a long time. But Catholicism did not change the spirit of the people who had produced the eddas, nor did it erase the beloved stories from their hearts. The tales of the gods and heroes passed over into a multitude of fairy tales and legends, called folk-sagas, to which we owe all our popular nursery tales ; for the wonderful stories which we tell about valiant young giant-killers and clever youngest sons used to be related about the high gods of Asgard. The wicked stepmother, the captive princess, with dragon jailer, Beauty and the Beast, the seven-league boots,—all are here in the old Norse fireside tales. Our old friend, the Gingerbread Man, appears in the guise of a pancake, who remarks in rather puerile language (which is, however, all one could reasonably expect from a pancake). "When I have run away from Goody Poody, and the goodman and seven squalling children, from Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, I must run away from you, too, Cocky Locky." Humble peasants of great cleverness are always outwitting abnormally stupid royalty. A popular hero is a youth called *Aschenbiödel* or *Ashiepatte*, the ancestor of our Cinderella, who always succeeds in winning the princess and half the kingdom after his two older brothers have miserably



failed. There are many tales of brownies, and of the Huldra wood-nymphs—attractive maidens who like to come among mortals, but may be detected by their cows' tails. We read much of trolls, a very dreadful kind of creature, who are liable to make matters unpleasant for anyone who wanders about in the woods at night. In the story of "The Three Billy Goats who went up into the Hills to get Fat," one of these vicious trolls gets his deserts.

We are often left in doubt about the endings of our heroes. After following the adventures of a crafty smith to the very gate of heaven, we must content ourselves with the dubious statement, "If the smith didn't get through the opening that time, I don't know what has become of him since."

The poetic instinct, which lay dormant for some time after the introduction of Christianity, found new expression about the thirteenth century in ballad form. In the *Kämpe-visor* or heroic ballads we meet again the same old heroes of the *Eddas* and *Sagas*, but now praised in different measure. There are also the *Volk-visor*, and here we notice a striking parallelism with the old English ballads. Many of the Swedish popular ballads tell the virtues and sorrows of "Little Kerstin" or Christina. The people are never tired of hearing about their favorite. The musical refrain which characterizes the Scandinavian *Visor* sets the tone of the ballad, which is often tragic.

Whether we read the old Norse *eddas* and *sagas*, fairy tales and ballads with scholarly intent, noting origins and comparisons, or whether we go to them as plain persons in search of amusement, we must come away with a host of new friends in the shape of strong, wise gods, spiteful little brownies, and the queer, gruesome people of the Scandinavian out-of-doors.

CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE '05.

#### THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE GRUDGE

Oh once I had a little Grudge,  
 I nursed it good and long,  
 I fostered it and fondled it  
 Till it grew fat and strong.  
 A merry little Grudge it was,  
 Such as you seldom see,  
 And it concerned itself about  
 The MONTHLY Board and me.

Now here's a fact that's very strange,  
 One of those laws of Nater's,  
 If there's a man can't raise a thing,  
 Not even a crop of 'taters,  
 A man that can't get anywhere,  
 Just *sits* and never budges,  
 He's just the very man to raise  
 The greatest crop of grudges!

But don't apply that truth to *me*,  
 Or I'll make strong objection,  
 Nor with such spiteful grudges  
 Has *mine* the least connection.  
 I merely mentioned it because  
 You are to bear in mind  
 That my own special little Grudge  
 Was jolly, plump and kind.

In Freshman year I met him—  
 My mind was on the rack—  
 The poem I'd *timidly* given the Board  
 They'd *boldly* handed back!  
 In that dark hour when Nature glowered  
 And the campus clock struck ten,  
 I still wept on, and madly clutched  
 The effort of my pen.

*Oh!* It had been returned to me,  
 My precious little sonnet  
 About how life a cobweb is  
 And folks are dew-drops on it.  
 A lovely thought! Oh bitter world!  
 Just here I felt a nudge,  
 And turning, caught a merry wink—  
 There was a little Grudge!

"Now what's the matter?" queried he  
 In answer to my cry.  
 "Rejected it?" and then I thought  
 He muttered, "So would I!"  
 But anyway he settled down  
 To rest on a picture frame,  
 And bade me close my eyes and dream,  
 And said he'd do the same.

And while I dreamed he talked to me  
 How I should write a book,  
 And great would be the author's name—  
 I could just see how 'twould look!  
 A name as great as any man's  
 That ever wielded pen—  
 "Ah MONTHLY Board," thought I in joy,  
 "You will be sorry then!"

And after that, throughout my course  
We frolicked more and more  
And dreamed—my little Grudge and I—  
Of fame and wealth galore.  
And ever as the MONTHLY Board  
Continued still to scorn me  
I smiled to think of future years  
When the MONTHLY Board would mourn me.

Alas! Away from school am I,  
My little Grudge gets thinner,  
For now I dust and cheer the home,  
And think up food for dinner.  
And this, while useful, does not give  
Me fame, nor Grudge nutrition,  
Whose wholesome diet used to be  
Bright hope, and high ambition.

To-day I took an empty box—  
'Twas Huyler's, just a pound—  
And laid my little Grudge in it  
To put him in the ground.  
The last sad rites were almost o'er  
When he sat straight up and winked,  
"Oh ho! you *shall* have your revenge,  
I've only just now thought!

"Revenge for the efforts they long since scorned,  
This way is worse than t'other—  
Revenge on that awful MONTHLY Board—  
*Just send them in another!*"  
He kicked up his little heels and died,  
And weeping, away I trudge.  
Revenge is sweet—but it's very hard  
To bury one's little Grudge.

BELLE LUPTON '04.

After all the strenuous effort on the part of the committee, it proved impossible to have the new register ready for distribution at commencement time. The Alumnæ Association therefore voted to hold it over till fall and include the names of 1905.

It seemed wise to use the interval in trying to get blanks from students still unheard from, and information from other sources. Proofs of the record of each class, with the full list of non-graduates, were accordingly sent to the respective class secretaries. Most of these proofs were returned, in some cases with practically no information and in others full and most helpful notes. There are still many students of whom the committee can get no trace.

No date has been set for the issue of the register, but the committee will push it to completion as rapidly as possible.

It is hoped that each one to whom the register comes will faithfully send notes of all errors or omissions to Miss Mary A. Mason, the assistant secretary-treasurer.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows :

'05.	Alice Evans,	.	.	.	.	.	Oct.	2
'05.	Marion M. Rice,	.	.	.	.	.	"	2
'84.	Ella Perkins Pillsbury,	.	.	.	.	.	"	4
'94.	Anne Marie Paul,	.	.	.	.	.	"	6
<i>Ex-</i> '95.	Alice Fuller Olmstead,	.	.	.	.	.	"	6
'04.	Belle C. Lupton,	.	.	.	.	.	"	7
'05.	Marion Gary,	.	.	.	.	.	"	7
'05.	Emma P. Hirth,	.	.	.	.	.	"	7
'05.	Ruth Porter Maxson,	.	.	.	.	.	"	9-13
'82.	Annie C. Peirce Howland,	.	.	.	.	.	"	10
'98.	Elisibeth B. Thacher,	.	.	.	.	.	"	10-13
'03.	Margaret Williams Thacher,	.	.	.	.	.	"	10-13
'05.	Margaruite North,	.	.	.	.	.	"	11-16
'05.	Josephine F. Stevens,	.	.	.	.	.	"	11-16
'96.	Alpha W. Barlow,	.	.	.	.	.	"	13-16
'05.	Helen Wright,	.	.	.	.	.	"	14-15
'95.	Grace Wolcott Duryea,	.	.	.	.	.	"	15
'86.	Mary B. Fisher,	.	.	.	.	.		
'04.	Edith W. Kingsbury,	.	.	.	.	.	"	19-21
'97.	Katherine Perkins,	.	.	.	.	.	"	20
'02.	Elizabeth Whitin Keeler,	.	.	.	.	.	"	20
'05.	Leslie Osgood,	.	.	.	.	.	"	20
'05.	Ethel Lucile Titsworth,	.	.	.	.	.	"	20
'05.	Mary Lois Hollister,	.	.	.	.	.	"	20-24
'03.	Bessie Norton Brockway,	.	.	.	.	.	"	21
'02.	Stella E. Goss,	.	.	.	.	.	"	22
'02.	Bertha H. Prentiss,	.	.	.	.	.	"	22
'04.	Hazel Day Pike,	.	.	.	.	.	"	24
'04.	Ruth A. Mills,	.	.	.	.	.	"	24-26
'05.	Martha J. Smith,	.	.	.	.	.	"	24-28
'05.	Sarah T. Rees,	.	.	.	.	.	"	26-28
'83.	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke,	.	.	.	.	.	"	27-28
'81.	Lucia Clapp Noyes,	.	.	.	.	.	"	27-29
'05.	Louise Dodge,	.	.	.	.	.	"	27-29
'04.	Helen Plaisted,	.	.	.	.	.	"	27-29
'83.	Henrietta Harris Harris,	.	.	.	.	.	"	28
'03.	Marion Hill McClench,	.	.	.	.	.	"	28
'97.	Susan Holton,	.	.	.	.	.	"	28-29



All applications for rooms on the campus for commencement, 1906, should be made to Mrs. Garrison, Hatfield House, Northampton. Such applications should state in which house the senior year was spent, and only those classes having reunions can be accommodated. Of these the older classes will receive first consideration.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Mary C. Chapin, 12 Arnold Avenue.

All alumnae who wish to secure tickets for senior dramatics should send their names to the Business Manager, Grace B. Treadwell, Hubbard House, stating whether they prefer to go Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnae for Saturday night. An alumna is allowed to buy a seat only once and only on her own name, but she may buy rush tickets as often as she cares to.

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be sent to Jessie C. Barclay, 12 Arnold Avenue.

'82. Nina E. Browne attended the annual meeting of the American Library Association at Portland, Oregon, the first week in July, and later went to Alaska and the Yellowstone.

'95. Anne M. Allen was married, June 20, to Mr. Fred L. Ward. Address, 116 Florida Street, Springfield, Mass.

Elsie Parsons Bourland was married, June 28, to Mr. William Tabor Abbott. Address, 708 La Salle Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Rose Fairbank was married, September 27, at Vadala, India, to Dr. Lester Hayes Beals. Address, Ahmednagar, India.

Medora Loomis was married, July 19, to Mr. Patrick A. Ray. Address, 174 West 94th Street, New York.

Rebecca Kinsman was married, July 11, to Mr. Frederick C. Munroe. Address, 25 Church Street, Salem, Mass.

Anna Sheldon Kitchel was married, July 6, to Mr. John Archibald Bole. Address, Elmhurst, New York City.

'97. Albertine Whitney Fleishem was married, April 29, to Joseph Loring Valentine of Boston. Address, 47 Bowdoin Avenue, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Genevieve Knapp was married, June 10, to Dr. Guthrie McConnell, formerly of Philadelphia. Address, 4421 Berlin Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Katherine Perkins is teaching English in the High School, Brattleboro, Vermont.

'98. Ruth Barnard was married, October 5, to Mr. Alexander Bowler of Worcester.

Grace E. Coburn has announced her engagement to Mr. C. Burton Mossman.

- '98. Georgia Coyle was married, September 7, to Mr. Louis Harrison Hall. Address, 317 East 18th Street, New York.

Alice Jackson is the industrial secretary for New York City under the American Committee of Y. W. C. A. this year.

- '99. Emelie Curtiss Tomlinson was married, August 30, at Woodbury, Connecticut, to Mr. Henry Steadman Hitchcock.

*Ex-'99.* Emma J. Pratt was married to Henry J. Blakeslee, A. M., Trinity '98, at Grace Chapel, Hartford, June 6. Mr. and Mrs. Blakeslee are living at 169 Park Avenue, Utica, New York.

- '00. Sylvia Hyde was married, October 12, to Baron Camille Eynard of Paris. Her address will be Le 156 me, Perrouet Neuilly sur Seine, France.

Florence E. Peirce of Lowell, who was married last December to Mr. Howard H. P. Wright, is now living in Winchester. Address, 18 Harrison Street, Winchester, Massachusetts.

Edith Dudley Sheldon is teaching in the Domestic Science Department of Drexel Institute, and also is teacher of Dietitics in the Methodist Episcopal Hospital Training School for Nurses, Philadelphia. Address, Girard College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Jaffray Smith has announced her engagement to Mr. Maurice P. Gould, Yale 1900. Her address for the winter is 300 Central Park West, New York City.

Marion W. Winkler was married, August 3, at Nashalale, Wisconsin, to Dr. Walter Vernon Breen of Baltimore, Maryland. Address, Ancon Hospital, Ancon, Canal Zone, Panama.

- '01. Grace E. Irwin is teaching mathematics and chemistry in Lindenwood College for Women, St. Charles, Missouri.

- '02. Ethel K. Betts is taking the regular course at the Albany Law School. Edith Warner Brown has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles H. Brown, Jr., of New York.

Edith L. Chafin spent the summer in England, France and Switzerland. She is still teaching Greek and German in the Attleboro High School.

Helen Manning was married, September 16, to Mr. P. S. Riggs, Yale '00. Address, 144 East 22nd Street, New York City.

- '04. Hannah Dunlop has announced her engagement to Barrett Andrews of Chicago.

Sarah McCalmont Lewisson was married, October 28, to Mr. George Bages.

Lucy Smith is teaching in Arecibo, Porto Rico.

May Wright has announced her engagement to Mr. Francis W. Simmons, Yale '97, of Toledo, Ohio.

- '05. Florence Louise Bemis is acting as first assistant teacher in the Arms High School at Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. Address, Box 448, Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.

Edith Chapin expects to spend the winter at home.

- '05. Charlotte G. Chase expects to remain in Brooklyn this winter, acting as tutor in the family of Mrs. Charles F. Hubbs, 867 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Mabel Chick has been in Europe since July, and expects to pass the winter there, spending about six weeks in Egypt.

Mary Paddock Clark is teaching Latin and Mathematics in Des Moines, Iowa.

Emily Sophia Emerson plans to spend the coming year at home in Hanover, New Hampshire.

Marcia P. Johnson will remain at home in Orlando, Florida, for the coming winter.

Marion L. Pooke has returned from a trip to Yellowstone Park and Portland, Oregon. She is now visiting in Minneapolis and Portland, Indiana.

Helen Pratt will be engaged in Settlement work in Brooklyn this winter. Address, Asacog House, 52 Sands Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Robina Protheroe expects to remain at home this winter, except for the month of February or March, which she will spend in Florida.

Mary S. Scheithar will remain abroad for about a year.

Susea B. Tower will be at home at Garrison Hall, Garrison Street, Boston, Massachusetts, for the coming year.

Emma Tyler is traveling abroad for two years, and expects to spend this winter in Paris, where she will continue her study of French. Her address will be 26 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S. W.

#### BIRTHS

- '95. Mrs. William Bowler Phelps (Ella Shaver), a daughter, Alice Louise, and a son, William Bowler, Jr., born August 31.
- '97. Mrs. Mary Ward Dunning (Mary Kingsbury Ward), a son, Allan Lombard Dunning, born July 5.
- '99. Mrs. Alvin H. Lauer (Carolyn Adler), a son, Henry Adler Lauer, born August 8.
- '02. Mrs. Chauncey Hunter Marsh (Helen Esther Kelley), a son, Chauncey Hunter, Jr., born October 11.

## *ABOUT COLLEGE*

### FROM FRESHMAN SEATS

"Oh, come on Room-mate, let's be off !  
It's early, that I know,  
Still, everybody has to rush  
For seats in Rubber Row.

" 'For members of the First Year Class'  
Officially, that's so,  
But all the college wants to sit  
In seats in Rubber Row.

"Quick! Hurry! Are you saving these?  
What, all? We were too slow,  
But sophomores really have no right  
To seats in Rubber Row.

"Ah, here are two! Quick, let's sit down,  
We're lucky and we glow  
To get, when Alpha's taking in,  
These seats in Rubber Row.

"It's great! From here we can see all  
The Juniors down below,  
And many the admiring looks  
We cast from Rubber Row.

"Why don't they come? We've waited long,  
They're due some time ago.  
They're here! We'll see who's going in,  
From seats in Rubber Row.

"Oh, look! They've got that nice old Kate,  
See! There with Nell and Joe.  
My! I'm so thrilled. Aren't we just glad  
We've seats in Rubber Row?



"Who's that with Anne? Oh, she's a shark.  
There's Ruth with Jess in tow.  
I thought they'd take in Mary White,  
She's here in Rubber Row.

"Then Bess and Janet make the five—  
They'll take the rest next throw,  
When Phi Kapp's turn comes, we must get  
These seats in Rubber Row.

"But, how the seats are filling up!  
See, in they surge and flow,—  
The Juniors look adorable  
From seats in Rubber Row.

"The President! Though you can't hear,  
The organ's playing low;  
They're sitting down. We must be still  
Up here in Rubber Row!"

FLORENCE DIXON '08.

We were sitting at the side of the "Gym" when the discussion began. There was still about a quarter of an hour to wait before the game, and conversation drifted quite naturally along the principles  
**A Shattered Idol** laid down in a "Girl's College Record". We skipped "the most popular girl" and "the most athletic", and proceeded at once to "the most beautiful". My opinions on this subject I had never before uttered, and so my faith in them had remained unshaken. But now I boldly set up a new goddess for worship.

"Yes, I think she is the most beautiful girl in college." A chorus of dissenting voices greeted this announcement, but still I persisted: "Her eyes are wonderful, and she is so adorably slender and graceful."

"But, my dear," some one interrupted, "the most beautiful girl in college! Think what you are saying."

Well, of course, I had scarcely hoped that they would accept the new divinity at a moment's notice, but I marveled that they could dispute the charms I pointed out to them.

"Her eyes!" exclaimed one contemptuous voice.

"Graceful!" said another, "why she doesn't even stand straight, but I suppose you call that willowy."

"And she is so pale," said a third.

Here our discussion was interrupted by the appearance of the all-unconscious object of my weakening defense. I looked at her long, but not so lovingly as in the morning. I said, "She does not look as well as usual." And alas, since then she never has.

## BEFORE ELECTION

In little groups they gather  
 On the campus paths at night,  
 For to-morrow is election  
 And, as yet, they have not quite  
 Made up their ever-changing minds  
 Just who would be the best ;  
 They've had up only half the class—  
 There's time to rush the rest.

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

## THE PREDICAMENT

A-down a lane a lover strayed  
 And pondered long : " Now which sweet maid  
 Of these fair three I like so well,  
 Love I the best? I cannot tell ! "

Quoth he, in great perplexity :  
 " Sometimes, methinks, 'tis Danæe,  
 With simple grace and luring smile,  
 Who doth my fondest hours beguile.

" But when I think on Elinore  
 'Tis only she I must adore,  
 And in my thoughts must dream unseen  
 Of her sweet majesty of mien.

" But laughing, coy Eurydice,  
 When I but catch a glimpse of thee  
 No more I think nor dream, but gaze  
 Upon the whirlwind of thy ways ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas ! fond youth, if maidens *three*  
 Can rouse such questionings in thee,  
 'Tis well for thee thou hast no knowledge  
 Of that fair place they call Smith College !

EUNICE FULLER '08.

Professor Emerson spent the summer in Worcester county in work for the United States Geological Survey.

Miss Byrd published " Observations of Total Solar Faculty Notes Eclipse, May, 1900," in the " Publications of the United States Naval Observatory," v. 4, apx. 1 ; observations of the following comets—Comet C 1903 (Borrelly), and Enke's comet 1904 b, in

"Astronomical Journal," June, 1905; comet 1902 III, and comet 1905, II (Borrelly), in "Astronomische Nachrichten," August, 1905. One of the observations of comet 1902 III was taken by Miss Abby E. Tucker of the class of 1882. A quarter of the observations of the two longer series extending from December 7, 1904, to February 8, 1905, were made by Miss Bigelow.

Professor Wilder published in the "American Anthropologist" for April-June, 1905, "Excavations of Indian Graves in Western Massachusetts," an account of the skeleton found in North Hadley in October, 1904, by an excavating party from Smith College; also, notes on similar work carried on in South Hadley at the same time under the leadership of Dr. Hitchcock of Amherst College. The best skeleton found has been mounted by Miss McGrew, of the class of 1901, and placed in the museum.

Professor Wood published in the "Outlook" for June 10, 1905, "The Bible as Literature"; in the "American Journal of Theology", October, 1905, "The Bible and its Authority", a review of recent literature on the subject. At the Quaker Hill Conference in September, Professor Wood gave a series of lecture-studies on the Book of Job.

Professor Sleeper gave an introductory course in Harmony and a course in Musical Composition in the Columbia University Summer School.

Miss Caverno and Miss Barbour attended in Boston, October 27-28, the Conference of teachers of Greek in the New England colleges.

At the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Dante Society held in Cambridge at the house of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, on May 16, 1905, Miss Scott was re-elected a Member of the Council, to serve with Mr. William R. Thayer of Cambridge, editor of "The Harvard Graduates' Magazine", and Mr. Alain Campbell White of New York.

Professor Story attended the Worcester Music Festival, September 28. On September 29 he opened the series of five o'clock recitals to be held on Friday afternoons through the year.

When in Paris last spring Miss H. Isabelle Williams devoted much time to visiting the girls' Lycées, and obtained by special permission a set of photographs representing the Lycée Lamartine to be used in an article on this model school.

Miss Cheever attended the meeting of the New England Association of Schools and Colleges in Boston, October 13 and 14.

Fraulein Bernkopf attended summer courses at Marburg a. d. Lahn and Jena during July and August.

Miss Snow studied for several weeks during the summer at Göttingen under Professor Verworn and visited a number of botanical institutions, including the now famous experimental gardens of Professor de Vries at Amsterdam.

Miss Elliott gave a recital of "Esmeralda", a dramatic comedy by Frances Hodgson Burnett, on August 4, at Marshalltown, Iowa; on August 29, at Grundy Center, Iowa, she recited "The Lane That Had No Turning", by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Wednesday afternoon, November 1, 1905, Mrs. Raymond Brown of New York gave a lecture on "Das Rheingold", the first of a series of lecture-recitals on the Niebelungen Ring of Richard Wagner. This cycle is one of the greatest

**Lecture and Recital** by Mrs. Raymond Brown works of one of our greatest composers. Richard Wagner was a poet, painter, composer,

and he brought all these powers to the perfection of the opera which was at that time in a very low state. In this he was destined to succeed, for he had the happy faculty of conceiving objects, people and even thoughts in musical phrase, with which he combined deep dramatic insight. Strictly speaking, there is not a classical note in all his works—all is for dramatic effect.

Each of the four operas of this ring, "Das Rheingold", "Walkiere", "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung", is incomplete without the others, and for fullest understanding each should be seen in its respective place in the cycle. The story of the ring is a festive play, founded on some of the oldest German legends. Yet under Wagner's treatment it is no idle folk tale, but a drama dealing with the deepest problems of human existence.

The keynote of this ring, which is woman and her love, is given in the prologue, "Das Rheingold". This prologue is a complete opera in itself, and contains many of the themes which recur throughout the ring. For instance, the monster's cry of rage when the Rhine maidens taunt him, becomes a motif which we hear throughout the four operas. The blare of brass trumpets which gives the theme of gold, and the descending thirds of the ring motif show how skilfully Wagner suited his tone poem to his word poem.

Mrs. Brown told the story of the opera vividly interpreting the music by which she illustrated the main themes with skill and sympathy.

EMILIE V. PIOLLET '06.

We are glad to be able to say that the five o'clock recitals which were given every Friday afternoon last year will continue throughout the present collegiate year. The subject of the recitals

**The Friday Afternoon Recitals** for this winter is Chopin, his predecessors and the musicians immediately following this great composer. All the recitals will center more or less about Chopin. So far the Friday afternoon recitals have been attended with even greater enthusiasm and interest than the students showed last winter.

The recitals given by the faculty of the music department are also a great treat to the students. It is sincerely hoped that these will be continued this year.

The Furness prize of fifty dollars for the best essay on a Shakespearean theme written by a member of the junior class has been awarded to Miss Bernice Dearborn of the class of 1906. The subject of Miss Dearborn's essay is, "The Plain People in Shakespeare's Plays."

Mr. Andrew J. Carnegie has presented Smith College with a fund of \$62,500 for a new biological laboratory on condition that the college will raise an equal sum of money for the same purpose.



No one connected with the college can have read the many newspaper articles on college life without feeling that in some way the misrepresentations and exaggerations must be stopped. It was to stop

**The Press Board** them that the Press Board was organized, and any college girl who is anxious to have the college respected and honored, will uphold the Board in its efforts, by frowning upon these articles, many of which are written by students in the college. The Board has established an information bureau where any information may be obtained concerning changes in the curriculum, donations to the college, and news of any of the departmental societies. The Board wishes to help those who are doing reporting, by furnishing them with the right kind of material, but it also will do all in its power to keep out of the papers such articles as have hitherto been written to the disparagement of the college. We ask this, appealing to the loyalty of the students. The Board is as follows :—

Amy Grace Maher, Chairman.

Florence Harrison, Magazine Department.

1906

Marian Beye,  
Marie Murkland,  
Gertrude Taylor,

1907

Laura Geddes,  
Mabel Norris,  
Marion Savage.

1908

Margaret Steene,

Agnes Clancy.

## SOCIETY ELECTIONS

### PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY

President, Nellie Manville Brown 1906

Vice-President, Mary Pratt 1907

Secretary, Catherine Allison 1907

Treasurer, Ethel Humphreys 1907

Editor, Ruth McCall 1906

### ALPHA SOCIETY

President, Charlotte Riggs Gardner 1906

Vice-President, Edna Perry 1907

Secretary, Helen Maxcy 1907

Treasurer, Ethel Baine 1907

Editor, Jessie Caroline Barclay 1906

## CALENDAR

- November 10, Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society.  
Lecture by Professor Charles M. Bakewell.  
Subject: The Spirit of Socrates or Philosophy  
and Anarchy.
- “ 11, Meeting of the Alpha Society.
- “ 15, 4 P. M., Lecture-Recital by Mrs. Raymond  
Brown. Subject: Siegfried
- “ 18, Meeting of Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- “ 22, 4 P. M., Lecture-Recital by Mrs. Raymond  
Brown. Subject: Die Götterdämmerung.  
Wallace House Play.
- “ 29, Beginning of Thanksgiving Recess.
- December 1, Close of Recess.
- “ 2, Meeting of the Alpha Society.
- “ 5, Open Meeting of Colloquium.  
Lecture by Professor Hopkins of Amherst.
- “ 6, Albright House Dance.
- “ 9, Christmas Concert by the Musical Clubs.  
Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- “ 12, Pianoforte Recital by Harold Bauer.
- “ 13, Open Meeting of Deutscher Verein.

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

December - 1905.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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*DECEMBER, 1905.*

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THE PLAIN PEOPLE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

Lowell begins his essay on Chaucer with a direct question, "Will it *do* to say anything more about Chaucer? Can anyone hope to say anything, not new, but even fresh, on a topic so well worn?" With how much more emphasis on the "do" must I ask the same questions regarding Shakespeare. I cannot hope to take you on a "walk in the morning air", as Lowell promises. I will try, however, to bring together some thoughts on one phase of Shakespeare's work—a phase little discussed—the plain people.

Naturally, such a subject would receive little attention when scholars were racking their brains to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays and that Hamlet was insane. In the great mass of material on these and other subjects we do find occasional reference to the plain people. For instance, Dowden quotes Bagehot as saying: "Common people could be cut out of Shakespeare." So perfect is his understanding of them and so in sympathy is he with them that they seem a part of himself. He does not "seem to feel that Dogberry and Verges are creatures of another breed than himself". Again, we find Henry Giles affirming: "There is no stage of life to which Shakespeare's genius is not true. . . . With truthful insight

he reaches the life of all classes and conditions of men and presents every one according to his proper manner and estate. . . . On account of this catholicity 'all bow to him as a master-singer'". This is but one of many expressions regarding Shakespeare's humanity, "Humanity which," says H. B. Tree, "distinguishes Shakespeare more than any other." On the subject of plain people, Boas makes this contribution that the poet has never chosen a hero or a heroine from the common people. For that we must go to Greene, who showed greater popular sympathy. He has given us the "village maid, who is really what she seems, not, like Perdita, a princess in disguise, and who yet may be worthy of an earl's love." In addition we know that *Merry Wives of Windsor* is the only play by Shakespeare which deals wholly with "bourgeois life".

Such comments serve as suggestive landmarks as we start out to discover what kind of plain people Shakespeare has given us and what use he makes of them. Before we begin, we acknowledge that no one of these people is a Shylock, a Lear, an Othello, a Lady Macbeth, an Isabella, or a Portia. But we do believe they are worth continued study.

To begin with, these people are all perfectly natural; no one of them is "a little fish talking like a whale". Some of them we are meeting still, Juliet's garrulous nurse, for instance. Though still "a plebian to the core she has caught by long association with people of rank a surface air of importance and is given a place in the family councils." Of this she seems proud. She is Juliet's friend, and until the question of marriage with Paris arises, does not show her base nature. But then, in answer to Juliet's heart-rending cry, "some comfort, nurse",<sup>1</sup> how the veneer of nobleness disappears. Could anything be more cruel to Juliet, or more at odds with honor, than her reply?

"Then since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county.  
O, he is a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo is a dishclout to him; . . ."<sup>2</sup>

In this hour of trial, Dowden believes, her grossness rises to the dignity of a crime.

<sup>1</sup> *Romeo and Juliet*, III, Sc. 5, l. 211.

<sup>2</sup> *Romeo and Juliet*, III, Sc. 5, l. 215.

As a pleasing contrast we have Maria with her plain speech, her puns and jokes. We enjoy the fun she makes for us, but we admire that keen penetration under all which "rarely misses the white of the mark". Mopsa and Dorcas are of another type, the type which loves cheap finery and gewgaws. We should expect them to ask for "some merry ballad" after getting the coveted "tawdry lace and sweet gloves". These two are, according to Boas, "typical country wenches". Sometimes their doubles stray into the city.

Mistress Quickly is a familiar figure. She is all solicitude for each patron in turn; absolutely impartial, but able to make each one firmly believe his interests are her most sacred concern. Such folk are primarily selfish; so is Mistress Quickly. Hear her soliloquy after Master Fenton has given her money: "A kind heart he bath. . . . But yet, I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for all three; . . . but speciously for Master Fenton."<sup>1</sup> Of her Hudson says: "She so exemplifies the indefatigable benevolence of that class of worthies toward themselves and is so true to the life of a certain perpetual sort of people as almost to make one believe in the transmigration of souls."

Among Shakespeare's plain men, the shepherd in Winter's Tale is attractive. He is one of a large class, not educated in the popular sense, but wise by nature. He has an intuitive feeling for the fitness of things. The revellers would introduce new actors. "Away," he says, "we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already."<sup>2</sup> He shows too his native wit in his remark upon Autolycus's appearance after the exchange with Florizel. "His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely."<sup>3</sup> His good sense appears repeatedly. It is he who urges Florizel to tell his father of his love for Perdita. Again, when at Leontes's court, how well he restrains the clown in his delight over the "first gentlemanly tears shed". "We may live, son, to shed many more."<sup>4</sup>

For another example of excellent sense look at the boatswain in *The Tempest*. The ship is in great danger from the violent waves, and yet the royal passengers would insist upon recogni-

1 *Merry Wives of Windsor* III, Sc. 4, l. 101.

2 *Winter's Tale* IV, Sc. 4, l. 322.

3 *Winter's Tale* IV, Sc. 4, l. 731.

4 *Winter's Tale* V, Sc. 2, l. 139.

tion of their high rank, even if the sailors were thereby interrupted in their work. Shakespeare makes him express excellently what must often pass through the minds of serving men during many a tirade of a social superior. "You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority; if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap."

Then there is the type of "moral demonstrativeness represented by Malvolio." He is the "Sir Oracle" upon whom Maria plays her jokes. Thus, this man who neither can laugh himself nor can tolerate laughter in another, causes a great deal of merriment. It is clever irony that he who deemed "shallow thought so far beneath him" should "be run aground" upon it. Verplanck is of the opinion that Malvolios "are to be found everywhere from humble domestic life up to the high places of learning of the State and even of the Church."

Frequently we find an important characteristic brought out by a mere touch. For example, how the boastful spirit appears in the servant's recommendation of the performer who "hath by his own report danced before the king."<sup>2</sup> And of "not the worst of three," he says, he "jumps twelve feet and a half by the squire." Curiosity is nicely shown in Coriolanus. Just after that worthy has entered the room of Aufidius, the servant returns with, "O, slaves, I can tell you news, news, you rascals."<sup>3</sup> With what relish his fellow servants rush to him exclaiming, "What, what, what? Let's partake." Silence, that feeble, spineless fellow characterized by little but his admiration of Shallow, becomes animated and even sings ballads when properly inspired with sack. Gervinus describes him as a man "of untamable mirth when he is tipsy and of asinine dullness when he is abstinent". Certainly his double still lives.

The thorough knowledge of human nature which Shakespeare evinces in his treatment of the individual is more wonderfully exhibited whenever a crowd is introduced. He shows not only the working of one mind, but the result of the reaction of one upon many. As early in his work as King John he portrays the commons weighing the victories of the French and English,

1 *Tempest* I, Sc. 1, l. 19.

2 *Winter's Tale* IV, Sc. 4, l. 326.

3 *Coriolanus* IV, Sc. 5, l. 175.



before going over to the winning side.' In Richard II, the Duke of York shows a just appreciation of the importance of the plain people.<sup>2</sup> He enumerates the troubles which have come to him with this as a climax :

"The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side."

Henry Fifth's speech which he makes to Westmoreland shows great tact. As an incentive to noble endeavor this should be put beside Nelson's last words. No incentive to the brave could be more potent than his words containing first, an offer of freedom for the craven-hearted ; second, an assurance of grateful fellowship for the brave ; and third, a tactful reference to the superstitious—reminder of St. Crispian's feast. King Henry says :

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile  
This day shall gentle his condition :  
And gentlemen in England now abed,  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day."<sup>3</sup>

The wonderful tact of this speech recalls that of Mark Antony delivered after Cæsar's death. "An unparalleled masterpiece of rhetorical art," says Boas. We are all familiar with the general plan of the speech ; how he refers with "ironical deference" to Cæsar's ambition, then proves the charge false ; how he subtly arouses hatred toward Brutus and his fellow conspirators while seeming to honor them. Does he not say they are all honorable men, and he would rather wrong the dead, himself, and his auditors than them ?<sup>4</sup> We recall, also, the suggestive reference to the will which he refuses to read. With their permission, he steps down pointing to the mantle all knew so well. Finally, as a master stroke, he shows the wounds, the "poor, poor dumb mouths."<sup>5</sup> We remember how he calms the people by reading the will. What is the result ? The mob which, a few moments before was shouting, "Live Brutus !

1 King John II. Sc. 1. l. 326.

2 King Richard Second. II. Sc. 2. l. 88.

3 King Henry Fifth. IV. Sc. 3. l. 64.

4 Julius Cæsar III. Sc. 2. l. 123.

5 Julius Cæsar III. Sc. 2. l. 223.

Live! Live! . . . Let him be Cæsar!" is now a mad crowd bent upon killing and burning. So beside themselves are they that they kill poor innocent Cinna. "No more vivid picture has ever been drawn of the fickle, inflammable temper of a crowd."

The fickleness of the crowd is again seen in Coriolanus. Here the people are not so stubborn as in Julius Cæsar, but are "as wax in the hands of the demagogues." First they are willing to have Coriolanus for consul, then they withdraw their support and are eager to hurl him from the Tarpean rock. In addition to fickleness, they show the usual short-sightedness. Hear them shouting: "Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price! Is't a verdict?"<sup>1</sup> Here is short-sightedness identical with that which led the conspirators to kill Cæsar. Neither mob for a moment believed that a man's influence could remain after his body was dead. Also, we find fickleness to trust; how the commons shift responsibility from their own shoulders to their tribunes, and threaten Brutus with death by inches if Rome falls. "For though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will."<sup>2</sup> Notwithstanding their fickleness, this crowd is both social and sympathetic. "They are proud to act as if they had no business to exist except for Coriolanus' pleasure: they wish him to own his nature kindred with theirs."

In the scenes with the Athenian craftsmen, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, another side of the crowd's action is seen. They all admire Bottom and ignore any ability of their own.<sup>3</sup> "He hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens." . . . "Yes, and the best person, too, and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice", is their generous verdict.

It seems superfluous to mention the quality of reality which all Shakespeare's characters have. Still it is true they never seem mere names, they have a personality of their own. As an instance of this take the character which has no more distinguishing name than the boy in *King Henry Fifth*. Notice his clever discrimination in the case of the "three swashers".<sup>4</sup> "Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a

1 *Coriolanus* I, Sc. 1, l. 9.

2 *Coriolanus* IV, Sc. 6, l. 145.

3 *Midsummer Night's Dream*. IV, Sc. 2, l. 7.

4 *King Henry Fifth*, III, Sc. 2, l. 28, ff.

killing tongue and a quiet sword. . . . For Nym . . . his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds. . . . They will steal anything and call it purchase". "Shakespeare just inspired the youngster and the effect of that inspiration is to make him so much the more himself. The poet makes the characters tell more of themselves than they would tell alone in one month."

Another reason why the characters seem so real is the fact that they are developed. One well-developed character is Pisanio. In the beginning he is a faithful servant who soon becomes involved in the deepest complications. Left to watch Posthumus' interests he becomes Imogene's confidant and mainstay. To him she cries when hard pressed by the villain Iachimo. He is absolutely true to her confidence, both in appearance and in reality. He counterfeits yielding to Cloten, thus sending him off on a fool's errand. With his faithfulness and wisdom, Pisanio steers both Imogene and Posthumus through a series of complications to a happy reunion. Socially the humblest man in the play, he shows himself "all compact of essential heroism". The queen calls him "a sly, constant knave", which is a true characterization for him who says of her :

"But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you."<sup>1</sup>

These plain people are at times superstitious, but not so much so as their social superiors. Superstition is more a mark of the ignorance of the age than of the ignorance of individuals. Gadshill believed in fern-seed as giving the quality of invisibility.<sup>2</sup> The page in *Romeo and Juliet* when left on guard in the churchyard says :

"I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure."<sup>3</sup>

Such touches are slight as compared with the fear of the Ides of March in *Julius Caesar*, the effect of the appearance of the ghost in *Hamlet*, the reference made by Gloucester to the late eclipses of the sun and moon.

Shakespeare's plain people appear natural to us even at this remote time. They possess the same fickleness, curiosity, love of boasting that people do at the present day. Taken altogether

<sup>1</sup> *Cymbeline*, I, Sc. 6, l. 88.

<sup>2</sup> *Henry Fourth*, II, Sc. 1, l. 89.

<sup>3</sup> *Romeo and Juliet*, V, Sc. 3, l. 10.

they are pleasant people to meet. But is this the only aim "the master singer" had? Is this the only use he makes of them? We believe not. They serve a very definite purpose in his scheme.

First, one obvious use is to increase the atmosphere of the play. In *Romeo and Juliet*, for illustration, the servants of the two rival houses are bitter enemies. "The quarrel is between our masters and us, their men."<sup>1</sup> They show this spirit in their actions; they "bite the thumb at their enemies". This scene, in addition to giving the setting, emphasizes the complete separation of the two houses and prepares for the warlike entrance of Tybalt. The perfect balance of the two servants of the House of Capulet against the two servants of the House of Montague is considered by Dowden a mark of the early date of the play. Again, in *As You Like It*, the pastoral element, the quiet, peaceful contentment, is increased by Corin. His "primitive philosophy" is most peaceful. "The more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; . . . he that wants money, means and contentment is without three good friends. . . . Good pasture makes fat sheep." His atmosphere breathes tranquillity. "I earn what I eat, get what I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm. . . ."<sup>2</sup> The atmosphere of *Measure for Measure*, which is quite the opposite of that of *As You Like It*, is also enhanced by its plain people. They say and do most repulsive things. They increase the horror of those scenes pronounced by Coleridge to be "the most painful, the only painful part of Shakespeare's work". How we loath Lucio who sinned and then would cover it with a lie! Boas cites the "inimitable Dogberry" with his "elaborate exhortation" as another example. His directions, involved, contradictory, which amount to a command to do nothing, are an excellent example of "much ado about nothing". Cleopatra's almost superhuman power is well emphasized through Shakespeare's treatment of Enobarbus. This sturdy soldier of the "old Roman times" cannot understand her. He is charmed, nevertheless, and feels very comfortable on one of the soft couches of her palace. "Charmed, if not by love, then he is by wine". Dowden believes that the grotesque rustic who brings the "worm of Nilus" adds

<sup>1</sup> *Romeo and Juliet*, I, Sc. 1, l. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *As You Like It*, III, Sc. 2, l. 67.



to the tragedy of the situation. "Tragedy with Shakespeare becomes more tragic because it lies surrounded by the common realities of life". In *Henry Fifth* the poet aims to set forth the goodness of the king. He introduces Captain Jamy, the "argumentative Scot", Macmorris, the "hot, impulsive Irishman", and Fluellen, "the conceited, loquacious Welchman", fighting as "brave as lions" for England. Shortly before this, the three nations which these men represent were fighting among themselves; now by the greatness of the king they are united.

Secondly, Shakespeare makes his scenes with the minor characters introductory to the main action. In addition to the instance already noted of the Capulet and Montague servants,<sup>1</sup> we may mention the cruelty of Oswald toward Kent as foreshadowing the greater cruelty of daughters to a father.<sup>2</sup> Also, the episode may be a variation upon the main theme. As illustration of this let us take the episode of Don Armado and Costard. Armado at the last announces that he too has his probation to endure. "I am a votary. I have vowed to Jacquenetta to hold the plow for her sweet love three years".<sup>3</sup> In *Measure for Measure* there are two parodies upon Angelo's administration. Elbow arrests Froth, who is more innocent than himself, and Claudio is condemned to death while Lucio goes free. The former has erred in a technicality; the latter is a base villain.

Thirdly, the plain people serve as a contrast to one or another group of characters in the play. We immediately recall the contrast between the fairies and "the crew of hempen home-spuns headed by Bottom". In *Henry Fifth*, Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph throw soldiers into bold relief. The very primitive occupations of the shepherds in *Winter's Tale* contrast strongly with the conventionalities of the city and the court. In the tragedy of *Lear* the pity and kindness shown to Gloucester by the "old man" makes Edmund's heartlessness seem all the more dreadful. True goodness prompts the old man to say, "I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have, come on't what will".<sup>4</sup> Gervinus points out a very careful piece of work in contrasts. In part two of *Henry Fourth* the characters around

<sup>1</sup> *Romeo and Juliet*, I, Sc. 1, l. 40.

<sup>2</sup> *King Lear*, II, Sc. 2.

<sup>3</sup> *Love's Labour's Lost*, V, Sc. 2, l. 72.

<sup>4</sup> *King Lear*, IV, Sc. 1, l. 49.

Falstaff are of a lower order than those surrounding him in the first part. This prevents Falstaff, who has distinctly retrograded, from falling too low in the minds of the audience. The same authority points out another contrast. This time it is between Shallow, the insipid "braggart, liar", and Falstaff, the "quick-eyed". The maiden strength of Isabella stands out all the more forcefully by reason of the cowardice and corruption surrounding her.

In the fourth instance, by means of his two-talent people, Shakespeare expressed personal opinions which have been variously interpreted by his commentators. Many meanings have been read into his treatment of Bottom, for example. Boas is of the opinion that these "rude mechanicals" are really "facing the question of the relation of shadow to substance; the immemorial question of realism in art and on the stage". He believes in addition that the poet intended the whole as a burlesque on the frequent use made of the classic drama at that time. Dowden sees in the same an answer to critics. Bottom and his "crew of patches" have left absolutely nothing to the imagination. On the other hand, Shakespeare has left a great deal. There were many who criticised his method. To them his answer, judging from these scenes, would appear to be: "Here is the other method; how do you like it?" Hudson offers still a different interpretation. He states that Bottom with his greed for all parts, from that of the lion to that of the lady, is a satire upon the envies of the green-room.

Mr. Elson would have us believe the scene with the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is expressly given to show Shakespeare's condemnation of the callous disposition of musicians in his time. They certainly appear heartless. They have come to be merry at a wedding, but they easily adapt themselves to the sudden change from mirth to grief.

From the frequent retreats to unconventional country life made by his characters, Dowden concludes that Shakespeare had no love for the ceremonies of court. For that reason "Henry flies from the inanimate, bloodless, insincere world of his fathers to the drawers and carriers of Eastcheap". For the same reason Theseus enjoys the play of simple life presented by simple players. And for the same reason, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was written for Queen Elizabeth's amusement, deals wholly with "bourgeois life."

The recruits, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf, are unquestionably a satire upon the English soldiers of the time. Even the names are most suggestive. "Nowhere else is there such a record of the personnel of the English troops in the days when the feudal system of supplying soldiers had failed and England had no standing army nor training schools. History does not tell of the rank and file. . . . Henry Fourth and Fifth carry the person into press gangs and recruiting stations."

According to Hallam, "the tall, slender specimen, Slender, who is a most effective imbecile", was intended as a satire on the brilliant youth of the period. On the other hand, Fluellen's speech to the king shows "the poet's consideration for the rights of manhood, irrespective of rank or title or any adventitious regard".

Whether the great poet meant all that has been attributed to him is a question. Whatever subtle meaning may have prompted their introduction, Shakespeare's plain people are delightful, and fill an important place in his plays. We cannot fail to admire his wonderful kings and queens; we are thrilled at Hermione's restoration, and weep at Desdemona's sad fate. Beatrice and Benedict make us merry, and Lady Macbeth thrills us with horror. We are deeply stirred by all the great characters he has given us. They fascinate us, just as the plain people charmed Elizabeth in days gone by. When we want some one we can understand and with whom we can sympathize, most of us are obliged to turn to the people who speak prose. It matters little if they were drawn three centuries and more ago, they are essentially like us. With all the power Shakespeare had of creating a character true to all time, he succeeded best with his plain people. They were created with sympathetic insight and given a generous place in his plan of the whole. We can but echo the lament of the many, expressed so well by Lord Byron :

" Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,  
And turn to all of him which may remain,  
Sighing that nature formed but one such man,  
And broke the die."

BERNICE WALKER DEARBORN.

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## FORMAL RELIGION SHOULD NOT BE INCLUDED IN SOCIAL SETTLEMENT WORK

Social settlements have demanded the increasing attention of the public for the last few years. The movement was first started in London, by the establishment of Toynbee Hall, in 1882, and three years later its influence was felt in America. It was an impulse to share the lives of the poor ; the desire of educated people to equalize the results of superior opportunity that gave rise to the settlement. Since that time one settlement after another has been founded in our large cities. In the various settlements there is difference of opinion as to the action that should be taken in regard to religion. That formal religion should not be included in social settlement work is a stand which has been taken by many.

A social settlement, according to a definition given by the head worker of the Denison House, Boston, is "a group of educated men or women living among manual workers in a neighborly and social spirit." Another definition, given by Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, states that "a settlement is an attempt to express the meaning of life in terms of life itself, in forms of activity." The work of a settlement is to improve the neighborhood, to set a higher standard of life, bodily, socially, and mentally, before the poor people living in misera-



ble parts of great cities. Its purpose is to administer to the body and mind, to help human beings, and to look after the needs common to all. The workers want to help people to know their neighbors, to open their minds to the joys of books, pictures and music,—to give them new interest in life. The settlement's purpose does not include formal religion; that is the work of the church. Its purpose is not to convert the people to any one denomination, by saying that thus only can they receive the advantages of the settlement: that is unfair to the people and to their religions. The settlement as well as the church has its own work to do. Dean Hodges says on this subject, "There is as much difference between them as between the errand of the minister and of the physician. We want a physician to make us well of physical ills, not to convert us. If he happens to be religious and discuss religious affairs, well and good, but that is his personal side, not his professional side. There should not be sermons, prayer-meetings, and public confessions of faith, any more than that a physician should wear a surplice and carry a Bible instead of a medicine case."

Formal religion should not be taught in a settlement, not only from the very aim and purpose of such an institution, but also from the variety of races included. In a neighborhood such as surrounds a settlement house, people of all nationalities are found, and of many beliefs. It would be hard indeed to find a religious doctrine or service suited to the needs of such a varied population. The results which come from settlement work are practical ones. The people who frequent the settlements learn the economies of life, how to make the most of what they have. They learn that even if their houses are poor and ill-constructed, situated in the dismal parts of a city, yet the interiors can be made cheerful, so that home is a welcome resort after a day of hard work. They find that cleanliness is a fundamental step in changing the aspect of their surroundings, as it is also an essential factor in health. Miss Addams of Hull House says that it is not by telling the people these things that the results are brought about, but by application. When mothers see that their sick children are cured by cleanliness and proper food they begin to think there is something in this method, and little by little adopt the new measures. As a result, the people are not converted to a new faith, nor do they form the habit of prayer, but they come to lead more healthful, cheerful and better lives.

By the introduction of formal religion is meant an acknowledged preference of the workers connected with the settlement for one religion, the holding of Sunday and weekly religious services at the house, or an acknowledged creed to which frequenters of the house must conform. Formal religion may include one or all of these. We hear it said that an organization which is recognized among religious associations should from its very nature include religious services and have an avowed religious bent. It is claimed that it is improper to omit this important feature from such an organization. The settlement, however, ought to work in the way which is best suited to promote its cause. Religious services would in many cases hamper the great work which is now going on. A settlement reaches many people who would have nothing to do with it if they thought that they were to be enticed into a place for education and friendly intercourse only to hear sermons. It reaches people and does good to those who prefer not to be connected with any church or with an institution which has an acknowledged religious belief or creed.

Some say that there is lack of religion and so impiety in the social settlement work. This idea comes from a misunderstanding of the true purpose of a settlement and from a wrong interpretation of the word religion. As was stated before, its purpose is to administer to the body and mind, and not to perform the functions of a church. If by religion is meant formal religion—the services, creed, and confession—then there is little religion in settlements. In regard to the true meaning of religion, Dean Hodges says, "If religion is the spirit and life of Christ, not institutionalism, nor denominationalism, nor badges, then we truly have religion in settlement work. If it is ministration to those afflicted, helping those who are down, then the settlement is purely religious. More religion of this kind is always needed, and we need more of that in the settlement as we do everywhere in the world." As a moral force, religion is an essential part of the work. The workers coöperate with the religion which appeals to each one, and have the deepest respect for every man's faith.

The following quotations are from some of the workers who have devoted their time to settlement work and to meeting its demands in the best possible way: "Our settlement is not a church, but hopes to be a helper to all churches." "Our work

is broadly religious." "Whatever distinctively religious work can be done in a community of so many beliefs may best be undertaken in connection with the neighboring church. To have attempted a Protestant propaganda or rescue mission at the settlement would have been to frustrate the purpose to make a common social center for the entire community." "Our influence is for religion, but not for any denominational creed. No religious instruction is given at Prospect Union, Cambridge." Nineteen settlements out of twenty-seven do not include formal religion.

This tendency to leave formal religion to the church is further shown by the undenominational schools of to-day, where the pupils are of varied beliefs. Many parents will not send their children to a school where they may receive religious instruction different from that which they themselves believe.

In the settlements where formal religion is omitted, the workers try to live a good and helpful life, and place this as an example before the people with whom they are working. They try to show in their works the love of God, and by their example promote righteousness. They follow religious principles, but by omitting formal religion, try to allay religious strife in their work. "The settlement's faith is made known by its works."

ETHEL HAMMOND.

## ON LETTING WELL ENOUGH ALONE

The cry which young America is sending up from all parts of the land in this age is "Novelty! Novelty!" Now the ancient Greek strove always to present new ideas, new learning, new conceptions in art. But the Greek, at the same time, worshiped moderation in all things. Excess or exaggeration we see in none of the bequests we have received from him, neither in literature, architecture, nor art. This valuable quality of moderation unfortunately does not belong to the modern Greek of the western hemisphere. Rather the spirit of excess seems to be rife in the land, and to be increasing as the days go by. For instance, the success of so many new departures which attract the public eye is marred by exaggerating comment, which gives

noticeably too much attention to the novelty in question, bestows too much praise, or too confidently promises success.

The war cry against this spirit of excess should be "Let well enough alone." If only the venders of novelties knew when to stop, their success would surely be greater *in the end*, for they would avoid the almost inevitable deterioration which comes with excess of supply.

We see opportunities for the application of this maxim in many different lines. In publications it is more marked than elsewhere. Many clever new departures in modern light reading lose much of their point by being "run into the ground". The reader does want something to laugh at, or to admire, or to enjoy, that he has never laughed at, nor admired, nor enjoyed before, and his demand is constantly being met. But after it has been met, it is taken for granted that the novelties will always remain novelties, no matter how long-lived, and in consequence the public has too much of a good thing. What was intended to have the spice of originality now has the flat taste of sameness. The reason for the remarkable success of so many series of dialogues, fables, character studies, is that they amuse us because we have never read just that kind of clever thing before. When the same strain is continued to some extent, the wit and humor begin to sound forced, the material seems scraped up merely to carry on the once successful idea, and the public finds itself bored. Such seemed to be the fate of the "Sunny Son" stories, of "Mr. Dooley", even of the stories of the Russian Jewish quarter, by Myra Kelly—perhaps one of the cleverest series of child sketches which has appeared in the recent magazines.

And the stereotyped historical novel has continued to appear for so long. One would think the tales of Queen Elizabeth's time, of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, of Whigs and Tories, would be worn threadbare. And still they come! Once those times served as new and therefore interesting settings for novels, but now they have become hackneyed. There has been such a deluge—Richard Carvel, Prisoners of Hope, Janice Meredith, Sir Mortimer—a never ending line.

Society drawings undergo practically the same treatment as the literary novelties. The Gibson girl was once an attractive new type of drawing. But why was she subjected to such a strenuous life? She was ubiquitous. We saw her on picture



frames, sofa cushions, blotters,—we could not avoid her. And now she is being laid on the shelf and the Christy girl has come to take her place. She, too, may outlive her welcome. The vigorous poster girl is going through the same experience. America can never be said to be chary of its enthusiasm, when once it is engaged.

Our maxim may be well applied to the popular song. The strenuous life of the Gibson girl is nothing to what the light song endures in its short existence. Many catchy and pretty songs are constantly being composed, which might be handed down to posterity (not as great music, but as that of which people might be proud), if they could survive the treatment to which they are subjected. The hurdy-gurdy has become an instrument of torture, which grinds into the ears of the public the melodies which at first have been warmly received. The whistling small boy in the street makes one weary of a new air almost before it has been published. In a short month new songs are no longer new but old—older than “Juanita”, even.

In matters of speech as well as publications there is need of moderation. The school-girl is often reproved and the society girl laughed at by her elders for her misuse and overuse of the superlative. Such an epithet as “the most adorable thing I ever saw”, or “perfectly grand”, is applied to the merest trifle. If one goes to such extremes of speech upon slight provocation, what, pray, has one left for those times which truly merit the expressions? Here, in the college world, we see how trite and meaningless grow certain rather clever and original little phrases, when they have gone the round of the whole student body, and have become the byword of nearly every girl. They lose their flavor all too quickly, and become hackneyed college vernacular, whereas if used moderately they might have remained useful means of expressing oneself cleverly,—the funny speech novelties might have remained really funny.

In personal fads we see almost the same thing. An original person may have a certain hobby, the practice of which is individual, and therefore effective. But when all his or her friends, like so many sheep, take up this fad, its whole point is gone—it seems both tiresome and foolish.

This generally prevalent tendency to excess should be checked before it goes any further. It seems almost like defeating one's

own ends, that those who produce the novelties demanded, and those who demand them, lessen their success by too great enthusiasm. If the modern caterers to the public taste, and the public itself, would learn to *let well enough alone*, the success of the novelties for which a craving is most natural, might be permanent rather than fleeting.

BARBARA KAUFFMANN.

### BENEATH THE PINES

I lie beneath the pines. The gentle breeze  
Softer than silence murmurs through the trees.  
I listen to the uncomplaining sigh,  
Sweetest of songs, the wind's faint lullaby.  
With open eyes I dream, and dream of thee,  
A rest more dear than deepest sleep to me.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

### THE POOL OF SORROWS

Where bends the hazel's ancient boughs above  
I linger by the mountain pool and dream ;  
The branches whisper names and runes I love,  
The waters eye me with reproachful gleam.  
For here the footsteps of old kings have been,  
And in the depths their glittering baubles lie ;  
Their crowns, their torques, their silver wands are seen,  
With drowsy salmon softly brushing by.

And as I muse, the hazelnuts drop down  
Below the shadowed surface with a gasp ;  
But when my hand would plunge to snatch a crown,  
Ah see, the ripples hide it from my grasp !  
And once again the night winds at my ears  
Are whispering, " Dreamer, vain is all thy toil !  
Leave if thou wilt thy little meed of tears,  
But from the Pool of Sorrows take no spoil."

AGNES MARY O'BRIEN.

## THE CALL OF THE NIGHT

There's a mad, mad leap of life in my heart,  
And desire, born of the day,  
For the heart of the woods is calling to me,  
And the soul of the night is calling to me,  
And I must be up and away.

There's a mad, mad stir of life in my heart,  
And the soul of my resting dies,  
For the winds of the night are calling to me,  
And the voice of the silence is calling to me,  
To look in the face of the skies.

For I must walk apace with the night,  
In the gloom of the shadows of night's pale light,  
And speak with the silent stars.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

## THE CHRISTMAS MOON

Outside the snow was falling thick and fast, inside all was light and warmth and fragrance. The mingled odor of wax tapers and evergreen made the air spicy and heavy, and the great room blazed with the hundred lights of a shimmering Christmas tree.

From the top of a high step-ladder Philip Leonard smiled down into the somewhat anxious eyes of his wife. "Well, dearie, what is worrying you?" he questioned. "Are you afraid I am going to break my own neck or that of this rosy little cherub?" waving a fat, wax angel above the topmost branch of the tree.

"Neither, Phil," she laughed, her eyes clearing, "but I was just wondering if somehow we didn't forget the true spirit of the day in the hurry and rush of preparation."

"Nonsense, dear," he answered in a more serious tone, "the spirit of Christmas is to make others happy, and I am sure," tying on the pink cherub, "that we are making the youngsters very happy indeed."

"And not having such a bad time ourselves," she smiled up at him. "Honestly, Phil, I believe we enjoy the tree more than they do. It's such a shame that they can't help decorate and know the wonderful joy of seeing the transformation. It's a beauty, isn't it?" and she drew back a step or two contemplating with shining eyes the laden tree.

"I think so," returned her husband, coming down from the ladder and walking around the tree with a critical eye. "And it's entirely ready ten minutes before schedule time," taking out his watch and consulting it.

"Why, I never felt more impatient in my life! I am worse than the children; I actually don't feel as if I could wait ten whole minutes!" and she clasped her hands together in a little gesture common to her and looked up at her big, boyish husband with radiant eyes. He bent over and caught her two hands in his before she had time to unclasp them, and raised them to his lips. "Dear little girl," he cried softly, "you will never grow old! Your heart is as young as on that Christmas day, twelve years ago, when I met you first. What happy, happy years they have been since then, each one better than the last, and this the best of all. You have been happy, haven't you,?" he questioned just a shade anxiously.

"Yes," she answered quickly, "very, very happy—"

"And to-night?" as she paused. "There is nothing you want to make you happier to-night?"

"No," and then she hesitated. "No—that is—I—we all cry for the moon sometimes, I suppose, and just to-day I have been longing for it, too!"

"What do you mean, dearest? I never knew there was something you longed for and did not have. Even if I can't scale the heavens and bring it down to you, at least tell me about this moon of yours that we may share the longing for it together."

She drew a little away from him, and going over to the tree, straightened a dripping candle. When she turned, her eyes were filled with tears and she gave a little uncertain laugh as if to hide her feelings. "It's so foolish of me, Philip. I can't tell just what started me thinking about it, unless it's this time of year which always brings thoughts of the past. But I have been thinking about the old home in Virginia for these last two



days and last night I had such a curious dream." She paused and turned to him for encouragement. "It's dreadfully foolish, I know?" her voice rose to a question at the end.

"We all have our dreams sometimes," he answered slowly, apparently deep in thought. "Tell me yours, dear, I shall treasure it as my own."

"Well, you see, Phil, Christmas was always such a gay, festive time in old Virginia, and no one in all the state knew better how to keep that day than Dad. Our house—O Phil, I just hate to think how those dreadful cold-hearted Northerners must keep the day in our dear old house now!"

"Why, you adorable little rebel, you! What am I but the worst of New England loyalists? How dare you talk to your lord and master like that!"

"O but Phil, you're different!" Deep reproach was in her voice and eyes. "But these people! they are so cold, so unsympathetic and so—*alien*. yes, that's the word. It just breaks my heart to have them there. They don't belong there, they don't love the place as we all did, they don't hold its traditions, and it's a crime for them to make it their home!" Her eyes flashed rebelliously.

"And so you want to oust them, do you?" An amused smile flickered around the corners of her husband's mouth. "What would you suggest, gunpowder or persuasion? But come, this isn't telling me the dream, what was it all about?"

"Why I don't know that it was so curious I should have dreamed it, for I had been thinking all day about that Christmas eve when I first met you, and last night I lived it all over again in my dreams. I could smell the punch and the evergreens, I could see the lights and the dancers, and I could hear father's voice as he said, 'Betty, I want you to meet Mr. Leonard. He's snowbound here for the holidays, and we must win him over to the Southern keeping of Christmas.' And then suddenly it all melted away, you and father and the rest, but the house remained the same, and the decorations were the same, and the same Christmas spirit was throbbing in the air. And suddenly I saw a huge Christmas tree in the hall, and you, not the you of the past but the you of to-day, were lighting the tiny wax candles, and then I heard the shouts of the children from above and they came rushing down the old oak stairway. Just here I awoke and the children were scrambling over the

bed all shouting "Merry Christmas" at the top of their blessed young voices!"

As she said this a very real shout from the stairway greeted their ears. "Mamsie, Daddy, it's half-past seven!" Then there came three bangs at the folding doors and three high, excited voices were heard outside. "We just can't wait another minute! Let us in, O please let us in!"

Philip turned hastily and kissed his wife on the forehead, then flung wide the folding doors. Three sturdy youngsters came tumbling in, breathless and laughing.

Such screams of delight, such wild tearings around the tree, such clasping of hands, such bearlike hugs as then took place!

"O Mamsie, O Daddy, look, look! I've got a real live steam-boat!"

"Did Dram'ma dive me the dolly?"

"Where 're the skates you promised?"

"Who's got the most books?" and so on in endless round of questions.

In ten minutes comparative quiet reigned; the two boys busily engaged in setting up track and cars, and the tiny brown-eyed girl putting a family of five dolls to bed.

Philip crossed slowly over to the tree, and untying one last tiny package away up near the top, came back and placed it in his wife's lap. "Did you think I had forgotten my Christmas gift to you, dear? Well, here it is, and many, many happy returns of this happiest of Christmas days."

She untied the package slowly while he hung over her in breathless impatience. When at length it was opened and a formal, legal document met her eye, she gave one cry of delight and jumping up flung both arms about his neck. "O you darling, you dear, you blessed old boy, how—how did you ever, ever guess how I had longed for it! I shall never, never call you a cold old Northerner again!" The man's eyes twinkled above her low bent head. And then lacking all words and overcome with delight, she burst into tears. The three children stood stock still gazing at her with horror. It was the little girl who came over first and caught at her mother's dress. "Don't cry, Mamsie dear! Didn't you like your presents? Baby'll dive you some of hers."

The woman stooped and kneeling took the child in her arms. "Yes dear," she murmured, smiling through her tears. "Mother

is only crying because she is so, so happy. Father has given her the moon!"

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

## A MUD EPIC

In looking over the pages of an old cook-book a few days ago, I read, at the head of a long list of recipes for pies, the following, written by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes,  
As the soil we first stirred into terrestrial pies."

In an instant certain memories flashed back upon my mind; memories of earlier days, or at least, of days previous to the present; and I thought of a time which, in ungarnished Saxon, I shall term the mud-pie period.

Now it is generally conceded that, although some anxious mothers may, with the utmost care, successfully guard their children against such prevalent diseases as mumps, measles, or whooping-cough, they cannot prevent one of them from falling victim to the mud epidemic. It might be added also, with equal truth, that the period of convalescence is usually a long one. For instance, I am acquainted with a girl who, although she would scorn the idea of cherishing any such symbol of juvenile frivolity as a doll, nevertheless dedicates the centre of her mantel-piece to an absurdly diminutive iron kettle with such disproportionately long ears that its very ugliness would seem to shatter every æsthetic feeling. It is of this same girl's early experiences during this interesting period that I am going to tell you, and although all of you probably have remembrances of like nature, fully as interesting as hers, still the topic, though undeniably mundane, will endure as long as the earth's foundations, for

Men may come and men may go,  
But mud goes on forever.

From her very earliest remembrance, and through the entire period of her juvenile attempts at house-keeping, the influence of the house over the way, or more properly speaking, of its younger inmates, has been blended sometimes harmoniously,

sometimes otherwise, with all of her out-door amusements. Its first occupants of personal moment to her were two little girls, Lottie and Maudie, six and four years respectively. Under their joint sovereignty began the history of the back-fence cubby.

Now, to enumerate all the conveniences of this model establishment would be vain as well as tedious, so the most important ones must suffice. They made cupboards of course, and arranged upon their shelves complete sets of acorn-dishes and oyster-shells; they even laboriously paved their hearth with solid masonry, using for their material the cherry stones from the great tree above them, as symbolic of the rough-stone age of their existence. But their intricate system of water-works was the most remarkable thing; indeed, in its ingenuity it rivaled the aqueducts of the ancients. The central reservoir was a large tomato-can, bereft of its cover, and having several small openings bored in its sides with a nail. Long, fresh straws were inserted therein, and conducted to the various apartments, and needed only to be raised above tomato-can level when the water was not wanted.

Let it be said to the praise of the young housekeepers that the most conspicuous feature of this charming domicile was the absence of dirt. Everything was polished and swept half-hourly. The material for their brooms was procured from certain large weeds that flourished among the cabbages and potato-hills. Now, as it chanced, the little girl's brother was proprietor of the garden-patch at this time. This brother was fond of foot-ball, and the broom business was booming. Since the three small house-keepers were never idle, Satan found little mischief for them, and for the most part they lived in an atmosphere of domestic happiness. At times, however, when roused by some mighty discussion, our good little girl used to think that it was a lucky thing for her that the lock was on her side of the gate. Maudie's favorite course of action at such times was anything but reassuring. She would fly at the good little girl hidden behind the cherry-tree, with her hands clawing wildly at the air, uttering the somewhat startling threat that she would "g-g-get a b-b-b-big knife, and k-k-k-kill her!"

It was under these influences that the good little girl told her first lie. Now most people's first lies are interesting, to themselves at least, and hers was no exception to the rule. She was five years old at that time, so you see she had had a good start.



It happened thus: Her two playmates owned a cat, a poor, sharp-ribbed, long-suffering tabby, well advanced in its ninth life. The good little girl liked cats, and as she had none, this one seemed to her fascinated eyes a most noble specimen. She did have six new five-cent pieces, and determined to use one of them to advantage. What joy unspeakable it would be to hold the kitty in her arms, to hear it purr, and—yes—to pull its tail, very gently, of course, just enough to make things interesting! It has been said that “the better the day the better the deed”, so one Sunday afternoon they sealed the bargain. The good little girl was to have undisputed possession of the cat for one half-hour, in return for one of the above-mentioned nickels. She bore her prize proudly to the house, only to be greeted by a volley of unwelcome questions. At last, because the little neighbors’ speculative qualities were well known, came the fatal question, “Did you pay the little girls for letting you take the kitty?” An awkward pause, then, “O, no!” As luck would have it, the little culprit’s sister was her treasurer, and upon looking into the matter, was not long in finding a deficiency in her accounts. The kitty didn’t stay in the little girl’s house any more that day, but the little girl did, and seated on the floor in the corner behind the sofa, she found, at least, ample opportunity to mend her ways.

Shortly after she had advanced thus far in life’s career, the two playmates moved away, and took the cat with them. It was not long before a load of furniture arrived, and the little girl breathlessly watched to see whose it might be. The first object that caught her eye was a small pug, at the sight of which all visions of the departed kitty vanished from her mind. Next came a girl, who, the good little girl judged, had not yet passed beyond the mud-pie stage. Later events verified her judgment, for after the first formalities of introduction were over, and she had appeared duly alarmed at the violent onslaught of the pug, house-keeping was taken up at the cubby just where it had been dropped.

Now the new neighbors were a very enterprising sort of people, and it was not many days before they had a clam-bake out in their back-yard. All the forenoon, the good little girl stood with her nose pressed between the fence pickets, awaiting developments. If anyone thinks that it was the expectation of tender, juicy clams that caused her to behave in this manner, it indicates that such a one has not a thorough grasp of the

situation. O no ! she cared nothing about the clams, it was the shells ! The day passed ; the clams were eaten ; still no shells. But "joy cometh in the morning"—so did the shells. They were emptied out on the grass, all white and shining, with pretty blue rims just like real pie-plates. The new partner, without the least trace of hesitation, proceeded to part the shells into two equal piles. For a time the good little girl was speechless with joy, but finally murmured her gratitude. Then she produced from the cubby a large new cupboard, made on purpose the previous afternoon, and began to fill the shelves with the nice new dishes. At last she came to a very small shell with a very large nick in one side. At once envy began to fill her heart, and she cast longing glances at her friend's shells, which happened to be without blemish. Finally, she held up the offending shell and remarked, "I think I can make a very little pie on this one." The announcement was ignored. But the good little girl, who was only a barbarian after all, had become like Baba Abdalla of Arabian Nights fame, and paid no heed to the eloquence of her partner's silence. "I guess, if I try real hard, I can make just a *little bit* of a pie on this little plate with a big nick in it." And then the phials of wrath were opened, and for the next few moments Baba Abdalla's abridged edition did not take the initiative in the conversation, but was admonished, among other things, to be sure and save the shell, for it might come in handy for a salt-box. Then the injured one thought of some dusting in the parlor which she knew had already been done by her sister, and discreetly withdrew till the atmosphere at the cubby should become less charged. Once inside, however, she went into the pantry, and stood silent a long time, watching her mother make grown-up pies. At last she remarked impressively, "I'm disappointed in Mary. I used to think she was quite a nice girl, but I have found out that she says bad things." But the mother only smiled, for the cubby was not far from the pantry window, and besides, she was well acquainted with the young barbarian.

But Nemesis in this instance was kind, deferring its swoop, and the breach in the domestic partnership soon healed. It was one morning shortly after this that Mary came to the cubby with the announcement that "Bobbie", the pug, had departed from these shores, never to return; news which plunged the recipient into bitter grief, for she had become very fond of the playful little fellow. But his mistress didn't seem to care a

bit, and said merely that they had decided to keep the music-box, instead. After Mary had gone home, and she was left alone, she went into the house and hunted up a rubber ball with teeth-marks on it, and had a little cry all by herself. And a few days later, when Mary invited her little friends to come to her house and hear the music-box, there was one who did not go, although the new possession was thought to be very wonderful,—for in those days the voice of the phonograph was not heard in the land.

It was beginning to dawn upon them both that they were getting much too old to continue life at the cubby. This idea was doubtless accelerated by the fact that it was nearly snow-time, and baking at the cubby had become uncomfortably cool work. So they determined to make a great feast, and after the celebration to pack up all their things and take them away. For several days, after school, they were engaged in preparing for the coming event. Loaves of bread, crispy, sand-sugared doughnuts, pies, cakes, and beautiful cream-cookies, made of the very finest XXX sand, and turned out with a wonderful, revolving cooky-cutter, whose utility was discovered in the whirl-like arrangement of three acorn-cups growing on a single stem—all these, and many more delicacies, were at last set in goodly array upon their pantry shelves. Our little housekeeper's only regret, she confided to Mary, was that, after all these experiences in the art of cooking, they were still unable to make *real live* pies and cakes.

On Saturday morning they had their grand dinner. First, there were soups—soups that would have made Campbell's evaporate for very shame—after that, no strict conventional order of serving was observed, and course after course came and went with amazing rapidity. The partakers of the feast were enraptured at their success and looked into each other's eyes in mutual admiration, with the feelings of the epicure, when he exclaimed,—

“O Dinah Rudd, O Dinah Rudd !  
Thou art a cook of bluest blood !  
For nowhere in this world of sin,  
Have I tasted better terrapin !”

But the best was to come, for Mary rose from the festive board with a look of inscrutable mystery upon her face, and went to her own private cupboard. She soon returned, bearing a mag-

nificent plum pudding, which she had manufactured without her companions' knowledge.

"My!" was the ejaculation, as the pudding descended in all its glory upon the table, "isn't it lovely! and see the little cracks on the top where the dough parted when it cooled. They say puddings are nice and light when they do that, and—O, look! there's another! Why, hasn't it got through cooking yet?"

Mary hastened to serve the enthusiast, wearing all the while a most unaccountable grin. All at once, there was an awful scream, the table with all its viands was overturned, while Mary's unsuspecting victim was overrun with big black ants! The little imp was nearly convulsed with laughter, but managed to say, between her playmate's sputterings, "Those are the plums. I thought that after we had been house-keeping for three years it was time to have a little *real live* cooking!"

JESSIE VALLENTINE.

### THE ROAD I FOLLOW

Mile on mile I have footed it now,  
With the glimmer of stars o'erhead,  
Before me the gleam of the long white road  
Where my feet unfaltering tread.

am glad God has given us shining stars  
To strengthen our souls in the night,  
But better still is the long white road  
Where he started our feet aright.

For ever the trackless waste of stars  
Brings yearnings unsatisfied,  
But my road runs straight to the end of the world,—  
It is God's unerring guide!

JESSIE CAROLINE BARCLAY.

### A QUERY

If this mystery of the moving sea,  
And the budding flower, and the swaying tree,  
Could be uttered truly, would it be  
The mystery in the heart of me?

BESSIE ELLA CARY.



## SKETCHES

### "THE ELF-SONG"

In the deep, dark heart of the forest,  
Far from the places of men,  
A tiny elf sang at his work all day  
And glad was the song of that far-away  
And cool green woodland glen.

He sang of the beautiful things of the earth :  
The green of the grass, and the blue of the sky ;  
Of cobwebs shimmering in the sun,  
Of fresh wood smells when a rain has come,  
And whisperings that never die.

Day after day he sang and worked,  
And there in the wood the bond was strong  
'Twixt him and the birds, and flowers and trees,  
The crawling things and the droning bees,  
And little by little they learned his song.

And now if you go to the heart of the wood,  
When life seems hard and of little worth,  
There the soul, refreshed, drinks deep and long  
Of the broad, free breath of that forest song,  
Of the beautiful things of the earth.

HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.

Mrs. White had made up her mind not to have any Christmas in her lonely little house this year. She had decided that

Christmas was a Popish feast and not suit-

**The Gift Path** able for a strict New Englander to observe.

So for the first time in all her fifty-six years she did not make any presents. At first she thought she would not even go down to the post office for the noon mail ; but after all, why should she change her daily routine, when this day was to be no different from any other ?

Her face did not relax from its usual severity as she returned an almost inaudible "Good morning" to the "Merry Christmas" which came so naturally to the lips of everyone else. She sniffed rather more audibly when some one on the post office steps alluded to the mail man, surrounded in his little sleigh by buncy mail-bags, as "Santa Claus".

The post office, with its walls blackened by rows of people and its floor by pools of black water from their overshoes, was a relief to her eyes after the whiteness of the snow outside. But the chattering and laughter disturbed her greatly, together with the steady tap-tap of the canceling stamp from the back of the building. A few bold people tried their merriment on Mrs. White, but soon departed to a warmer corner. At last a bell rang, the delivery window went up with a bang and disclosed tiers of boxes.

Mrs. White was much annoyed at finding several small packages in her lock-box. This irritation was not diminished when on her way home one of her neighbors overtook her and said: "Santy seems to have remembered you well this year, Mrs. White." Then without waiting for her answer he rattled on: "I really thought Christmas was going out of date until the kid came. He's only three, but he's just as excited over things as an eight-year-old. I tell you there's nothing like children for making you feel the spirit of Christmas. Well, a merry Christmas to you!"

Mrs. White deliberately put away her wraps and then opened her letters and packages. As she looked them over she became almost excited. But when they were all opened her face lost its eagerness and resumed its usual severity.

It was three years since her big, handsome boy, her sister's child, had left the house, because she had forgotten that a boy of twenty-one is old enough, or thinks he is, to be his own master. She had not heard from him since, but somehow, to-day, she had had a feeling—ah well, it was better so, perhaps. He was too full of obstinacy and love of a good time for her Puritanical views.

She took out her sewing and stitched steadily on until a knock at the door disturbed her. A little girl there thrust a big platter into her hands and said in one breath:

"Mother thought p'raps you wouldn't 'ave got a Christmas

dinner just for yourself so she sent this over with love and a merry Christmas."

Before Mrs. White could say anything the little girl was gone. Children sent on errands to Mrs. White always reduced their stay to a minimum. Mrs. White set the platter down on the kitchen table without lifting the white napkin, and haughtily returned to her sewing.

The light grew gray. The twilight was hastened and softened by the falling snow. There was an absolute silence except for the ticking of the clock and the piff-piff of the big flakes on the window-panes. Mrs. White was just about to rise and light the lamp when a little knock sounded, like a somewhat larger snowflake, against the side door. As she opened the door she looked down from her forbidding height on a little thin face with big blue eyes and pale lips.

"Please, ma'am, would yer like ter hev yer walk shovelled?"

Mrs. White looked at him woodenly. Most children turned and ran before she had time to speak, but this boy stood still, his blue eyes pleading earnestly.

"Why do you want to shovel paths *to-day*?" she asked, although she had meant to say no and slam the door.

"Oh, yer mean Christmas?" he said. "Why, we ain't keepin' Christmas at our house this year. Dad, he's be'n sick fer most a month, an' ma, she says we ain't any of us got time to fool with Christmas. But I thought I'd mebby git some money 'count o' the snow, and git some candy fer the children. They feel wuss'n I do 'bout not keepin' Christmas."

"Are you the oldest?"

"Yes'm, I was ten last month."

"You're cold, aren't you?"

"Yes'm."

"Come in here."

The boy's brows knitted in perplexity, but he obeyed the sharp command.

"Take off your wet shoes and put them on the stove-shelf. And now take off your sweater. You'll be cold when you go out again, if you don't."

"Why—why—ma'am, I—I can't—"

"Take it off."

He began rolling his poor ragged sweater up from the bottom.

"You needn't!" interposed Mrs. White quickly. "Keep it

on! Now sit down on this chair and stick your feet in the oven. Are you hungry?"

"Yes'm."

Then she lifted the napkin from the once scorned platter. The boy watched her, and as its richness was gradually disclosed his eyes and mouth proportionately widened until he was actually laughing.

When she had warmed over the dinner and seated him at the table she left the room. Soon her footsteps sounded from the room above. For some time he heard her there, and when he was just commencing on the cranberry tart, he heard her moving in the sitting-room behind him. He looked over his shoulder, but all he could see was a bit of her skirt. He had just leaned back happily, still enjoying the last mouthful of mince pie, when she came into the kitchen again. Her wrinkled cheeks were pink with excitement.

"Come in here," she said.

He slipped out of his chair and pattered in his stocking-feet into the next room.

"Oh, oh!" he breathed. "For me? All for me?"

There stood a boy's sled, not new and shiny, to be sure, but good and strong. On it were a top, two balls, a brown gingham bag containing some round things that clinked pleasantly, three Jew's-harps and a small hammer. Underneath these were some warm woolen stockings, a little mended, a pair of shoes, rusty but whole, a heavy coat and a pair of ladies' mittens with neat black ribbon bows on the backs. The boy was delighted. After examining each treasure, he danced about the room until the lamp-shade rattled and Mrs. White almost smiled at his pleasure.

When at last he had been all through his presents twice over, she commanded him to come out into the kitchen again, whence was wafted a pleasant smell of molasses. And there together they pulled the yellow strips of candy till they were white.

When the shears had snipped off the last piece, Mrs. White said: "There, you can take that home to the children."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the boy. He had quite forgotten the children. He ran for his shoes, and while he was lacing them Mrs. White brought a big box and fastened the presents and candy securely in it. When she turned to him she found him standing very still, looking at her.



"What is it?" she asked.

"Why, ma'am, where's *your* Christmas? I've had a *dandy* one, but where's yours?"

"Oh, I don't want one," she answered. "Little boys ought always to have them, but grown-ups don't need them. I've had mine with you," and she actually smiled at his distressed face.

"I wish I could give *you* sumpthin'!" he said wistfully. "Oh, I know!" he shouted joyfully. "I'll give you a path—a great big broad one!"

So she pinned back the long empty ends of the mittens. He seized the wooden shovel, and was soon making the snow fly. As he was bending to his last shovelful a tall man touched his shoulder.

"Can you tell me, little boy, if Mrs. White lives here?"

"I don't know what her name is, sir, but she's the best lady that ever lived. She's so much fun and she smiles at you so—"

"I guess Mrs. White's moved," said the stranger, turning away. But his eye caught the sled, which the boy had kept close behind him.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded sharply.

"*She* gave it to me. The nice lady. An' she hasn't had any Christmas herself. She said she didn't want any. I was hopin' that was one for her," pointing to a big box under the stranger's arm.

"Little boy, I want to see you again," said a voice from the door. "I—who's that with you?" she broke off, peering from under her hand.

"Aunt Mary!" cried the man. Then, as she stood, a stiff black form against the light within, he turned away.

"You don't want a Christmas, I guess you don't want *me*," he said sadly, moving off.

"Oh Jack, don't go, don't go!" She came hurrying down the steps and flung her arms around him. "I do, I *do* want my Christmas!"

Unnoticed, the little boy caught up the rope of his sled and ran home to the children.

MARGARET HUTCHINS.

In a little town in Germany two brothers live—or do they still live?—quiet and secluded among the hills along the Rhine.

They are both old, though neither will admit anything but youth and perfect health. The younger brother is a wiry little man with longish black hair and little nervous wrinkles all over his face. His lips are drawn with much laughter, his movements hold reminiscences of former military flourishes. This is Franz. The older brother is larger but not portly. He wears his hair shaved on top, and to all the village he is “Vater”. Once, to Franz, he was “Joseph”, but now, for many years even to him, he has been “Vater”. His hands are well kept and white, his shoulders stooped with much study, his face benevolent, saddened with the sufferings of all the village, kindly and beaming with the light which is seen in the faces of those who look on but do not enter into life. To him, his church, centuries old, the little house, sheltered near by, the quiet sunny garden with plum trees along the wall, are more than many kingdoms. The peace in the village and love for him, are the fruits of a life-work.

Franz has his part. He cooks, and cares for the house—for the brothers live simply—and he too has the garden and the added pleasure of the gardener active. He has all the pets in the village at his beck and call and all the little ones in the parish school to drill, scold, and spoil in turn. And besides this, he has the love and veneration in which the village holds his brother to make his life perfect. Simply and quietly, with small pleasures, but with the care of men’s souls and children’s happiness in their hands, they live away the years under the shadow of the plum trees and the protection of the old, old church. They are never idle, but the rush of the newer world has not reached them.

In the early fifties, these brothers lived across the Rhine in the gay town of Mainz. There in winter the boys and girls sleighed and skated in merry parties, and in the long summer evenings they sat in groups on the doorsteps or strolled under the shadows of the lindens, or now and then met for a quick dance on the pavement. Franz and Joseph swaggered down the street always together and always to the same doorstep. Others came too, for Gretchen had many sisters and the fun was loud and merry. Then of a sudden the great stone house was closed,

a strange name appeared on the doorplate and Gretchen, with her sisters and father and mother, sailed far away from the friends they could no longer entertain, to a land where a man may work to earn bread for his family. And Joseph was called to the army.

In the long nights that followed hard days of drill and discipline he lay, and the memory of the great blue eyes of Gretchen, brave but dimmed with the sorrow of tearing away from all she had known, drove the sleep away from his eyes and the longing into his heart. Then in the morning, new duties awaited him, rules were strict, absences few and far between, and America miles and days away.

But Franz, back in the city, with his nervous, excitable disposition, his fun and laughter, his venturesome spirit, had no officer to keep him busy and too tired to think. The same blue eyes interrupted his slumber. He saw Gretchen as she last appeared on the deck of the little steamer going down the river, eyes strained on the dear old town and the spot where the better streets rose above the rest, and last of all, and with even more wistfulness it seemed, looking straight into his. So he went to his father and told him he was going to America. But the old burgher came of a time when parents ruled with the rod and he would hear none of it. Then when the boy could stand it no longer he ran away. No word had come from the emigrants, but America, though a land of gold, seemed a small place where one could easily find the whereabouts of friends by enquiring from the first passer-by.

At first all went well, he had a little money with him, but by the time he had reached the German seaport this was gone. In those days the passage was hard and working it harder. The boy was young and ignorant. Before he got to New York he owed much money and there was not much a boy could do. His race were pouring in on all the boats and the land of plenty seemed overcrowded with his kind. There was no one who knew of the family he sought.

The end of two years found him in Buffalo, older and wiser, the little money he had saved fast going in the first of a long and terrible fever. In his pocket he had a letter, an answer to his first one home, begging him to return, and sending the address of the emigrants but lately received. He wrote one letter to the mother, a friendly greeting and announcement of his

intention of seeing them soon. Then the fever had its way for two months.

At the end of that time he awoke to find Joseph at his bedside. It seemed only natural. As he stirred, Joseph looked around.

"Will you come home?" he asked.

"Home?" answered Franz.

"The father is dead," said Joseph, "the mother wants you back."

"First I must see Gretchen and try to bring her back with me."

Joseph turned away. "That would please the mother," he said simply.

Two or three weeks later, when Franz had become stronger and had even regained a bit of his old gayety in the happiness of his brother's presence, a letter was handed him one morning. The brothers read it together. It was a simple acknowledgment of the letter he had written to his friends with an account of their surroundings, and then—

"It gives me great pleasure to tell you—and we are all sure you will be glad to hear—that our daughter Gretchen is about to marry a very worthy man who has been most kind to us. We feel that she will be very happy."

The brothers did not speak. Time passed, but still they sat with the letter between them. Then, with a white face, Joseph got up, patted his brother awkwardly on the back, and left the room.

Weeks later they started for home. Neither had suggested going on to Chicago. When they reached Mainz, Joseph had fully decided on a course that had first occurred to him after his brother's disappearance. He got remission of his service and entered his novitiate for the priesthood. Franz entered the army service which, though deferred, was still demanded of him by the government. After seven years, when he had finished this, and Joseph had started his fathering of the little village among the hills, he went to him for a long visit and rest, for he had never fully recovered from the fever and the hardships of his two years in America. The visit lengthened. He had no ties. The affection between the brothers bade him stay, so they lived on in the old village, content with each other and their life together.



They were old men when I saw them ten years ago—I, Gretchen's grandchild. In the garden, among the plum trees, the old priest held up my face to the light and gazed long into my frightened eyes. Then he passed on to his duties in the village. But kind, jolly old Franz caught me tight up to his breast with a little shaking laugh when we said good-bye.

HAZEL GOES.

The electric lights, hideous in vivid red and blue, danced in and out through the gaudy Christmas decorations, blinding her tired eyes. Half suffocated in

**The Virtue of Error** the throng of shoppers, Mrs. Brinton madly clutched her parcels and pushed her way blindly to an open space between two counters. She had landed as it were upon a tiny island by which a surging tide of people struggled. The faces of the men wore an expression of utter hopelessness; those of the women, grim determination. If it had not been for the happy children one would have watched in vain for the joyous spirit of Christmas.

Mrs. Brinton looked in despair from her shopping list to the crush of people. How could she fight her way to the book department? But fortifying herself with the thought that it would be the last ordeal, she pushed her way again into the crowd.

First she must buy a child's book for the son of a business acquaintance of her husband. But oh dear! she could not remember the boy's age—Tom must have forgotten to tell her, he was so careless! Everyone was buying children's books and she could only make desperate grabs at the counters over other people's shoulders. At last when she had seized upon a promising volume—a book of adventure—some one jostled it from her hand and another woman bought it.

"I'll just take the first one I draw," she sighed.

It was a highly colored copy of "The Night Before Christmas", and grasping this firmly she made her way to another counter.

"History? History?" she questioned herself. "History for Tom's cross old uncle! Oh, yes, Parkman's Histories. They will probably cost thirty dollars, and all for that old bear, who almost told us to our faces that he knew we only wanted a place in his will."

But there was a girl just in front of the Histories, she must get to her before that fussy old lady.

"Here, girl! I have been waiting so long—charge this book and a set of Parkman, and here are my cards with addresses for the books. Be sure you don't mix them."

With these words Mrs. Brinton made her escape, while the weary, white-faced sales-girl hurriedly thrust the cards into the two presents and sent them up to be wrapped.

That night when a spirit of excitement, if not of joy, was abroad, there was silence in one house. Its master sat alone in the large study before the open fire, reading an evening paper. The room was dark save for a drop light on the arm of his chair and the fitful fire blaze. When he put the paper down the light revealed the face of a man of fifty, cold, almost hard, except for the sadly weary expression of the eyes.

He had been reading about the Christmas crowds which were so great that the floor of one department store threatened to give way.

"Christmas! Christmas!" he growled to the fire, "the fools go mad about it. Thank the Lord there are no women in my house, for it's all their fault. They spend the men's money for trash because society demands it. The joy of Christmas? They don't bring it to a soul!"

The door opened and a maid laid a package on the table and withdrew.

"Another present!" he said wearily. "At least I won't open it to-night. I'll get to work."

He reached to the table for a book, but as he did the package fell to the floor and the loosened wrappings revealed in all its gorgeousness a little flat book, entitled "The Night Before Christmas". Picking it up he gazed with astonishment upon the cover, which represented a snowy, moonlit landscape and a house whose drawn curtains and blackened windows told one that "not a creature was stirring". Where had he seen that house before? Ah, he had lived there many years ago, when he was a little boy. There would be a picture of the children's room, with empty stockings hung before the fireplace. Yes, there it was, and the children were still sleeping.

Warm little lights played across his face and the weary eyes smiled as he recalled each page.

Then, the book lying open on his knee, he sat looking into the fire, finding many other forgotten pictures in the glowing ashes of the past. With startling vividness a long array of childish Christmases passed before him, and from each the same face smiled tenderly out upon him, until at last he saw alone the loving, happy face of his mother, smiling to her little boy the merriest of Christmases.

LUCY WOOD.

Dalton sat by the fire and gazed steadily at the open letter which he had spread out on his knee. It was short and written in a firm business hand.

**Richard Dalton's Venture** "My dear Richard"—it ran—  
"Enclosed please find check for five dollars and a railroad ticket to Denver, Colorado. This is the last thing I shall do for you. You have steadily refused to carry out my wishes. I now refuse to provide further funds.  
"Affectionately, your father,

R. D. DALTON."

He read the words several times as if trying to realize what they meant, and picked up the ticket which had dropped on the floor. Slowly a smile came over his face.

"Well, I'm glad it isn't North Dakota or Arizona," he said philosophically, "they say Denver's awfully jolly."

As he spoke, he heard a heavy bang on the door, which was immediately followed by the entrance of Mr. Jeremy Benson, a huge loose-jointed fellow with a homely, cheerful face. Dalton turned toward him with an involuntary grin of pleasure.

"Hello, Jerry," he said, "do you happen to know of anyone who wants a furnished suite, including a piano, a complete set of text-books guaranteed to be as good as new?"

"Is it as bad as that?" drawled Jerry, "can't you hold out till the first of the month?"

"Why, the truth is," Dalton answered, "I'm going away—out west—and I want to get rid of all this stuff," with a comprehensive wave of his hand.

Jerry's good-natured face became serious, he could not understand his friend's motives, but thinking of financial reverses, he asked no questions.

"I'll dispose of it for you and send you the money, if you

want me to," was all he said, "or put it in the bank so you can get it when you want it. When do you go?"

"To-morrow," answered the other,—"I hate to leave it all—the fellows and the fun, when it's so near over, too. I've made a sort of a mess of it, though."

"You've made some mighty good friends, whatever else you've done." He held out his hand and Dalton shook it silently. "Good night," he said, and left the room.

Six weeks later, Richard Dalton sat in a stuffy little day coach on a western branch road, reading and watching the monotonous landscape by turns. Around him was a group of tired looking men and women in shabby or tawdry garments, according to the taste of the various wearers, the former yawning over books and papers, the latter talking and giggling with high bursts of laughter and coquettish by-play. The by-play was clearly for the benefit of Mr. Richard Dalton who, as one girl whispered to another, was "a perfect gent and a simply grand villain."

"Ain't he?" murmured her friend, "and so mysterious! As I sez to Lily the very first night he joined the troupe, 'he's been crossed in love or lost his fortune.' He ain't no common actor."

"He's awful close-mouthed," said the first one, with a pout, "he never told me one word about himself, and me playing opposite him three weeks. He's that nice and polite to everybody, but no one ever gets no further with him."

Fragments of the preceding conversation drifted over to Dalton and he smiled slightly. The whole incongruity of his position came over him, but somehow the contrast between his life of a few weeks ago and his life now did not seem particularly dismal. His money had given out by the time he had reached Denver and he had joined the "Daisy Devereux Stock Company" on the spur of the moment and because it was easier than hunting for a job in some office. He had always been good in college dramatics and he felt the keenest joy in the villains' parts which he was called upon to play. He liked to come on the stage with a dark lantern and hiss, "Prepare to die, your hour is come!" He liked to invent new varieties of death agonies, and he liked to watch the people around him. To-day, however, he had other things to think of. The company was to play part of the week in a small running town called Buz-



zard's City and it was but three days before Christmas. The two facts put together brought back a scene which he could not drive from his mind—the remembrance of a house-party during the Christmas vacation of his freshman year which he had spent near this very place. The man who had been his roommate then had brought several of his friends to a rude cabin back in the mountains, and there his roommate's sister had brought some of hers, and for a whole week they had had such a good time that Richard felt that it could never again be equaled. He had forgotten a good deal about the other girls, but his roommate's sister—well, she was different. Not that she was any prettier or any cleverer, but she understood people, as he explained it to himself, and although he had not seen her since and they had never written to each other, she had always had a little corner of his memory.

"I wonder if she's there now," he mused. "They used to go there every winter for the hunting. Won't it be great—" but his face changed, and for the first time in his life it took on a bitter expression. "Yes, won't it be great—the heavy villain of a ten-twenty-thirty stock company and Sue Davidson! I'm afraid it won't make much difference whether she's there or not."

Yet he watched for her anxiously when he came to Buzzard's City, and on the morning of the day before Christmas he saw her driving down the main street in a graceful little cutter, nodding her head in its gay red toboggan cap and smiling whenever she saw anyone she knew. What if she should come to the matinee? Everyone for miles around always came to the few shows which were given during the long winter. He shuddered at the thought, and was still shuddering when he went on the stage in the afternoon. A glance around the house reassured him, nothing but rough miners and the few women who lived in the town were to be seen, and he said his lines with fair composure until he heard a slight rustle on the opposite side from where he happened to be standing. He turned and felt suddenly cold. Miss Sue Davidson, her mother and three or four girls were entering the box. She looked quickly over the stage, and then he knew that she had seen and remembered. It seemed as if he could not bear the shocked, startled expression on her face; of course she would think it was all worse than it really was, and-- "Go on with your lines. I've said your cue five times," whispered a voice in his ear. He

kept looking helplessly at the girl in the box, and then as she smiled, a friendly, encouraging smile, he remembered his speech and put so much feeling and passion into it that the whole house hissed and groaned.

"I thought you were going right off the handle when those swells came into the box," giggled the girl who had prompted him, after the curtain had descended on the first act. "Here's Jim bringing a note, too. I'll bet it's for you. My, ain't you made a hit!"

It proved to be for him and he opened and read it eagerly.

"We are staying up at the cabin," it said. "Can't you come up to-morrow evening for tea? The rest of the girls are going snowshoeing, unfortunately, but I have promised to stay at home with mother this once, and shall be glad to see you and talk over that wonderful house-party. Cordially, Sue Davidson."

He felt grateful, more grateful than he could ever remember feeling before, and sent back an acceptance with such a happy expression that even the leading lady, who had been watching the scene, heaved a sigh of envy. She had never made him look like that.

The next afternoon he sat in the large living room of the cabin and waited for Sue to come down. The rough walls of logs were hung with skins, there were Navajo blankets on the floors, an immense fire was burning in the great cobblestone fireplace, and all around were bowls of Indian pottery filled with holly. It seemed good to be in such a place again, he had lived so long in an atmosphere of plush and chromos, but he forgot even these delights when Sue came into the room. For a while they talked as if they had met under the same circumstances as before, then she turned and looked straight at him.

"Tell me about it," she said. "How did it happen?"

"You're awfully good," he answered. "You're the first person I've wanted to talk to about it. At least I've never been dishonorable—except to myself, perhaps. You know what kind of a freshman I was. Well, I was the same kind of a sophomore and junior and senior—that is, as long as I was a senior. I just hated to study, at least when I could be having a good time, and there always was some way to have a good time at college, so I never did much. I didn't flunk, you know, but I just escaped it every time by the skin of my teeth, and father, well, it nearly broke him. He only went to college half a year,

enlisted in the war, you know, and he's never gotten over it. He just couldn't stand it to see me fooling around and wasting my time. I guess I understand how he felt more than I used to. And then I spent too much money. Father gave me a liberal enough allowance, but somehow I was always going into debt way up to my ears, and every time he paid my bills he said he never would again, until finally he just sent me a ticket to Denver and a check for five dollars, and said he would never do another thing for me. When I got there I happened to hear they wanted another man in this troupe and I applied. They gave me the job because I had a fitted overcoat, mainly, and I've been barn-storming ever since. That's all, I guess."

The girl said nothing for several minutes.

"Why don't you go back?" she asked finally.

"Go back? Where?" he returned with a puzzled look.

"To college," she answered. "I know it looks hard," she went on before he could speak, "but you could do it. There's less than six months left. Don't hundreds of men work their way clear through?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid I'm not that kind. If I had been—" he shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course you are, but you've never had anything to bring it out. Perhaps if your father had refused to pay your bills freshman year you would still be there now. Couldn't you write up games for the papers? You know all about such things, and you surely could get an inexpensive room. Oh, I know you could do it!"

For a long time they talked, planning ways and means, he every moment catching more of her spirit.

"I'll go," he said finally, "and try and stick it out. If I do, it will be because you have made me."

"Oh," she cried, "this is the grandest Christmas surprise I have had! Do you remember the little Harvard seal you gave me the other time and how pleased I was? But this is oh, so much nicer!"

"Will you write to me sometimes?" he asked. "It will help a lot."

"Yes, I will," she answered, "I know you will succeed."

When Dalton returned to Cambridge a couple of weeks later he found that he had an uphill struggle, but he also found that there were compensations. The money which Benson had re-

ceived for his furniture was still in the bank, and with this to start on he soon got settled in a very small and secluded room. The seclusion was good for making up the work which he had lost and he discovered that his friends, when they grasped the fact that he was back to stay, found him about as easily there as when he had occupied a suite in one of the largest dormitories. He was touched by the way in which they all tried to help him out. One Boston man, whose father needed a private secretary for a few hours a day, saw to it that Dalton got the position, and he, himself, saw to it that he kept it. He found little trouble in getting reporting to do, for he was well versed in all kinds of athletics and could write a clear and accurate description. In one way and another he managed to make a living and to do some work which was so much better than any he had ever done before that even the professors, hardened as they were to the ways of the students, were mildly surprised.

It was late one afternoon towards the end of May, and he was working in the room when he heard a knock on the door.

"Come in," he called without looking around.

"Thank you," he heard in a familiar voice.

"Father!" he exclaimed,—“well, I am glad to see you! How did you get here?”

"Oh, I happened to meet your friend Benson in Boston and he told me where you were, so I just came around," explained the elder Mr. Dalton. He felt that it was unnecessary to reveal the fact that he had come up from Philadelphia for the express purpose of trying to get some news of his son. "What are you doing there?"

"Oh, some French," he answered in a sheepish tone. He felt like the hero of a Sunday-school book.

They talked on indifferent matters for a short time and at last Mr. Dalton inquired whether Richard could come and dine with him—unless he were too busy.

"You bet I can!" exclaimed Richard, and dived to the closet for his evening clothes.

By the time the dinner was over he had told his father about all there was to tell, at least he had told him a great deal about Sue Davidson and allowed him to infer most of the rest.

"Well, Dickey," said his father at the end of the story, "I'm proud of you, and"—becoming very severe and business-like—



"I wish you to invite Miss Sue Davidson to class day at my expense, sir—at my expense. And Richard, I've always believed in partners, and if you ever need one I advise you to take the person who started you out on your present venture."

"Father," said Richard, solemnly, "your ideas are very illuminating. I shall try to follow your advice."

MARION CODDING CARR.

## EDITORIAL

Another year gone, and the Christmas season comes once more, bringing with it memories, hopes, aspirations. In the city, windows are flaunting wares which we sigh to possess, or pitying their tinsel tawdriness, smilingly indulge. It is hard to imagine a lip curled in scorn before a Christmas window, however shabby it might be. There is something in the air, of tolerance and good will. In the cities everything is noise and hurry and clatter; bells clang and horns blow, each adding to the excitement and general gayety.

It isn't all gayety, you say? No, perhaps not. We know that a man passed just now with grey, set lips and haggard eyes. We know the ragged, wistful-eyed boy who hungrily studies the frosted wonders of the corner bakery. We know about the slum children who huddle together warming their thin little bodies. But do you know that a woman's sympathy made the haggard eyes grow gentle? Do you know about the old gentleman who sent the boy away happy with a bulky brown package ecstatically held against his shabby coat? Did you notice the bright-faced girl who gave a merry greeting to the blind and hunchback peddler on the corner? We saw her drop a shining silver piece half-guiltily in his withered hand, and we saw that her dress was old and worn. We wonder if you know about the little lady of the house who gave her next best dolly to the cook's little girl, and I could name a dozen more.

It's right and proper that we should pity the poor, but we must not forget the thousands of men and women who give their time and money making Christmas happier. It is the charitable work of many organizations whose exact nature we know nothing of,—the Masons, the Knights Templar, and the like. It is not always easy to be optimistic, but it seems that the sad and sober side, continually emphasized, has helped us to forget or belittle the good, men and women are doing. We are all *bad*, but we are not *all* bad, and we need not be represented as such. Neither should we, because others carry on good work, consider ourselves relieved of responsibility.

We are accustomed in the North to think of Christmas with snow and snowballs and jingle of sleigh-bells and all the rest, but in the South it is different and yet the same. There's not a bank of snow in sight and all the trees are green. To be sure the air is keen enough to nip one's hands and send one to spread grateful fingers before a blazing fire. But there are no snowballs, no dashing headers on a double runner. These are only the externals of Christmas, you say, where is its true meaning?

You are right. Where is it? We see the holiday spirit of the season but who is thinking of the meaning underlying all this? half-forgotten, certainly not wholly remembered.

Why is there Christmas? We observe the day and are glad almost without knowing why—often without remembering why. Yet whether with honest reverence we hold the anniversary or regarding it as a time of rejoicing, keep the letter, only, it is still the year day of a life of self-sacrifice, and if in our more mundane fashion, we make it stand for pleasure-giving and the caring for others, we have not fallen into altogether ignoble ways. But this is a compromise, and as such, at least, it should be one in good earnest, admitting no half-hearted giving, no critical receiving—no deceptions of ourself or of others. We talk a great deal about gifts and the spirit in which they are made. It is easy to cite instances where personal advantage is the strongest motive, but it is equally possible to give the same number many times over where genuine feeling and affection lie uppermost. We cry down as much as any the inconsequent optimism which disregards facts, but we believe that the facts are better and brighter than criticism tends to make us believe. There is more of the Christmas spirit than we think,—more of the Christ-spirit. It cannot make the poor, rich or transform society into a modern Utopia, but it can and does, by cheerful words and ready sympathy, bring into many lives a happiness that was not there before.

The part that we can contribute toward this lies largely in three resolutions: To be honest in the gifts we make; to give generously toward the pleasure of others; to remember and reverence the real meaning of Christmas, not forgetting that the Christmas spirit is the Christ-spirit.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

At the Academy of Music, November 4, Dustin Farnum, as the Virginian, in the play of the same name.

A good physique and deep voice made Mr. Farnum particularly fitted for the rôle of the Virginian. Throughout the play his droll humor and spontaneous laugh delighted the audience, nor did it prevent them from appreciating his more serious acting into which the tragic element entered.

A heroine more like the Vermont school teacher of Owen Wister's novel would have been a better support to Mr. Farnum's excellent presentation. Especially interesting as minor characters were the cowboy friends of the Virginian, whose devotion to their leader and whose naïve heartiness of manner won them the sympathetic attention of the audience.

J. C. B.

At the Academy of Music, November 16, Mary Howe. The selections showed the extraordinary register of Mrs. Howe's voice, which, unlike many of the modern singers, is refreshingly free from tremulo. Her technique is remarkable. Her voice is at its best in the high notes, the lower lacking richness and emotional quality. The Nightingale Cadenza and Eckert's Echo Song were the most pleasing numbers.

L. M. R.

Wolfville at the Academy of Music, November 17.

It is inevitable that a certain glamour of unreality should be cast over any attempt at a reproduction of the stirring life in a western mining town. In consequence of such an attempt, throughout the entire play "the melodramatic blue fire" blazed right merrily, and it was only the more polished acting, the more expensive scenic representations and the bigger hole in our



pocketbooks that prevented us from believing ourselves present at a show of the "ten, twenty, thirty" variety.

In appearance and interpretation, Mr. Goodwin, as Cherokee Hall, the alleged hero, succeeded in outstripping British Bill for the villain's laurels. By far the best bit of acting was that of Miss Grey as Fair Nell; the intensity and vigor of her presentation offering a contrast most incongruous to the Sunday School story type of heroine given us in the doubly unfortunate portrayal of Sue Wilkins. The supporting company on the whole was good. Especially worthy of mention were Benson, Annie, the vivacious "wash lady", and the mayor—strong in that sense of responsibility which comes to the newly elected.

#### THE SHORELESS SEA

My bark sped forth from the harbor bar,  
Bathed in the beams of the Morning Star;  
Calms and storms my soul descried  
On the River of Life, ere my ship should ride  
The Shoreless Sea  
Of Eternity.

The Sun smiled bright with her roseate beams;  
The breeze blew soft from the Realm of Dreams;  
I lost all thought of the storms and strife  
Awaiting me, ere the River of Life  
Should lose itself in the tideless wave  
Of the Sea with never a shore to lave—  
The Shoreless Sea  
Of Eternity.

The Storm-blast rose in his midnight shroud  
And veiled the Sun with an ebon cloud;  
The Dream-wind fled from his smiting breath;  
The River of Life and the River of Death  
Mingled their torrents  
And onward roared  
To the limitless ocean,  
And all unshored—  
The Shoreless Sea  
Of Eternity.

*Syracuse University Herald.*

## THISTLE-DOWN

Lightly dancing Thistle-down  
Fly away, O, fly away ;  
Red leaves form the maple's crown,  
And the meadow lands are gay.  
All the world is bravely clad,  
All the golden fields are glad—  
While the wayward breezes play,  
Lightly, lightly Thistle-down  
Fly away.

Sadly drifting Thistle-down  
Fly away, O, fly away ;  
See, the red, red leaves are brown,  
And the golden-rod is grey.  
All the world is sad and old,  
And the dead leaves rustle cold,  
Everything must die, they say,—  
Sadly, sadly Thistle-down  
Fly away !

*Yale Literary Magazine.*

## THE SUNSET CLOUD

A little cloud, at sunset hour,  
Came wandering through the sky,  
And, kindled by the glowing west,  
In flames it floated by.

The sun sank lower, and the cloud  
Hung in its pathway bright,  
Trembling with gold and crimson fire,  
A coal of living light.

But when the last faint blush had paled,  
Before the winds on high  
The ashes of the little cloud  
Were blown across the sky.

*Mt. Holyoke.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### ON STREETER HILL

So fair a vision of wide hills invites  
Mine eyes, that prison-bound beneath their sway  
Of changeful beauty, I do dream away  
The glory of sweet Summer's days and nights.  
From that high hour when purple morn affrights  
The sleeping mountain mists, in white array  
Wreathing the sheltered slopes, and proud young day  
Climbs conquering their utmost farthest heights,  
Until the time that noon flings forth glad gold  
Of sunlight,—while the slow and slanting rays  
Of bluest shadows gather dim and deep,—  
As at a shrine in some cathedral old,  
My heart is awed in wonder of God's ways,  
And all my thoughts worshipful silence keep.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB '02

All our proverbs to the contrary, the fact remains that we are skeptical of first impressions. To gain credence our opinions must be based upon numerous impressions involving lapse of time and changing points of view. To a person newly arrived in a strange place much, which during the first day's acquaintance appears

#### After a Half-Year in a New York Public School

peculiar and distracting, at the end of a week has become familiar, and after a month, inevitable. This is especially true if one has come into a place to live. The fact that he is to "locate" there leads him to accept as equally permanent the customs and institutions that he finds. Surely, the way to make friends is not to remark upon the strangeness of their manners. The way to make one's foothold secure is not to ferret out the peculiarities of a place and hold up to view one's first impressions of its incongruities and absurdities.

In educational matters, opinions likely to win respect are based upon long and varied experience. Pedagogical heresies are permissible upon the lips of a man who has already achieved success in educational theory and practice, or who instead of actual experience can point to sufficient documentary evidence in the form of diplomas, testimonials, letters following his name, and what not, to convince a skeptical public that what he has to say is

worth the hearing. But for persons of average attainment, with less than ten years of experience, silent, respectful attention is the best evidence of capacity. It is fitting, no doubt, that those charged with grave concerns should be guarded in their speech, but there is always the danger that they may be too much upon their guard, too slow to speak, and so remain silent. Many of us are no sooner grown than we find to our astonishment we are grown old. Yesterday they told us we were too young to speak; to-morrow they may be saying we are too old to be heard.

But, suppositions aside, the apprentice's view, as such, ought to be entitled to respect. Every person new to a piece of work, detached from it, before he has come to identify it with himself and himself with it, with neither prejudices nor predispositions for or against it, ought to be able to contribute observations suggestive at least of his point of view.

To an instructor newly come into a New York school, nothing is more noticeable than the settled air of the teachers whom he finds. Elsewhere they evince a roving disposition. Old teachers, if they are not too old, are leaving positions to accept more congenial and remunerative work in other places; new teachers are coming in to fill the vacant posts. On the other hand, the public school teachers of Greater New York have an indescribable air of having arrived at their Promised Land, and of meaning to stay, Providence permitting: their providence being no less than a combination of principal, district superintendent, supervisor, and board of education. Uninitiated observers, judging from the number of teachers employed in New York and the number of changes among teachers in their own towns, labor under the delusion that it is the easiest thing in the world to get an appointment to a New York school. As matter of fact, there are probably fewer vacancies proportionately on the teaching staff of New York than on that of any other city in the United States. This for two reasons: first, teachers in New York are paid higher salaries than anywhere else for the same grade of work; second, the rate of increase in their salaries and the matter of their reappointment is fixed by law. These two provisions of the Davis bill are mainly instrumental in diminishing causes of change which might operate in their absence. With the exception of one cause, which is always at work everywhere and which no law can check or govern, there are, in the main, but two reasons which lead a teacher in New York to leave his position—either a flattering offer from some college or university, or, in the case of women, marriage. In neighboring towns, on the other hand, one scarcely could enumerate the various motives always leading superintendents, school committees and teachers to "make a change."

The continual shifting of teachers who have not remained in any one school long enough to make their influence felt explains largely the inefficiency of modern education. Last spring the superintendent of schools in a New Jersey town when arranging with the high school teacher of English to return a *second* year, remarked that already she had been there longer than any other teacher in that department since his day, and he had been superintendent of schools in that town for six years. The senior class of a high school in the state of Connecticut, might have entered a record in their class history to this effect: Four different teachers of English, as many more of



Latin, and no less than three of mathematics. And these instances are fair samples of educational conditions in many towns in New England, the Middle States, and the West.

From this evil it is the good fortune of New York to have freed itself. Appointments are not made indiscriminately, but in the order of one's standing, which has been determined partly by written and oral tests, partly by definite information concerning one's past work. An appointment once made, transfers from one school to another in the city are discouraged, so great is the emphasis laid upon steady, concentrated work in one and the same place. The result is that every grade has come to have a distinct power due to the fact that all the weight of one personality is brought to bear upon the problems of one post, year in and year out. Such concentration of effort and energy offsets very largely the disadvantages of numbers in the city schools. In a school of two thousand pupils in New York a single teacher can make himself felt to better purpose after three or four years than in a smaller school elsewhere.

But while this fixed tenure of office contributes largely to the efficiency of the teaching force of New York, it is not without its dangers. One obvious danger which attends a fixed position is that of stagnation. To be sure the Board of Education do their part to induce their teachers to advance. Every year at great pains and expense, courses of lectures are arranged for teachers. Specialists keenly alive to the immediate problems of education and life, not uncommonly teachers in the city schools themselves, are selected to present such courses of lectures. Considerable pressure, moreover, is brought to bear upon the teachers to take advantage of these opportunities. In view of these facts, it seems a poor return to find teachers in the fall of the year looking over the list of courses in order to pick out the one which will take least time and work.

In some cases, no doubt, the lack of response is to be explained by physical limitations. To a new-comer, before the routine work of a city school has become familiar, with its blue slips, yellow slips, orange slips, long slips and short slips, attendance lists and ledger sheets, there are moments when the system seems an elaborate and endless contrivance to use up energy and to bring an end to progress along professional lines. Indeed it requires a fund of strength to meet successfully the merely mechanical demands of a city school, and at the same time hold in reserve spontaneity and inspiration for the more congenial task of teaching. In a great educational plant where so much importance attaches to accurate data of information, where sometimes it seems as if the chief end of the teacher were to make the record of number of boys present, plus number of girls present, tally with the aggregate attendance for the month, there is always the danger that one may lose the sense of proportion and be overpowered by the mere letter of the law. Professionally, no less than spiritually, assurance of salvation is a dangerous thing; and we are only too likely to confuse the matter of meat and drink with the attainment of the larger life.

There is another danger not so obvious, but one which develops no less surely from the system of fixed tenure of office. When annual reappointment rests in the hands of two or three individuals, the three-year probation period

before one's permanent appointment is secured, often results in a stiffening of the normal relation between principal and teacher. To one coming from a small school where the principal and superintendent have dropped in upon the classes fifteen or twenty times a month, the very frequency of the visits doing away with a tendency to attach undue importance to them, the dread with which New York teachers await the annual or possibly semi-annual visit from their principal and district superintendent seems almost degrading to the profession. The situation becomes no less deplorable when one learns that these annual visits rarely exceed five minutes in duration. It could scarcely be expected that the easy, unconstrained relations, possible in small communities, should exist between the principal and each of his teachers in a faculty of fifty or one hundred. Nor is it surprising if, under the pressure of other duties and knowing a hundred less direct means of gaining a correct estimate of a teacher's work, the mere visit becomes largely a matter of form to superior officers. The pity is that under the circumstances the visit should still remain formidable to the teachers, depriving them of the advantages of free interchange of ideas and impairing not only their professional dignity, but their usefulness as well.

Another cause at work to diminish the staying power of the teaching force of the city, is the attitude of many New York school children toward school. In a small town where conditions of living are simple, the most exciting event from one week's end to another being an occasional lecture or "show", or once a year a circus, it is easy to believe in the influence of the school in shaping the child's character. But with manifold other complex conditions always playing upon city-bred children, giving them, when mere boys and girls a kind of assurance and poise, sharpening their wits, and bearing them early out upon the tide of commercialism that sweeps over the great city, this influence is likely to fall largely into the background of their experience and to enter into the formative process, if at all, through sub-consciousness. Except for the children on the East Side, to whom the school room stands for all they know of light and order, cleanliness and beauty, the children in the public schools of New York and many parents as well, regard the school not with indifference perhaps, but as a mere incident in the child's experience. Every day notes come in from the homes asking that children may be dismissed early to go shopping, or to the matinee, or upon an excursion. One common excuse for absence for an entire day is a block upon the car line. Any number of mishaps are to blame for unprepared lessons. In a high school of moderate size in a residential section of the city, two officers are kept busy all the time hunting up cases of prolonged truancy. A sixteen-year-old boy expressed fairly the position of many boys and girls upon the school question, when he said by way of explaining an unlawful three weeks' holiday taken just before mid-term examinations: "It ain't that school ain't all right. It's this way, when a fine day comes, a fellar can't stand bein' cooped up in one room when he might be 'round town seein' what's doin'." Indeed the school has before it no easy task in attempting to hold its own in the face of all the other things "doing" in the big city. Its corrective influence in more vital particulars is open to question so long as high school children of the third and fourth term continue to express a negation by the

double negative, and to disregard all the conventions of the language in their conjugation of common verbs like "to see".

But there are for New York children points of correct usage even more important than conjugation of verbs, or conventional forms of assertion and denial. A teacher coming from a school where the town has not provided text-books cannot fail to be impressed by the disregard of the school children for city property. Valuable books are thrown about, daubed with ink, cut, and torn. A pad of foolscap paper will disappear in a week's time, when with proper use it might have lasted three weeks or a month. Among a class of twenty a box containing two thousand pens will be emptied of its contents in less than a fortnight. At times it seems that all the children are possessed by the desire to exhaust the unfailing supply of the book-room. To be sure an effort has been made to impose upon pupils certain conditions of restraint in the matter of text-books, by requiring every child to enter upon his book-card the date when a book is received, its number, and condition. But so long as no check is placed upon the unlimited distribution of note-books, pads, pen-holders, pen-points, blotters, rulers, compasses, and the like, the effect upon the children is morally the same as though the distribution of text-books were left at loose ends.

It is only fair to admit, of course, that in many cases a lack of responsibility for public property affects in no way one's sense of personal rights. The man who tramples down grass and defaces trees and bushes in Central Park may be the last person in the world to touch so much as a twig in his neighbor's back-yard. It may never occur to the boy who delights to smash electric light bulbs in the school-room, to break his mother's glass dishes. And many girls who are quick to tamper with class records and attendance lists would never dream of stealing a glance at their father's account-books. It is fair to admit also that wasting another man's substance may be one way, though expensive, of teaching us how to save our own. But after allowance is made for all these possibilities the question still remains whether municipal ownership of school supplies can be maintained without weakening the child's sense of personal responsibility.

In a community as large as a New York public school where so much that is used every day is public and common property, where everyone may help himself to his neighbor's pen, paper, and even his text-books without fear of penalty, it is not a matter of much surprise if the children extend their right, and help themselves to their neighbor's private and personal goods as well. In the same desk the pencil which the city does not provide lies alongside the pen which the city does provide. The same initials are printed upon both. What is more, a habit has long since been acquired of taking property which, to whomsoever it now belongs, is certainly not one's own. It would be an exceptional child who in a moment of need, prompted both by reason and practice to consider his neighbor's goods his own, should stop to reflect upon his right to the pencil as well.

The quiet air with which this state of affairs is accepted as inevitable and irremediable is perhaps the most alarming symptom of an unsound moral condition in many New York schools. Great emphasis is laid upon points of good order. Severe penalties attach properly to any disregard of school regu-



lations. But though gloves, hats, rubbers, umbrellas, and the like, are stolen from desks and wardrobes every day in the school year, in almost no school is a commensurate effort made to find out and punish the offenders. In a city high school where the grade of pupils is above the average, a class of twenty girls freely admit that they could not leave so much as a nickel in their desks during a three-minute intermission and expect to find it upon their return. Many difficulties of course are in the way of following up such petty thieving. Things move by clock-work. Everyone's time is fully occupied in other directions. The buildings are large and afford many avenues of escape to one familiar with the entrances and exits, especially if they are acquainted with the habits of the school. A teacher's entire duty in the matter seems to be fulfilled if he keep everything possible under lock and key and warns his pupils at least once a fortnight not to bring to school articles of value. How miserably these precautions fail to strike at the seat of the disorder. Public school children of the city bear witness to this when they agree that speaking to one's seat-mate during recitation or walking down the corridor four abreast, constitute for the pedagogue the great school transgressions; and anyone who is careful not to err in these particulars may continue to steal with impunity. When the moral perspective of children is theoretically so perverted, it is highly to their credit that in practice they succeed so often in selecting from a mass of unrelated material the essential points of right conduct.

EDITH W. PUTNEY '99.

The sacred buried city of the Buddhists, Anuradhapura, in the north central province of Ceylon, deserves to rank with the Seven Wonders, even in this age of the wonderful. If one has seen it he

**Anuradhpura, The Dead  
City of a Living Faith**

needs no words of Pierre Loti and can find no words of his own to express the power and fascination of this dead yet strangely living city.

Imagine the pyramids as altars, or Pompeii with a soul, and you have this city, built three centuries before the birth of Christ, ruined hundreds of years ago, and yet still a living center for the religious life of the Island of Jewels! The sacred city of Anuradhpura, as it first existed, was built by King Tissa, one of the most venerated of the Singhalese kings. By him it was set apart for the worship of Buddha and within its twenty square miles were to be found the dwellings of thousands of priests, temples and shrines for the glory of Gotama, and the dagobas or piles of stone and masonry built about some treasure or some relic of Buddha himself.

Modern Anuradhpura is a collection of huts, an evil-smelling market and a few English bungalows: and all this huddled under the shadow of the great ruined dagobas seems a desecration even to the non-Buddhist mind. The sacred city has long been claimed by the jungle. The great palaces are no more than rows of wonderfully carved pillars. The dagobas have been transformed into mounds overgrown with trees, which look strangely out of place as they rise abruptly from the flat country. Into this city, hidden and mysterious, comes the enterprising tourist, secure in his stout puttees, and particularly anxious to know whether it is possible to penetrate into the



dagobas, and whether there is treasure still under those stone hills. Yet neither jungle nor Jew has been able to rob the city of its power over the Buddhist mind. In spite of the fact that the trip to the city must be made by mail-coach from Matale—a long day's ride—and that Matale itself is another day's journey by rail from Colombo, each year brings thousands of pilgrims from Burmah, Siam, and Ceylon itself to worship at the altars that stand at the four points of the dagobas. Yellow-gowned, shaven priests still bow themselves at these ruined altars with their fragments of wonderful carving, and devotees still bring their offerings of sweet-smelling flowers to lay on shrines half-hidden in the jungle.

If you are a sight-seer and have come up from the coast with a Singhalese boy to instruct you in the wiles of the natives, he will surely be conspicuous for his absence on most occasions. But your heart is bound to relent when you see his gay silk sarong flitting through rows of pillars and you realize that he is taking the much-coveted chance of laying out his white and yellow flower offering, of lighting his little oil lamp and prostrating himself at the Thuparama dagoba,—the oldest existing monument on the continent of Asia. Even a sight-worn tourist feels the charm of the dead city as he wanders through the half-cleared jungle at twilight. Then a single pillar becomes a temple. One can almost see the great brazen palace of the priests with its roof of copper, or even wander through the assembly hall with its golden columns. In the center stands an ivory throne, flanked by a golden sun and a silver moon, and canopied by the white chatta of dominion; and a procession of yellow-robed priests passes by, headed by gorgeously decked elephants bearing the sacred tooth of Buddha.

So you may wander and dream until suddenly out of the darkness looms a great black form, seated by the road, on the edge of the jungle. You wake to realize that it is the huge stone Buddha, silently guarding the road to his buried city. Then, if you are a woman, the only English-speaking one within a hundred miles, you will wish that Jose the "boy", who is old enough to be your grandfather, were not attending to his soul and leaving you to get back to the Rest House alone.

HELEN WALBRIDGE '02.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'97. Elizabeth T. Mills,	.	.	.	.	Nov. 3-6
'93. Edith M. Richardson,	.	.	.	.	" 4
'03. Rebecca Dickinson Carr,	.	.	.	.	" 4
'03. Anna C. Holden,	.	.	.	.	" 4
'03. Marie Weeden Langford,	.	.	.	.	" 4
'04. Myrtis Benedict,	.	.	.	.	" 4
'05. Margaret M. Lothrop,	.	.	.	.	" 4
'99. L. Madge Palmer,	.	.	.	.	" 4-5
'01. Julia Post Mitchell,	.	.	.	.	" 4-5
'96. Grace R. Lillibridge,	.	.	.	.	" 10
'98. Florence Lillie,	.	.	.	.	" 10

'05.	Helen Clarissa Gross,	.	.	.	.	Nov.	14
'05.	Grace Acheson Smucker,	.	.	.	.	"	14
'86.	Annie Russell Marble,	.	.	.	.	"	15
'03.	Laura Post,	.	.	.	.	"	20
'05.	Elizabeth O'Malley,	.	.	.	.	"	22-26
'05.	Edith Chapin,	.	.	.	.	"	22-27
'05.	Emma P. Hirth,	.	.	.	.	"	24-26
'03.	Alice Benson Clark,	.	.	.	.	"	25-27
'03.	Isabel Caldwell Wight,	.	.	.	.	"	25-27
'05.	Emily Sophia Emerson,	.	.	.	.	"	26-28
'04.	Martha Grace Lane,	.	.	.	.	"	28-29
'04.	Elizabeth Biddlecome,	.	.	.	.	"	29
'04.	Edith Vom Baur,	.	.	.	.	"	29

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Mary C. Chapin, 12 Arnold Avenue.

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be sent to Jessie C. Barclay, 12 Arnold Avenue.

- '88. Isabel Eaton is now secretary of the Ethical Culture Society, New York. The current number of the Atlantic Monthly contains an account of her work.
- '92. Eleanor E. Cutler has announced her engagement to Mr. Leonard Mayhew Daggett of New Haven, Connecticut.
- '94. Sarah E. Bawden is now assistant in English in the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn, New York.
- '96. Amelia Dominique Smith has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Almon Ruggles, who is a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School, and is now practicing law in San Francisco.
- Ex-'98.* Nora Elizabeth Barnhart was married in Grand Rapids, Michigan, June 8, to Emile Jerome Fermier, M. E., of Purdue University. Address, 222 North Street, West La Fayette, Indiana.
- '99. Bertha A. Hastings is teaching Latin and German in Piedmont College, Demorest, Georgia.
- '01. Ethel de Long has resigned her position in the High School, Springfield, Massachusetts, and is teaching English in the Manual Training High School, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Elizabeth Lora McGrew has announced her engagement to Everett Kimball, Associate Professor of History at Smith College.

Emeline Palmer is engaged in settlement work for the winter. Address, Christodora House, 147 Avenue B, New York City.

- '03. Lois M. Shattuck has announced her engagement to Mr. Harry T. Allen of Norwood, Massachusetts.
- '04. Myrtis Benedict is teaching shorthand and typewriting in the High Schools of Abington and Wayland, Massachusetts.

- '04. Flora Juliet Bowley has just completed a very successful engagement as leading woman at the Imperial Theatre in Providence, playing opposite Mr. William Courtleigh.

Katherine McKelvey was married to Mr. Charles F. Owsley, September 7.

- '05. Helen A. Boynton, who is teaching violin at Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, recently made a very favorable impression by her playing at her first appearance before a Wolfville audience.

Joan Duane Brumley is spending the winter at 165 Roseville Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

Elsie Laughney is working this winter in the Boston Children's Aid Society in Boston. Address, The Elizabeth Peabody House, 87 Poplar Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

## BIRTHS

- '95. Mrs. Clive Day (Elizabeth D. Lewis), Whitney Avenue, New Haven, a daughter, Margaret, born October 5.
- '00. Mrs. Albert Leisenving Watson (Mabel E. Wheeler), a son, Albert Leisenving, Jr., born September 12.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

### BEFORE DRAMATICS

"Help! help! Thou wilt not murder me?"  
In anguished cry the halls resound,  
I start with fear. Is some one hurt?  
Across the hall a groan profound!  
In deep impressive orotund  
I hear, "To be or not to be?"  
While, "Pansies, that's for thoughts", floats in  
With shrieks of maniacal glee.  
Next door to mine the ghost's shrill groan  
Is mingled with Ophelia's song;  
Laertes and Polonius  
The while in speeches murmur long.  
I really oughtn't be disturbed  
And creep with fright at what they say,—  
It's only that the trials are on  
And Hamlet is the Senior Play.  
FLORENCE DIXON '08.

### THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST

Oh, weary hours both day and night!  
Oh, oft reported shining light!  
Oh many, many volumes read  
With heavy, swimming, drowsy head.

Ah, outline, copied with such care!  
By fingers oft run through the hair,  
In hurried dread I did my worst  
To get thee in the very first!

And when there came thy début day,  
Told all my friends met on the way:  
"You reading English? Is that so?  
Not now, for mine's all in, you know!"

But joy was turned to bitter gall,  
My pride soon had a horrid fall—  
Thou wert held up with cutting scorn,  
Example sad of all that's wrong!

RUTH MARGARET WOODWARD '08.



On November 4 and 15 two productions of the Princess of Ming, a comic opera, were given for the benefit of the Allen Recreation Field. They were exceedingly clever and well-managed performances. The financial success was thoroughly deserved and the versatility of the two authors and managers, Miss Florence Harrison and Miss Katherine Gager, won universal admiration. The orchestra, led by Miss Gager, contributed largely to the success of the opera, and both audience and cast appreciated the well-ordered ushering.

**The Princess of Ming** The rôle of the King. Queen, the Grand Duke Valdimir, and especially that of the Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, deserve high commendation. The local satire throughout the opera was keenly enjoyed, for the audience had no feeling of insecure dignity. And as for the twentieth century girl—"we love her just the same."

Good taste was manifest alike in the details of the guard drill, the dance of the foreign suitors and in the excellent training of the mob. There was effective variety in the costumes and grouping, as well as in incidents of the plot. The charm and grace of the fairy queen appealed to an audience already captivated by the Princess of Ming and her quintet of friends.

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The curtain raiser, "The Case of Miss Stoner", written by Marguerite Page, 1901, was most creditably presented. One more evidence of the finished acting of which college amateurs are capable was seen in the part of Miss Stoner. Dr. Watson's gestures and facial expression made his rôle a complete success. Dr. Royloth's part was energetically played and his villain's laugh was capital. Holmes' rôle was a difficult one to satirize, especially when so faithful an attempt was made to parody Gillette, but the likeness was excellent and Gillette's mannerisms well caught. We only regret that the actors throughout the play did not always give the audience time to appreciate the hits and hurried over the delicious satire.

# CAST

King of Ming,	.....	Hortense Mayer
Crown Prince Adolphus Gustavus, Schleswig-Holstein,	....	Helen Fillebrown
Grand Duke Valdimir Runskévitch,	.....	Emma Loomis
Viscount Henri Quatre Vingt Treize,	.....	Ethel Baine
Count Francesco Maletesta de Rimini,	..	Leonora Bates
Jack Durant (Lover of the Princess),	.....	Bertha Christiansen
Chauncey White (Friend of Durant),	.....	May Kissock
Herald,	.....	Clara Meier
Count von Burlap (Count Chamberlain),	.....	Alice Faulkner
The Princess of Ming,	.....	Charlotte Gardner
The Queen of Ming,	.....	Harriett Berry
First Girl,	} Friends of Princess,	Julie Park
Second Girl,		Hazel Goes
Third Girl,		Hazel Gates
Fourth Girl,		Jessie Perkins
Fifth Girl,		Mary Wham
Queen of the Fairies,	.....	Emma Bowden
Court Ladies. Court Gentlemen. Guards. Fairies.		

## THE CASE OF MISS STONER

Sherlock Holmes,.....	Elsie Kearns
Dr. Watson.....	Florence Mann
Dr. Royloth... ..	Sophie Wilds
Miss Stoner,.....	Eleanor Dickson

At the open meeting of the Philosophical Society on Friday evening, Nov. 10, Professor Charles M. Bakewell delivered a lecture on "The Spirit of Socrates, or Philosophy and Anarchy."

**Lecture by Professor Bakewell** Professor Bakewell began by speaking of the departing century, the key to whose achievements in the arts, in politics and in religion was found in freedom. In the early Christian centuries we find the same lesson, for they set man free in the deepest and truest sense. In the fourth century B. C., the time of Socrates, there was the same effort to emancipate the individual, a problem which is still a pressing one in philosophy. The figure of the "quaint old Athenian sage, sublimely indifferent to all the non-essentials of life, madly in search of the truth," is rich in suggestion. Although we have always known of Socrates, from Xantippe to the sublime story of his last hours, yet we are baffled in our desire to understand him clearly. All the different sources of our knowledge—Plato, Xenophon, Antisthenes, Diogenes—labor under the same defect; we have "everything except a Socratic Socrates." These very varieties indicate the greatness and strength of this man who, by the force of his thinking, was able to shake his city to its very foundations. His parents, poor, humble, but free born, lived outside the city walls of Athens. Socrates was trained in music and gymnastics, but we can well believe that he reached beyond the limits of this education. His childish heroes were Aristides and Themistocles. Athens was then the center of the intellectual life of Greece. When Socrates appeared he found the evil consequences of the first wave of intellectualism. The prevailing anarchy was evident in politics. It was a time of "individualism gone mad." Just here lay the promise of the development of later Greek philosophy and of our own. It was held that the Sophists were responsible for this anarchy, "but we know now that they were noble men," especially Protagoras. This may be explained as the natural attitude of ignorance toward wisdom. The general attitude of prevailing negative scepticism was not brought about by the Sophists. It is prominent in their writings because they were the great men of that age, and in them the spirit of their time is most evident.

The story is told of a traveler returning from Persia who contrasted old world orderliness with the anarchy of Athens. The conflict between tradition and insight, convention and nature; the problem of a religion grounded in morality and not authority and freedom,—such was the situation to be faced by Socrates. Beliefs were sunk in the conviction of his race that every man measures truth for himself. There was chaos. The common attitude of the times was "man the measure of truth," meanwhile truth *per se* was vanishing into the distance. Socrates was the man to tear down the fragments of the old to prepare for a newer structure as a way from anarchy to positive belief. From one point of view he appears as a Sophist of the Soph-

ists. The ethical Sophists said: "Leave vain philosophy and turn to practical life," but Socrates says: "We cannot do this until we know the aim of practical life and what constitutes it." In effect, the lesson is this: we must turn to man and study man: we want to know that our end is reasonable. We are bound to face these questions that the Sophists brought up and to carry them out. Individualism must prevail, but under this must lie a common principle. "Truth is the same at all times, but the Smithate of truth is not the Brownate of truth." Under this is a common truth for all.

Aristotle says that Socrates introduced inductive reasoning and definition. Here Professor Bakewell read a typical passage from the *Meno* to illustrate the Socratic method. Socrates undertook the Herculean task of cleansing Athens of ignorance. He said that men made no progress because they rested in "vague and sliding terms." They hated to give up their sliding terms and Socrates made enemies. He was finally brought to trial because he was voted the most dangerous member of the community. It was said he denied the gods, corrupted youth, put the individual above the state. So Socrates was condemned. Plato makes for him a noble defense in the *Crito*, the *Phaedo*, the *Apology* and the *Euthyphro*. Plato "never frees Socrates from the charge of being an utter and thorough-going individualist," but he brings out the deep piety behind Socrates' individualism. He was accused of impiety because he could not accept the stories about the gods and asked such questions as: "Is the good good because God wills it, or does He will it because it is good?"

In the *Crito*, Socrates says that the law has condemned him and he must suffer for it,—in other words, the reformer must be a martyr. The man who represents individualism as Socrates does, "must believe in a higher order of eternal truth in which the soul finds its true being." This is the ground of change. Socrates finds continual evidence of the existence of a universal standard to serve as a common bond of unity. There is struggle but there is also united effort to realize a common ideal which, in the words of Tennyson, finds its reward in "the wages of going on, and not to die." For the wages of virtue consist in "going on upward and inward, ceaselessly, slowly but surely to a larger and universal self, the true judge in each of us, to which we ever make appeal."

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON '06.

On November 22, the Wallace House presented Jerome K. Jerome's *Miss Hobbs*. The selection was a happy one but for the necessity of elaborate scenery. This tendency is to be condemned

**The Wallace House Play** as something which we cannot accomplish and so should not attempt. The third act made demands which neither our stage nor our finances warrant. The stage setting should be a minor consideration for, after all, a play stands or falls by the acting alone.

Helen Read in the title rôle was satisfactory, but lacked sufficient reserve force to make her climaxes effective, especially at the end of the second act. She was graceful, used her voice well, and her appearance was altogether charming. There was a hesitancy in taking up her cues—and this fault



extended to most of the cast—that marred her otherwise finished acting. Those of the audience who had seen Annie Russell as Miss Hobbs were agreeably surprised by Miss Read.

Ruth O'Donnel was the most satisfactory person in the play. Her Woolf Kingsearl was a thoroughly consistent performance. It is really inexcusable that so excellent a part should have been marred by a bad make-up. How the moustache ever got beyond the dress rehearsal is incomprehensible. The part itself, however, will rank among the best of those who have played the lover during the last two or three years.

Clara Ford as George Jessop was delightful. She looked well, acted well, and had the subtle power of establishing a relationship not only with her audience, but also with the rest of the cast. She was well matched with Miss Daykin, who played the part of the ingénue most daintily.

Miss Susan Abbey, from the top of her pompadour to the tips of her toes, was a delightfully comfortable maiden aunt. Agnes Gray as Captain Sands was noticable for excellent control of a naturally fine voice.

The other parts were not so fortunately assigned. Miss Squire as Beula Kingsearl, though well costumed and unassuming, never lifted the part above the commonplace, while Miss Mead as Percival Kingsearl appeared ill at ease.

The committee is to be congratulated on the costuming, the stage grouping and the general color scheme. It was unfortunate that the first lines of most of the actors were lost, partly because of the talking in the audience. Is it not possible to have the ushering more evenly divided between the side and center aisles, and to adopt the ordinary theatre rule of not seating people during the performance? Aside from the noise in the audience, there is a criticism which applies here as well as to other Smith College plays, the actors do not seem to realize the vital necessity of making their first words distinct and their first entrances impressive. It was this failure on the part of some of the actors to force the attention of their audience from the first that accounted for their not gaining a readier sympathy for the otherwise excellent play of Miss Hobbs. Cast:

Woolf Kingsearl,.....	Ruth O'Donnel
Percival Kingsearl,.....	Abby Mead
George Jessop,.....	Clara Ford
Captain Sands,.....	Agnes Gray
Charles,.....	Evelyn Smythe
Beula, Percival's wife,.....	Anna Louise Squire
Miss Susan Abbey,.....	Carrie Hilliard
Millicent Farey,.....	Martha Daykin
Maid,.....	Jeannette Krafft
Miss Hobbs,.....	Helen Read

Mrs. Lawrence Thurston, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Federation, Students' Building, November 26, 1905.

A large audience assembled to hear Mrs.

Lecture by Mrs. Thurston Thurston, whose attractive personality and quiet manner held her hearers from the first.

Her talk on woman's opportunity in the Orient gained weight from her own



missionary experience in Turkey and China. The address was opened with several readings from the New Testament, all showing that the call of Christ is a call to sacrifice. Yet to-day the hardships of service on the foreign field are largely overestimated, from the fact that being a missionary is by no means what it was fifty years ago. The discomforts of pioneer missionaries are practically unknown at the present time. Comfortable quarters, not unlike American homes, are shared by the workers on the field, and the worst hardship of voluntary service is absence from home and friends, and more selfishly, the dangers of the Oriental climate.

Offsetting the sacrifices involved in foreign missionary work, we must not forget how great are the compensations found in the very path of sacrifice. It is inspiring to give one's life, either in educational or medical or evangelical work, in helping those who have never known the light of Christianity. The richest compensation of all is the knowledge that in such service one is living in obedience to Christ's last and most earnest command, "Go ye and teach all nations". To quote Mrs. Thurston: "Work done for the kingdom of God is the work that *counts* when the eternal estimate is put upon life."

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB '06.

On Monday afternoon, November twenty-seventh, Mr. William Poel gave a delightfully informal lecture on the Shakspeare Play-house. As founder of the Elizabethan Stage Society and a life-long

**Lecture by William Poel** student of Shakspeare, he is in a position to handle the subject with authority. He is one of the few who believe that "the playwright's plays should be produced on the stage upon which they were meant to be played". Throughout, Mr. Poel's plea was for simplicity and realism. The Elizabethan stage may not have been ideal, he acknowledges, but at the time of its development the best minds of the age were devoted to it—a condition which has never existed since.

The English drama began with the religious play for which the stage apparatus was very simple. One of the year 1666 was given with an opening to represent the mouth of hell and a crude little structure for the castle in which Righteousness lived. When a part demanded any personal risk of the performer, an expert tumbler was called in. Shakspeare's first play-house was the Globe, a small circular building with a balcony around the outside where one "could get quiet standing room for thr'pence." All the early play-houses were circular, in imitation of the bear-baiting rings which existed from the twelfth century to 1838. The original Globe play-house was burned in 1613 and replaced by another of the same name but octagonal in shape. In these early play-houses the actors were near the center, either on the floor or on an elevated platform with the audience all about them. This "makes all the difference in the world" with the writer of plays. The simple arrangement—especially that of the Tabard Inn—two columns, a platform above and a curtain between, makes continuous action possible. For instance, in Twelfth Night, the actors go around one column to get to the Duke's house, around the other to get to Olivia's. The curtains opened show Viola wooing Olivia for the Duke: closed, show Viola in the street overtaken by Malvolio. "Perfectly simple but can't be done on the modern stage." There we are always having pictures.

Beside losing the simplicity of the Shaksperian stage, we moderns are inaccurate. When "the grandsire of the stage" introduced a nobleman he would have an English nobleman of his own time not a Roman or a Greek of some other period. The minor characters, too, must be accurate. The cut-purse, for instance, should be keen-eyed, agile-limbed, dressed exactly, even to the blue-soled shoes of the historic cut-purse saved to us in old prints and stained glass windows. Modern stage-fights are badly managed. A fight with long swords should be a contest with swords four feet long, requiring both hands. This done, the direction, "Down with your tuck", becomes intelligible. Of course no one could safely wear a scabbard while going through such difficult movements. Shakspeare would have a cloak and dagger fight mean something. The cloak rolled up over the arm makes a respectable shield, while the dagger is used in active defense. How is it now? Generally the cloak is gracefully tossed inside out to make an effective bit of coloring in the stage picture.

Mr. Poel pleads for the exact following of the directions in the folio of 1709. That reads: "Enter Ophelia playing on the lute with hair down singing." The modern Ophelia enters beautifully gowned, carrying some rare flower which she calls rosemary. At Ophelia's funeral the directions are: "Enter king, queen, Laertes and other lords with a priest after the coffin." "What do you see on the modern stage? A whole Catholic funeral possession. Get back to nature and realism, the realism which makes the audience believe the servant when he says, 'My lord, the carriage waits.'"

For eighteen years the theatres were closed, owing to Puritan opposition, and when reopened all traditions were lost. "The stage was as unlike Shakespeare's as the Greek was unlike the modern." Much of this is attributed to Charles' wife and her French ideas. Be that as it may, "it was a revolution which changed the art of play-writing". The audience must now be in front of the stage, the players in a frame back of the curtain with an elaborate scenic background. The two small doors through which the actors formerly entered reappeared in the scenery as useless decorations. From now on "everything is sacrificed to the beauty of the picture" and "stars" play the parts of "those children, Romeo and Juliet".

BERNICE WALKER DEARBORN '06.

On Wednesday afternoon, December 6, Mrs. John Potts Brown lectured on "Ancient Music." The modern world finds the beauty of music in harmony and rhythm. The ancient world,

Lecture by Mrs. John Potts Brown with a different standard, found it in pitch and interval, but they emphasized its spiritual nature as we do to-day. Music developed at an earlier time, and to a greater perfection in Egypt than in any other country of the ancient world. We know that all early scales were minor, and the little double flute of Egypt, with its minor scale of seven tones, is the first known musical instrument. By 1500 B. C. we get, perhaps, the highest development of ancient music, in the golden age of Egypt. It was intimately connected with all sides of Egyptian life. In the palace the orchestras were large, led by several conductors, with a great number of instruments; large and elabo-

rately jewelled harps with from two to twenty strings, flutes and lyres, and timbrels or tambourines played by women—the sound blended with the voices of the singing girls. In war they sounded the drum and short trumpet. The temples were filled with their peculiar music. Great numbers of the sacred sistrum, which made a jingling noise, were used, while great bands of singers and players chanted each day to the rising and setting sun. By the time of the Persian conquest the glory of Rameses had decayed and the music of Egypt was lost.

Through the voluptuous music of Assyria and the East, of which nothing very significant is known, we pass to Greece. On a lower plane of development, their music was purely melodic and wholly minor, with neither harmony of voices nor of instruments. Of their instruments the Pipes of Pan are the earliest. The other instruments are similar to the Egyptian—the lyre like the Egyptian lute, but with no finger-board, and hence sounding only as many tones as it has strings. In contrast to this simplicity of practice is their elaborate system of music-relations worked out in theory first by Pythagoras, who probably followed to some extent the system of the priests of Egypt. To each of the five scales the Greeks ascribed peculiar ethical influence, for instance the moralists considered the Lydian too sensuous. It is interesting to notice that the Dorian scale is based on the first interval discovered by man, that of a fourth, and this Dorian scale is the basis of the modern diatonic scale. In the Golden Age of Greece, too, music reached its height—in the theatre of Pericles, where drama and music combined with the chorus of voices, dancing and gestures into a stupendous artistic creation. We have here the acknowledged prototype of the Wagnerian opera, and crowds flocked to hear Antigone then, as they do for Lohengrin to-day.

The lecture was accompanied by a great number of stereopticon views, and Mrs. Brown played a few pieces of ancient music on the piano.

HELEN DEAN '07.

Mrs. Raymond Brown, of New York, gave a delightful series of lecture-recitals on the Niebelungen Ring of Richard Wagner. On four successive

Wednesday afternoons from November 1 to

**Lectures and Recitals by** November 22 she lectured in turn on "Das

**Mrs. Raymond Brown** Rheingold", "Die Walküre", "Siegfried" and

"Die Götterdämmerung", telling the story

of the operas and playing and interpreting the main themes. The appreciation of the college students was shown by the full attendance at each of the recitals.

## ***CALENDAR***

- December 12, Pianoforte Recital by Harold Bauer.  
“ 13, Open Meeting of Deutscher Verein.  
“ 16, Christmas Concert by the Musical Clubs.  
“ 20, Beginning of Christmas Vacation.  
January 4, Opening of the Winter Term.  
“ 17, Chapin House Dance.



The  
Smith College  
Monthly

January - 1906.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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We offer with apologies the following erratum. In the January issue, the story entitled "The Delay of a Dream", and signed Mary Royce Ormsbee, should have been signed Ethel Belle Kenyon.





THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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THOREAU ON TAXATION

Thoreau was eccentric, I admit, but he was not erratic. He had definite, deep-rooted principles by which he shaped his life and to which he was always true. "If he slighted and defied the opinions of others, it was only that he was more intent to reconcile his practices with his own belief."

The keynote of his personality is truth. He seems to have risen above the petty interests and formalities of humanity to a purer region of freedom where man can "live life freely with the leisure to think and ripen and enjoy." But up in this rarified atmosphere Thoreau found few or no kindred spirits. Mankind did not understand him, and so he turned to nature. "The open sky, the solitudes of the windy hill top, the sweep of the storm, the spacious changes of dark and dawn, these spoke to him more clearly than to others." He has said, "The only obligation I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right." Stevenson sees a "rude nobility in Thoreau's unshaken confidence in himself and indifference to the wants, thoughts, or sufferings of others." He had a personality which inspired respect and confidence in everyone. He had the strength to form principles and then to live up to them. Emerson says: "His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in

a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world ; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

Thoreau's practical appearance on the stage of affairs was strangely characteristic of the nobility and eccentricity of the man. He disapproved heartily of slaveholding, and as the government of Massachusetts upheld this system in 1847, he refused to pay his poll tax. In the refusal to pay this paltry sum, appears the outline of his political philosophy. He would not uphold, in the smallest way, a principle which met with his disapproval. He was put into prison and remained there quiet and contemptuous, for one night. The next morning a friend paid the tax, and Thoreau was free. He never again voted nor went to a town meeting—the friend continued to pay the tax. Now had he or had he not a right thus alone to secede from the government, for the sake of upholding a principle, the settling of the right or wrong of which was—although no one guessed it at the time—to involve this whole country in civil war ?

It seems to me that a country must have some—or if that is impossible—one man with firm active principles, who will die for them if need be. Such a man may leaven the whole community. There exist hundreds to-day who do not approve of the government, yet they sit with folded hands and wait for the tangle to unravel itself. There were hundreds then who were in theory opposed to slavery, but who did nothing for its abolition. Many men seem to get into a rut and follow blindly the demands of the law, whether they approve or not. Is there not a possibility that an individual may be right and a government wrong ? If not, why do governments ever change ? Why are not we at the present moment subjects of Edward VII ? Why ? Because a few great men are born once in a while—men who have the courage and the energy, for often it is only a matter of energy—to speak out and act what they think. When some one man takes a definite, and perhaps even exaggerated stand, a quickening sense of the misdeeds of a country are given to the mass. Thus when we see a neighbor prefer to lie in prison than be so much as possibly implicated in the perpetuation of a country's evil deeds, are not even the dullest of us somewhat aroused ? Has not the world profited from the acts of St. Francis of Assisi, of Martin Luther, of Savonarola ? And did not each one of these, having the scorn and the satire

of his associates, merely live up to principles which were so strong within his heart that they cried out for recognition and would not be disregarded?

The responsibilities of living up to one's principles are great, and we all know it. There is hardly one of us who has not at some time set before himself an ideal of what he should like to be, and I think there is not one of us who has not felt a twinge of conscience, when he finds himself cheerfully following the path that leads from his ideal. The fact that we feel guilty when we realize what we are doing, is enough to prove that we know the ideal we have chosen is the great and the good thing. We know in our secret hearts that we believe in it. We feel sure that it is right. Then why do we not stand up for it,—why do we not force ourselves to go toward it? Knowing that our ideal is the true one, we may be sure that others will recognize it as the truth, too, if we only set the example. It seems to me that this is what Thoreau did. He felt convinced that slavery was a bad thing for the country. He was sure others felt the same way and had not the courage to say so. If he—one single man—took some definite action to show that his contempt for a slave-holding state was vital, would not the faint-hearted, right-seeing ones take courage and follow in his wake? And so he refused to pay his tax. It was, I think, the most patriotic thing he could do.

Men talk of the illegality of such an action. Paley says that the justice of every particular case of resistance is reduced to a computation of the quantity of the danger, and of the probability and expense of redressing it. Thoreau himself answers this argument—he says: “But he leaves out the cases where a people as well as an individual must do justice, cost what it may.” There are times when all dangers must be risked—that if there is one chance out of a thousand that a wrong can be redressed, that one chance must be worked for with all of one's heart, and soul, and strength.

“But”, say the conservatives, “there must be one common law which everyone is compelled to obey.” But, say I, when the law does not perform its offices—does not protect the poor and the oppressed, must the citizen resign his conscience to the legislature? If this were the case would not conditions forever go from bad to worse? It is the individual who must make the law, not the law the individual. Times change and with them

the needs of the government, and the sooner the two adjust themselves to each other the better for the general welfare. If the country recognizes the necessity for a readjustment and sets about it immediately, well and good ; but if the country either can not or will not see the necessity, then it is time for the man who does, to act.

Some may say an individual has no right to dictate to the government. In a country whose government is of the people, by the people and for the people, I think the individual *has* a right to do whatsoever he sincerely thinks is best for the prosperity of his country. Thoreau's opponents say that if a man is not willing to pay the taxes of his state, he should go elsewhere. But who of you would not despise a man who went to a country where there was no slavery because he disapproved of that evil in his own country ? Who of you would not cry out, "Hypocrites, come back, and at least offer your house and property as a refuge to the hundreds of fugitive slaves on whose heads the government has placed a price !" Then his adversaries may argue of the impracticability of such action. They ask what possible improvement one man, by refusing to pay his taxes, can make in the government. To be sure, the government will not change its constitution because one man disapproves of it and shows that he does ; but the example of one man who is willing to suffer for what he thinks right, will lead at least one other man to be willing to suffer for the same cause, and let us say, one hundred men to believe the cause a righteous one. When the second man has been put into prison for refusing to advance money to a state which uses it to buy slaves, and makes no complaint, several of the one hundred who only passively approved of the cause, will now, pretty surely, be willing to suffer for it, and a hundred more admirers will be made. And so, sooner or later, the country at large will recognize the evil and will send out its best men to redress it, and all because of the noble example of one man.

"Very well," I hear some say, "but just suppose that everyone should refuse to pay his taxes because some phase of the government did not suit him." A man who has, first, the insight required to force a great principle, and secondly, the faith in the sacredness of it, to enable him to courageously stand forth as its champion, knowing well that he will have the immediate support of few or none, is apt to be the kind of man



whose ideas are worth something, and in whom the country will find a help rather than a hindrance. Some may admit all this but still feel that the confusion resulting from such erratic action will cause more trouble than the evil did. If the thought ensuing in such erratic action is worth anything, it probably *will* cause a great commotion, but ultimately will this agitation be worse for the country than the wrong it is trying to remedy? At least in Thoreau's case, I think it was not. Our country had come to such a state that it needed a general stirring up. The losses of the civil war were terrible, but who is there to deny that eventually our country was bettered by it?

As final evidence of what I believe was Thoreau's right in refusing to pay his taxes, is first, the conclusion of Stevenson, who thinks Thoreau somewhat of a fanatic, that if his example had been followed by one hundred or by thirty more, the era of freedom and justice would have come sooner; and secondly, Thoreau's own words showing his opinions on the illegality and the impracticability of action such as his. Then finally I quote a few of his reasons for refusing to pay taxes. I give the following quotations for what they are worth. They are the words of a deep-thinking, true-hearted and sincere man. First, on the illegality of such action:—

I. "Are laws to be enforced simply because they are made, and declared by any number of men to be good, if they are not good? Is there any necessity for a man's being a tool to perform a deed of which his better nature disapproves?"

II. "When one-tenth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves, it is time for honest men to rebel and revolutionize."

III. "If the injustice is such that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, break the law."

IV. "It was his (John Brown's) doctrine that a man has a perfect right to interfere by force with the slaveholder in order to rescue the slave. I agree with him."

V. "I would remind my countrymen that they are to be men first and Americans at a late and convenient hour."

Second, on the impracticability of such action:—

I. "Only his vote can hasten the abolition of slavery who asserts his own freedom by it.

II. "Some are asking the State to dissolve the Union, why not dissolve it themselves, the union between themselves and the State, by refusing to pay its taxes?"

These are Thoreau's reasons for refusing to pay his taxes:—

I. "It is for no particular item in the tax bill that I refuse to pay it. I simply wish to refuse allegiance to the State, to withdraw and stand aloof from it effectually."

II. "I do not wish to quarrel with any man or nation . . . to split hairs or make fine distinctions, or set myself up as better than my neighbors. . . . I seek rather, I may say, an excuse for conforming to the laws of the land."

III. "The amount of it is, if the majority vote the Devil to be God, the majority will live and behave accordingly."

IV. "If I could convince myself that I have any right to be satisfied with men as they are, and to treat them accordingly, and not according, in some respects, to my requisitions and expectations of what they and I ought to be, then I should be satisfied with things, and say it is the will of God."

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CAROLINE BORDEN HINMAN.

#### A PROMISE

The dullness of the club was exaggerated almost beyond endurance. It was bad enough on ordinary days, but on Christmas eve, when the rest of the world seemed happiest and brightest, it was duller than usual. The men had tried to pass away the time that hung heavily on their hands; a few had gathered around the fireplace attempting to cheer each other by reminiscences of times gone by. Their stock of stories was about gone, yet no one made the move to leave. The great logs

n the fireplace burned away and fell into ashes. From the next room the click of the billiard balls could be heard, while an occasional laugh from some group of card-players or from the few men in the dining room, broke the stillness.

Harrison sat up to fill his pipe and Neil opened his eyes a little to watch him.

"Do you know," the latter said drowsily, "I can't help but think of Bad to-night." A murmur passed round the crowd. "Somehow when it's so ghastly cold, I can't help but worry about him, wonder where he is and what he's doing, wonder if he's got enough to eat and to wear."

Clayton sat upright. "By Jove!" he said, "it was five years ago to-night that he left us. Dear old Bad!"

"Is this Bad Wentworth?" Lindley asked.

"Yes, Bad Wentworth. You never knew him, did you? Fine chap, finest fellow that ever lived. We were in college together and then here in town. Bad, you see, had too much heart and not enough money."

"Where did he get his name?" Lindley inquired.

"Don't know," continued Neil, "just had it always, got it sometime when he was a kid, I suppose. You see we'd all been having a pretty gay time and Bad had been spending more than he had, though he didn't know it. One day he woke up to the real situation and tried to get something back. He had always been a pretty lucky gambler, so he staked his all—and lost. Of course everyone wanted to help him, but he wouldn't let them. He had always said that if he couldn't keep going he'd cut and run. It was Christmas and we were all together here." Neil stopped to take a few short puffs on his cigarette and continued: "He was in high spirits then, and seemed happy. 'Don't let's talk about trouble to-night,' he said. 'It's Christmas eve and we've lots to do.' He'd spent his last cent in decorating a tree for some poor children. Remember, Harry, how he got tangled up in that tinsel?"

"Yes," said another, "and he nearly broke his neck on the chandelier thing he was hanging." The men smiled at the recollection and seemed to be lost in the dreams of the past.

"After it was all over," Neil said, as if talking to himself, he called us together here, as usual, for a drink. As we sat here around the fire he told us about an old man who sometimes stood on the street corner out here. He said that he wasn't often there, but about Christmas time he was likely to come in

the evening and that we should look for him. 'He's not old,' he said, 'not in years, but he looks very old at times, and he doesn't want anything unless'—do you remember? 'He doesn't want anything,' he said, 'unless he stands with his hand across his eyes, then for God's sake, help him.' Do you remember, Harry, and you, Bob, and you, Carl, how he looked at us when he said that? It was some old pet of his whom he had helped, I suppose. He had many such. After that he got up and put on his coat, said he was going to his rooms but would take Christmas dinner with us at two. He opened the door, I remember, and started out, then he came back and said, 'I'm sorry I can't give you a more minute description of the man, but I never saw him. Until Christmas morning at two. Good-night.' We never saw him again nor heard of him, though we searched everywhere."

There was silence in the room. Most of the other men had gone. The great clock in the hall struck two.

"Did you ever see the man?" asked Lindley.

"No, never a sign of him, though I've looked many a time," Neil answered.

Harrison got up quickly from his chair. "Don't let's let it go now," he said. "I'll look again and then we'll part for tonight, it's Christmas morning and two o'clock." He stepped to the window and pulled back the curtain. For a second he stood quietly, then an exclamation broke from his lips. The men rose from their chairs and hurried forward, but he motioned them back. "The man is there," he whispered, "and his hand's across his eyes."

Neil hurried out into the night, Harrison and Caldwell following. The others stood at the door. A minute later the three were assisting the man across the threshold. He could scarcely stand, and sank heavily into a chair before the flickering fire. Lindley brought some whiskey and the man drank a little and slowly opened his eyes.

"Thanks, men," he said softly, "thanks for looking for me. I'm so glad—" he faltered and then smiled up at them. "Christmas day at two, isn't it?" The men leaned forward and looked at him closely.

"Bad!" they cried. He smiled again at them, then his eyes closed sleepily, and falling ashes in the grate glowed for a moment before they died.

LAURA CASEY GEDDES.



## ON A PICTURE OF A MONK

Scarred and bowed with lashings and long vigils,  
Every feature of his face grown thin,  
Crouching aye in the great Cross's shadow,  
Dead his life with weight of other's sin.  
Move his lips in self-abasement praying—  
Lips that may not speak of love nor kin—  
Mea culpa ! mea culpa !

What of love his soul had known forgotten,  
What of joy—in dreaming on life's woe,  
Dizzy with the thought of endless ages  
Till his mind is dumb and may not show  
Aught of nature's charm or living's gladness,  
Ever breathing out in gloom his slow  
Mea culpa ! mea culpa !

Caught and swung within the wheel's rotation—  
Living but to pray and wake and fast,  
Pure in mind but knowing not its pureness,  
Waiting till the sins of life be passed,  
So to rise to life that no man knoweth—  
Waiting but for death—to pray his last  
Mea culpa ! mea culpa !

HELEN DEAN.

## A SECRET ALTAR

Gustavus Barnes and his brother Josephus had been the making of Putnam. Everyone said so, even the old families who had been reluctant to let manufacturing come into the town. They were obliged to admit that farming no longer paid. The young folks were drifting away to the cities and the population was fast degenerating into the merest handful of middle-aged or elderly people who still clung to the old homesteads in spite of poverty, and struggled to support the school and three churches.

“The Barnes boys” had left their father's farm at the ages of

sixteen and seventeen to seek their fortunes in a distant manufacturing town. Some half-dozen years later, after their father's death, they came back into their inheritance with ambitious plans for the rejuvenation of their native village. The straw factory was built and Gustavus especially took pains that it should prove an ornament to the town. It had a tower on one corner decorated with stucco festoons and a flag-pole in the middle of the grass-plot in front, which gave it a fine, public-spirited air.

The old families began to feel reconciled. The straw business was by no means so vulgar as plenty of other employments. It was infinitely preferable to shoe-factories or cotton-mills. It called to Putnam a crowd of eminently respectable young men and women who were eager to take hold of a new enterprise. It demanded intelligence and skilled labor from the modelling room to the trimming-hall. The employees were for the most part Americans. Indeed, the largest proportion came from the country regions of Maine. They were happy, healthy, plain young people, farmers' sons and daughters, who brought new life into the town. They mingled naturally and intimately with the villagers and found homes with Putnam families. The ministers and the Widow Bennett were the only ones who did not take lodgers at least through the busy season. The newcomers filled the churches and patronized the socials and entertainments, and the Putnam young people began to find less incitement to leave their native town for larger places. There was a new contentment born of ready employment and of a sociability which not infrequently developed into love-making and marriage.

It was after the business had been established for about four years that the annual fall immigration brought Rose Carlon to Putnam. Before the first month had passed Rose's skill had become the talk of the factory. She had come an entirely "green hand", yet she did her work with the ease and "finish" of an expert. She no doubt had a natural "faculty". Everything that she touched sprang to perfection. She advanced rapidly from the rank of label-baster to that of trimmer, and by the middle of the winter was made fore-woman in the millinery hall. A factory is an institution scarcely less social than industrial. It has its "social ladder" quite as much as the outside world. There is the same ambition to climb to the topmost

rung. There are similar failures and successes, similar extremes and jealousies and contentions. The majority, too, throng the middle places, pushing and crowding one another. This competition offered no difficulties to Rose. From the first, she was noticed enviously by the girls and admiringly by the men. Soon she began to attract the attention of her employers. Of course she was remarkably clever at her work, but the other girls believed that this was the least secret of her success. Rose was certainly very good-looking. In their hearts even her enemies admitted it. She wasn't just ordinarily "pretty". Something about her threw into the shade pink cheeks and fair hair and sunny blue eyes. The former beauties of the Putnam works found themselves utterly eclipsed by this tall, lithe creature with the mass of waving dark-reddish hair, bright on top of the head where the sun touched it, but shadowy on neck and temples; with the clear, colorless complexion; a profile moulded from ivory; with eyes of deep gray, sometimes innocent and light, sometimes ardent and black. She was a revelation to them. They had never seen anyone like her before, yet they knew from the first that she was beautiful.

"She's red-headed and pale as paper," declared Mina Trumbull, who up to Rose's appearance in Putnam had been the acknowledged belle of the works. "There ain't anything pretty about her. You wouldn't think you'd look at her twice. But there's something in the way she walks and the way she uses those hands of hers and the way she lifts those big, queer eyes and stares straight at a person that makes the menfolks perfectly dafty! Mr. Josephus Barnes, now!" Her voice sank to a whisper, for she had been talking to the girl next her in working hours and Mr. Josephus had charge of their hall.

"He ain't half so crazy about her as Mr. Gustavus," her companion whispered back.

"Don't you believe it!" Mina replied with a wise shake of her pretty, blonde head. "I saw him yesterday noon when *she* come down-stairs to get on her things. He watched her every step and all the way down the entry and when she come out in that long, green cape of hers he kept on looking as though he would eat her up with his eyes!"

"But," persisted the other, "Nora Phelps told me that Mr. Gustavus Barnes always stops to see her work every time he goes through the trimming room—and that's pretty often these

days—and that they stand and talk ever so long so low that Nora can't catch more'n a word now'n then, though she's dying to hear. I call that real bold in Rose when she ain't even an old hand yet!"

To a keen observer like Mina it grew more and more evident as the winter advanced that the Barnes brothers were struggling in deadly conflict. It had never been the custom to speak of the two in the same breath. It was always "Gustavus Barnes—and his brother", the latter added as an after thought, as it were. This betrayed how they stood in the general estimation, and indeed was fully justified by the facts of their lives. Gustavus, by reason of being the elder, if for no better cause, had taken the lead in the business as a matter of course, in all that concerned him or his brother. Now again, he assumed the superior right to make advances to Rose Carlon, and Josephus, in accordance with habit, remained silently in the background, where he looked on, not any too good-humoredly, and as always kept his own counsels.

When at last one snowy night Gustavus was seen actually driving Rose home from the factory in his cutter, the rumors which had been whispered about among the mill-hands took wings and became common talk.

Faustina Bennett, the widow, who had been too proud to take factory girls to board, although everybody knew that she needed the money as much as anyone else, advanced her opinion of such an impropriety within the aristocratic circle of the Ladies' Sewing Society of the First Parish Church. Faustina was one of that enviable class of individuals who are proverbially accepted as youthful. No one stopped to consider when she had come to Putnam or how long Lawyer Erasmus Bennett had been dead. One looked at Faustina's diminutive features, her pucker of a mouth, her mere suggestion of a nose, her little colorless eyes which she opened to a respectable size only with much wrinkling of her forehead; one looked at the two pink spots in her cheeks, the baby-like frill of white tulle inside her black widow's cap next her very fine, lifeless hair which was always arranged with a studied carelessness—one looked at all these indications and was satisfied that there was still hope for Faustina. She would indeed make a genuinely girlish bride. There were those who believed that the warmth with which she expressed herself to the Sewing Society on this particular occa-



sion went to prove that she was not entirely a disinterested party.

"It's really disgraceful, the way that girl has made up to Gustavus Barnes!" she said, snipping out pinafores for the poor farm children with vicious slashes of the scissors. "Of course, he has compromised himself. She's a cold-blooded schemer, you can take my word for it!"

Faustina's ambiguous allusion to a "compromise" on the part of Gustavus found its interpretation in the event of the following spring. The wedding was celebrated with a grandeur which was almost foreign to Putnam society. It took place in the First Parish church, and the bridal couple stood under an arch made of "false Solomon seal", and with a silver paper bell hanging in the center. Faustina Bennett, sitting in the front "wing" pew, observed with secret triumph that the bride's gown was only white henrietta and not silk,—that the arch tipped at an angle which put to shame the leaning tower of Pisa,—and especially that the Solomon seal was "false."

After his brother's wedding, Josephus Barnes disappeared from public view for some three weeks. When he came back it was with a look about his eyes and irresolute mouth which caused the gossips to shake their heads and hint darkly of wild doings. As if to drown his disappointment still deeper, his next move was to offer himself heart and hand to the widow Faustina Bennett.

If Josephus and Faustina had been defeated in their hopes and by the same event, it seemed most appropriate that they should unite to console each other. However life together looked to them, they resolved at least to keep up an equal appearance of married bliss with Gustavus and Rose. When Gustavus had plans made for the building of a fine colonial mansion which should satisfy the dearest desires of his wife's heart, Josephus declared that Faustina should not suffer by comparison. Accordingly, two stately, white-pillared houses were erected, facing each other, in the most desirable part of the town. They were exactly alike, even to the griffin's head on the knocker.

As Mrs. Gustavus Barnes, Rose was received into the exclusive circle of the ladies of the First Parish, given charge of the fancy table at the harvest fair and, greatest honor that Putnam society could confer, was invited to act as patroness at the chil-

dren's Saturday afternoon dancing-class. On these occasions she moved with the same dignity and grace which the shop-girls had envied when she crossed the trimming-room. The thin, white hands played their new part well,—the frank eyes won new admirers. When her husband accompanied her, she was always at her best. Those who noticed this attributed it to her pride and were grateful that she should make an effort for his sake. "It is very commendable in her," they said, "she must feel her former station in life so keenly. Some women would be too stupid or too obstinate to adapt themselves to new requirements."

The years passed, and the firm of Barnes and Barnes prospered. Mrs. Gustavus and Mrs. Josephus vied in silk dresses, sealskin coats, and carriages. What one had the other must have. Try as she might, however, Faustina could never acquire that illusive *something* which made her rival always appear better dressed than she. Lustrous taffetas and furs set off Rose's ivory skin and bronze-red hair to perfection. Faultlessly dressed, the natural grace of her figure was the more emphasized. Faustina, on the other hand, looked smaller and more insignificant than ever in elaborate attire. She was beginning to show wrinkles and the pink spots in her cheeks had faded to a wan yellow. Once, when they were standing by the window watching Rose get into her victoria at the white gate opposite, Faustina's husband had taunted her with the contrast between her and his brother's wife.

She had retorted with sudden spleen :

"I never could bear to see a cat playing kitten !" And then, turning upon him,—*"Why didn't you marry her yourself, Josephus Barnes ?"*

*"An example of brotherly self-sacrifice, no doubt, my dear."*

She shot a contemptuous glance at him.

*"You hadn't the spunk,"* she said. *"You've always been just so in everything. You sit back and let him get everything. It was so when you started out to do something for yourself. It was so when you started the business. It was so when she came along. It's been so ever since. Who is the big man in this place, the adored of Putnam, the head of the works ? Not Gustavus Barnes's brother ! But is there any reason why he shouldn't be ? Is there any reason why he shouldn't be getting more money out of the business every day of his life than his*

brother does,—any reason why he should mope in a corner and when he's ugly take it out of his wife?"

"But the self-sacrifice, my dear," he reminded her sneeringly. "Of course one suffers."

"Well," she snapped, taking up his sarcastic tone, "I should think that you'd be satisfied then! Gus is,—and I don't see as you've exactly offered up *her*!"

There was no doubt that Rose was happy. She enjoyed her wealth of beautiful things as a child enjoys new playthings. It was a most innocent pleasure in the things themselves, a pure love for color and sparkle and delicate form which she realized now was part of her nature. She did not care whether she had more or less than Faustina. That was Gustavus's interest. He was so indulgent with her always and she could repay him in another coin which she found it very sweet to give. It came over her more and more that she really loved her husband. She had thought in the beginning that she did, but it had never been like this. Gustavus was contented with her, she knew it. She had more than fulfilled his hopes. She was a capable wife, a faithful mother, a graceful, a beautiful woman. As time passed, he found more leisure to be with her. Business prospered. It could be turned over to Josephus on any day and Rose enjoyed little pleasure-trips. Gustavus was beginning to find out how much there was to live for.

Then there came a change. Contracts which he had made personally, failed. Josephus had no hand in these transactions. Gustavus kept the secret guiltily, preferring to bear the entire burden of the loss since the blame was wholly his, although, under ordinary circumstances, Josephus should have shared it. Instead of improving, matters grew steadily worse. At last he laid the facts before his brother, who seemed astonished and as much in the dark as he was himself. He offered to give Gustavus a loan to tide him over the hard place. But Gustavus refused his help, and set to work, doggedly to retrieve his former success. Things seemed open enough. Why should his bargains always come to nothing while his brother's were never known to fail? They had divided the duties of the business and until now he had never found any trouble in holding up his end of affairs. Always regarded as the better business man of the two, he seemed to have some way lost his credit. His order bore no weight. What could be the matter? It was

mortifying to confess the whole truth to Josephus. Everything was slipping through his fingers. How should he support his home and Rose?

It was one Monday night in March, in the "rush" season, that Gustavus came home from the factory. On account of extra orders they had been running the works in the evening. As he was passing the door of the sitting-room—a luxuriant place, bright with color and firelight—Rose looked up from the paper she was reading.

"Gus," she called softly. "Is that you? You're late to-night! Come and hear this queer story in 'The Messenger'. It's about the works. Some machinery, they say, is missing."

He came in, brushing the snow from his overcoat.

"Is it storming?" she asked.

"Only blowing hard. I'm all powdered from the drifts and the trees. What about the—machinery?"

"Why, the paper says that several of the most valuable pieces have disappeared from the shop and that no one knows where they could have gone."

"There's not the slightest clue?"

"Apparently not. But of course you know all about it! What have the men been saying down there?"

"There have been no explanations offered. No one knows what to think. How long does 'The Messenger' say that the machines have been missing?"

"It says, sometime between Saturday and this morning, because they were there when they stopped work Saturday noon, and this morning when the men went back they weren't to be found. Have they got the report right? You must know best."

"Oh—quite right."

"Gus, what could anyone have wanted them for? I think you'd better get a new watchman."

"Yes, yes," he rejoined rather absently. "Old Grant is always half asleep. But—I'm tired, Rose. I'm going to bed. I'll sleep in my den to-night, if you don't mind."

"Perhaps you'd rest better," she acquiesced. Then, as a sudden gale of wind swept around the house she added with a shiver, "It's a good night for a fire."

Gustavus turned sharply on the threshold to see her leaning down, both hands extended to the blaze on the hearth. Then his expression changed and he went up-stairs.



After he had gone, Rose sat quite still staring into the heart of the burning logs, she did not know how long. The gray eyes were intense and dark, each pupil lit with a tiny flame, the reflection of the fire-light. At last she went up-stairs. The house was very quiet. She stopped and listened at her husband's door, but there was no sound. He seldom slept so tranquilly. Then she smiled to herself and the frown between her eyes was smoothed away. She leaned against the casement of the door a minute. "After all, it may be only my imagination," she thought. "If anything really troubled him, he would tell me. I've been used to standing things. He knows I could bear it with him. He has been so occupied lately and I have missed him so!" Then she slipped away to her own room.

Rose had not been asleep long when she was roused by the clanging of bells. She sprang out of bed and to the window. Instinctively she looked to where by daylight a stucco-trimmed tower could be seen above the trees. What she saw now was an ominous glare of light.

"The works!" she gasped, and the next moment was hurrying into her clothes. The nurse would have sense enough to stay with the children. She must wake Gus and do whatever she could. His door was still closed, but she burst it open. The bed stood untouched. A sudden fear gripped her heart. She seized a shawl and hurried noiselessly down-stairs and out into the street. The whole village was out, men, women, children, all shouting and running in great confusion. A fire was a rare excitement in Putnam, and considering the inadequacy of the fire department, people had reason to be thankful. The last time, the panic-stricken population had been obliged to stand helplessly in the village square and watch the Town House burn with the hand fire-engine in the basement of it.

Rose pushed her way through the crowd with the single impulse to find Gustavus. The mill hands and boys had fastened the hose to the engine and were playing a thin stream of water on the building. The pond back of the mill had been pumped dry only a few days before. It was two-thirds ice anyway. The shouting and cheering and swearing was ludicrously out of proportion to the amount of work being done. Suddenly Rose saw her husband among the firemen. He had thrown himself into the attempt to save the mill with an almost frantic zeal. She had never seen him like this before! She

stood shivering without consciousness that it was cold, watching the walls fall. Her eyes never left her husband, and she stood there for an indefinite length of time. When she came to herself many of the crowd had dispersed. The water supply was exhausted, and the strong wind had done its work. The mill and all the out-buildings connected with it were in ruins. Thanks to the firemen's efforts, however, the flames had not spread to the stores or houses. Then she heard a hoarse voice in her ears.

"For God's sake, Rose, *you* here!"

"I'm going now," she murmured wearily, and started automatically to move away.

"Wait!" cried Gustavus Barnes. "Here, Slocum!" A dark figure which had been skulking in the shadow of a building came forward.

"Take Mrs. Barnes home. Do you hear? See to it that she isn't run over or knocked down in the crowd. I'll make it worth your while to be careful of her," he added in a lower tone, bending upon the man a scowl of mingled threat and promise.

When they were quite out of the crowd, Rose touched her guide on the arm.

"I want to ask," she began in a quiet, clear voice, "that whatever happens, you will always keep my husband's secret. Whatever you may hear of my saying or doing, you will be silent. Do you understand?" Then she added, echoing Gustavus' words, "I'll make it worth your while."

The fellow nodded, opening and shutting his mouth foolishly. "I promise," he said. "*He* knows I ain't a liar—least not to a *lady*!"

She winced under his grotesque effort at gallantry and turned her eyes away just in time to meet the gaze of another woman who was passing with a man. Framed in its rich furs, she recognized the face of Faustina Barnes. For a second she was supremely conscious of her careless dress, of the shawl, which in her hurry she had thrown about her head; she was ashamed of her questionable companion. She drew herself up to her full height, and there flashed between them a swift look—on the one hand full of rage and suspicion, on the other full of resolution and pride. Rose turned again to the man at her side.

"Remember," she repeated. "You have promised."

A couple of days later, officials and detectives came to investigate the mystery of the burning of the mill. They had a long interview with Mr. and Mrs. Josephus Barnes. At the close, they went to search the house across the street. In the garret they found several machines for weaving straw stowed away under the eaves. When they came down-stairs, Rose met them in the hall.

"Will you go into the library?" she asked with perfect composure. "I have something to say to you."

When they had complied with her request, she said:

"I wish it known that my husband is innocent."

"Your own guilt, madam, has been indisputably proved. Eye-witnesses saw you upon the scene of the crime, in company with a suspicious character whom we have every cause for believing has been your accomplice throughout the entire affair—a certain Slocum, we are told, from over on the 'Neck'. He is not altogether unknown to us. He will be arrested and fined. You—"

She raised her eyes.

"You will—no doubt in time—there may be some delay—" The man stopped, stammering.

"That does not matter," she said.

They got out of the house as quickly as possible.

"It's incredible!" declared one of them. "Yet, there's no telling to what extremes a woman will go when she thinks she's got to face poverty! The insurance would have made a very handsome sum. There's no disgrace in *their* eyes like having to go without pretty clothes."

Gustavus had left Putnam the day after the fire. What was more natural than that he should go without delay to investigate the matter of insurance and retrieve the losses of individuals who had had interests in the business! Rose feared that his absence might arouse suspicion, yet she realized that if her scheme was to succeed, she must have the field to herself. She would make the most of her time, draw all eyes to her own apparent guilt, and do her best to prevent any conference between her husband and the officials. All communications should be sent to her. It was a terrible risk, of course, but she would trust to fate, when Gustavus came back, to keep her secret.

Strangely enough, on his return her husband seemed quite

unconsciously to coöperate with her plan. He refused to read the papers or to ask questions. The village, while it talked incessantly behind his back, said nothing to him directly. The few who attempted to express sympathy, he thought were condoling with him for the loss of the mill. Rose was perfectly self-possessed and told her version of what had happened in his absence as she had fitted it for his ears. He was incredulous of his own escape and kept holding up to her the promise of the insurance, and she, knowing well the rôle that he was playing, found his efforts to seem hopeful and even gay most depressing. So they struggled along together, both content that they were shielding the other. It was out of the question to keep the big house, and they moved to a plain little house which had been built originally for mill-hands. This, Gustavus gave Rose to understand, was only a temporary arrangement. She listened to such assurances with smiling lips and an aching heart. Then she put those skilful fingers of hers to work to make the cottage as comfortable as possible.

Rose found plenty of time now to devote to her home. She was no longer called upon to assist on social occasions. She was not even recognized on the street, in the store, or post-office. Gustavus did not realize that she had been ostracized entirely from Putnam society. He believed that she gave up outside interests of her own free will out of respect for his poverty.

Meanwhile the law delayed. No summons came for Rose. Far from living in dread of this, she seldom thought of it. From the first, her own punishment had been a secondary consideration. It was entirely too vague and remote to seem alarming—like a bad dream that could never come true. She rejoiced in her physical strength and taxed it to the utmost. It was no use for her husband to remonstrate with her. She must make him and their children happy.

Josephus seemed to have suffered little by the loss of the mill. To everybody's surprise he had resources to fall back upon, and the villagers reasoned, by the contrast in their respective conditions after the failure, that Josephus had managed his affairs prudently and Gustavus had been extravagant. The brothers were changing places completely in the esteem of the community and even of the outside world. A New York firm undertook the rebuilding of the mill, and they gave the general oversight of the venture to Josephus Barnes.



Gustavus thought that eventually he might get his brother to give him a permanent position in the new factory. Meanwhile he would do whatever he could get to do. There was a straw-shop in the next town where he could get work by the day.

Coming home one sultry September night he found that Rose had been ironing all the afternoon. The crisp garments—children's cotton dresses and his shirts—were hanging around the small kitchen. The air was hot and close and heavy with the odor of starched clothes. As he came in, he saw Rose set down her iron suddenly and totter toward him. The next moment he had rushed forward just in time to save her from falling. The doctor came and said :

“Heart! Worn out from over-exertion and worry.”

One morning when Gustavus was sitting by his wife's bed as usual, half supporting her in his arms, one of the children came in with an envelope. Rose's eye caught the red lettering in the corner. With sudden strength she raised herself and reached for it, but Gustavus had already torn the missive open. One glance and he let her fall back against the pillow. She covered her face with both hands.

“My summons. Gus! They've come!” And then, not with fear but with longing, she stretched out both trembling hands to him.

“What—oh what will they do with me?”

“Do with *you*!” he cried, “with *you*! O my God!”

“I'd forgotten,” she whispered. “We had been so happy together. But now it is over—for both of us.”

“Not for both of us!” cried the man. “They shall hang me, shoot me! I will go give myself to them!”

He let himself fall at her side with a heavy groan. There was a silence broken only by their breathing. Then because she knew, womanlike, that even in her weakness she was stronger than he, she began to speak.

“You will not do it,” she said, her voice wonderfully under control. “It would be to no purpose. They would believe you did it to shield me because I am a woman. All my life you have been so good to me, Gus, let me do this much for you! Besides, the blame is really mine. You would never have done it except in the hope of keeping me from poverty. Oh, I understand it all so well—because I have loved you so!” She put

out her hands toward him. He took them and laid his face against them. "Our life together, the happiness and the sorrow, has taught me the dearest thing a woman ever knows. For my sake, let what I have done serve you."

He lifted his head and saw in her eyes the truth that he feared. His grip on her hands tightened as though he tried by his own strength to keep her.

"For my sake," she murmured, "and the children's. They need never know. Will you promise, dear?"

"I promise, Rose."

Then he saw that her face was radiant and peaceful—and that she slept.

MARION SAVAGE.

### A VILLANELLE

Oh come, drink deeply of delight  
Where the wayward river flows,  
While the sun is shining bright.

Where the beech in silken dight  
Whispers to the blushing rose,  
Oh come, drink deeply of delight.

Come! too soon it will be night.  
Come where the shimm'ring birch tree grows  
While the sun is shining bright.

Where the scattered rocks shine white  
And the fragrant zephyr blows,  
Come, drink deeply of delight.

Come to where the watersprite  
Dances in the foam's rainbow  
Where the sun is shining bright.

Come and try bright beauty's might  
To dispel all worldly woes.  
Come, drink deeply of delight  
While the sun is shining bright.

LUCY EVELYN ONGLEY.

## FOR THE WORK'S SAKE

It is always easier to settle other people's problems than one's own. So the neighbors all agreed that now his father was dead, young Ralph Hatch ought to put together what was left of his father's estate, and restore the family property. After the farm had been restored to order and things were on the road to prosperity, he would marry Agnes Field. It was a foregone conclusion.

If the neighbors had told Mrs. Field their plans, she would have thoroughly agreed. Ralph Hatch had been a frequent visitor at the house for over a year. That couldn't mean anything as long as his father kept wasting the remaining property inventing a machine that wouldn't work. But now this impediment had been providentially removed, there was no reason why things should not take their natural course.

Perhaps that might have been the case except for Agnes herself. During the long winter evenings when Mrs. Field discreetly removed herself from the sitting-room, Agnes listened to Ralph's ambitions, which were decidedly different from what the neighbors and Mrs. Field had planned. He had faith in his father's inventions. There had been little miscalculations here and there, but the ideas were still valuable, and if these could be rectified, the machine would be far superior to those now in use.

Agnes was always ready to listen. This was much more to her liking than dissertations on the beauty of woman in the home, for Agnes had an ambition herself. Not that her mother would ever allow her to go on the stage, and she must never leave her mother, but in the light of her own desires, she sympathized with Ralph. He, too, encouraged her, although her choice was not one that a man would approve for the girl he loved.

When his release came, and the neighbors mapped out his future, she advised him to sell the farm and go to some school of engineering, to fit himself to take up his father's plans. Mrs. Field bemoaned this feather-brained scheme, and the neighbors

condoled with her. Only Agnes defended him. There was nothing to call him back to the village. Returning meant extra expense, and Ralph had no intention of needlessly hazarding his future. After two years his work absorbed him more than ever, and he wrote at longer and longer intervals. One day his last letter to Agnes came back through the dead-letter office and a paper told him Mrs. Field had died suddenly of pneumonia. Miss Field had gone to live with relatives in Boston. The address was not given, and as he was very busy, Ralph made no attempt to find her.

The years went on, and he grew more thoroughly assured of the value of his father's plans. Alone and unknown in the great city, without financial backing, it was uphill work. By the seventh year, he began to see daylight ahead. A large foundry accepted his steel planer, the tide turned, and the next year Ralph found himself a man of means, with a promising future.

Outside of the business world he had made few friends. He was too busy to do his part, and people will not often come more than half-way. Under the pressure of struggle and anxiety, he had not noticed this lack, but as leisure became possible he felt a desire to share his new prosperity with his friends. Where were they, the old friends, all the Clarendon people? Probably still in Clarendon, on the same farms or in the same houses in the village. It would be good to see them again. Why not? What was to prevent him taking the train that evening? The train started at two-thirty, and it was only one now. He left the restaurant hurriedly and boarded the up-town car. He would run up to his rooms, pack his bag, and the next morning would find him in Vermont, among the good old friends. He would see Agnes and tell her all about the work, and she would approve. No she wouldn't, either, for she had gone away. He hadn't thought of that. The car stopped and a number of people entered. Unconsciously he arose to offer his seat, and a woman thanked him. It was Agnes Field's voice.

It was she, older and thinner, but smiling with her eyes as well as her lips. "Ralph, you here! Of all people!"

"And you, too, of all people! It's funny, but do you know I was planning to take the sleeper to-night, and spend Sunday in Clarendon with my friends, and here you are right in front of me."



"With your friends?" she asked. "Why go back to Clarendon for friends? You must have lots of them here. Even I've heard about your patent switchboard and things."

"That doesn't mean friends."

"Doesn't it? I supposed success always meant friends."

"Not when one doesn't take time to make them," he answered.

"But what are you doing here?"

"I'm going to the theatre. I'm 'ingénue' at Baker's 23d Street Stock," she explained.

"Oh yes. I remember now. Then you did—"

"After mother died. I had to do something."

"How was it?" he asked.

"Oh, good and bad. I'm still looking for the profession that hasn't its 'hard luck' stories. Yet on the whole, I've had more luck than I had any right to expect, and I love the work."

"Two performances a day is pretty hard," he said. "I never went to the theatre much, but the 'ingénue' at Baker's is a good way along."

She nodded. "But I hope to go farther yet."

"Do you know, I think luck is coming my way, too. I was starting to Vermont to look up my old friends, and find the very person I'm hunting, here in New York."

She glanced at him anxiously. "Then aren't you going back to Clarendon to-night?"

"Not if I know it. I'm going to take dinner with you."

"Oh, are you?" she laughed.

"That is, if you're not otherwise engaged."

She spoke slowly. "There's just about time between the *matinée* and the evening performance if you go to some restaurant near the theatre. Here's my corner."

"I'll meet you after the *matinée* then?"

She nodded and left the car.

He thought it all over. She seemed just the same as when he knew her in the hills of Vermont, yet he regarded her profession with distrust. During dinner he watched for any change in her, but she was the same old Agnes, viewing his work and plans with the same approval in her level gray eyes. As he said good night he realized how much he had missed her.

Back in her dressing-room, Agnes was thinking. "How old he has grown. He isn't a boy any more, my boy Ralph. That's the difference." She remembered the look on his face as he had

said good night. "I would better not see him often," she thought. "It might interfere with my work."

There was a knock on the door. "Mail for you, Miss Field." Agnes opened the letter. At last it had come, the opportunity for which she had been waiting; the "leads" in the San Francisco Stock Company and a two-year contract. For months she had forbidden herself to even think of the possibility, lest she should be disappointed, and there was the contract. The rehearsal call was two weeks from that very day. She must finish out the week here and then start. The time was short, but it could be done. She thought of Ralph. "I suppose I ought to tell him."

Meanwhile Ralph had been making his plans. He had no doubt as to what he wanted to do, and thought it might take some while to persuade Agnes, still he had every faith in the success of persistency. Then came her hurried note, saying she was to start in three days for San Francisco. A wild impulse to throw up his work and follow her, seized him, but was quickly dismissed by his usual good business sense. He would see Agnes immediately, and prevent her going.

She was, she told him, using meal-times to pack, and snatching a bite in betweenwhiles, but at least she could spare the time for a good-bye chat with him.

"That's just the trouble. Here we've been missing each other for several years, and when I find you again, you must immediately go off to the Pacific coast."

"But it's such a fine chance," she answered.

"For your work, yes; but don't go," he pleaded. "I've decided that I made the mistake of my life when I left Clarendon."

"Mistake!" she exclaimed, "why, it has been everything to you."

"Not a mistake in what I did, but in what I didn't do. It wasn't a mistake to go away, but there was something I ought to have said before I went. I didn't know it then, dear, but I do now, and I'm not going to make that same mistake again. Don't go, Agnes—"

"But that was years ago," she interrupted. "It might have been different then. I hadn't anything else except plans, and empty dreams don't really mean much. But I've been putting myself into them now, for more than five years, and my work

means a lot to me, more than anything else in the world." The situation did not seem real to Agnes. She kept expecting to hear the bell for the "slow curtain". For the last year, two performances a day, she had been saying farewell to the pathetic man, or had been the pathetic girl to whom the farewell was said. This seemed just like a play. He ought to go now. But Ralph stood there looking at her. "I'll send you my address when I'm settled, or you can write to the theatre," she added.

Ralph drew himself up. "No, I shan't write. I couldn't. You know that. If this is good-bye, it is the last," he finished harshly.

"Well then, good-bye," she said, and he turned and went out.

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

## ONCE

There's a land I knew once, long ago,  
Where fairies used to play,  
But now, though I look for it everywhere,  
I can't seem to find the way.

I think we went down and through the wood,  
Then across the murmuring brook,  
But now, when I try, it isn't right,  
No matter how hard I look.

It leads right back to the meadows brown,  
And this dusty old world of ours.  
Now isn't it strange when it used to go  
Right into the land of flowers?

EDITH JOHNSTON.

## SKETCHES

It is impossible to know a country just by seeing it for a little while, and studying—no matter how hard—its customs, government, statistics, and climate, just as it is impos-

**In Spain** sible to know a city by studying it from a ship in the harbor, or to know a person from a half-hour's chat in a crowded drawing-room. For to tell the truth, the more we think how little time we really have to study people and places and things, the greater our wonder that we ever grow well acquainted with anything at all. All this is by way of preface, to explain why I have tried, not so much to study the customs of the Spanish people, as rather vainly perhaps, to give the spirit of those people, in their nation and their race; and the conception this part of the world has of them, not at the present day only, but for all time. Now to give the spirit of a race or movement, that is, its essential meaning, one must take that race or movement at the height of its influence and power, because this is the time of its fullest expression of itself, just as you form your opinions of people, not from the monotonous commonplace of every day, but by the gleam of character that shines out but a moment, and illumines the every day and interprets it. And furthermore, the every day has meaning only in its relation to the knowledge gained in that flash.

In this everyone will agree—if one thinks over a few instances. In England the national theme was first formulated in the days of good Queen Bess. It may have been elaborated later, but elaboration it is, and underneath the theme of England's greatness follows the outline made in those days. In France, Louis the Fourteenth and the Revolution gave the counter-point theme, and in Spain—well in Spain it was the time of colonization and conquest, the time of the Spanish Armada, of De Soto and Vespucci.



It was a Portugese prince who struck the chord for the beginning of this great scene of Spain's drama—Prince Henry the Navigator, in his great observatory on a bleak rocky promontory in the southernmost province of Portugal. There on a barren rock, jutting out to sea, he built his astronomical laboratory, and traced on his crude maps route after route to be attempted as a highway to the Indies. "There," says Fiske, "he spent the greater part of his life, thence he sent forth his captains to plough the southern seas; and as year after year the weather-beaten ships returned from their venturesome pilgrimage, the first glimpse of home that greeted them was likely to be the beacon light in the tower where the master sat poring over the problems of Archimedes or watching the stars." Such is the figure that stands as a beginning of the long line of Portugese, Italian, and Spanish sailors, as they merge from the mists of the Dark Ages, those ages of superstition and ignorance. Such is the first shadowy figure,—of slight frame, stooped shoulders, and thoughtful brow, with cheeks untanned by the fierce tropic sun, standing on the western rocks of Europe and gazing longingly and thoughtfully at the great gloomy seas, all untried. Others come later who force the attention, admiration, wonder of the children of the new century, but just for one second before they emerge from the shadowy gloom of Mediævalism, just for a breath, in the quietness before the dawn, we hear the beating of the waves, the cry of sea-gulls, the thundering of the surf, and see pondering there that silent figure. The symbol of the ages is read there, and the prophecy that bespeaks the grandeur of the ways of the Spanish main, and presages the sea fights, the buccaneers, the great dark galleons moving by in the mist, like the echo of something a great way off.

Only for a moment does the vision last; another figure better known emerges. It is to be regretted that the youth of America have met Columbus so often as a name only, for it is so much harder to know something about a mere name than to attach a name to something you already know. But it is not my purpose to go through the long line of Spanish seamen and explorers, although it is they who express the spirit of that age. As England at the time of her greatness gathered around the queen and wrote the world's literature for all time, so Spain

in her power turned to the sea. Navigation, seamanship, exploration were to Spain what literature, science, philosophy have been to England. In the great days of Spanish rule the seaports were filled with great ships, laden with spices from the East and gold from the West. The ships themselves were huge and impressive, with gaily colored pennants, and the gruff crew were a surly, weather-beaten lot, men who sailed seas, where it was said the ships sailed down hill and away forever; seas that washed lands where were savages, hydras, gorgons and chimeras, and suddenly came to the end of the world, where the good ship would rush over the edge and be lost in eternity. There men sailed in clumsy caravels, unmanageable, ill-made from the beginning and old and frail now; sailed by a mariner's compass so far from correct that it often did more harm than good, with maps that expressed flights of imagination and depths of superstition inconceivable in our day. The crew was always diminished by a great number who fell sick of the scurvy and by those who died of famine on the journey. Such were the seamen who manned the ships of Spain. In the villages themselves, the harbor was the life of the town; the latest home-coming ship, the news of the latest discovery and of the lands beyond the seas, these were the life of the land. No manufacture, little agriculture; all was trading and shipping. The government gave its chief attention to monopolies of owners, to harbor regulations, to the government of the colonies, to rules of trade. Just as to-day we picture the Spaniard as the lazy, dreamy, imaginative, impulsive inhabitant of a quiet, self-sufficient village, interested in its bull-fights and its serenades, so in those days he was the restless, tireless buccaneer, daring, rough, sturdy, fickle and cruel.

Prince Henry strikes the key note for the play to begin; it ends in the wreck of the Spanish Armada. Prince Henry leads the way out from the darkness behind; Phillip Second gives his countrymen their last push into the obscurity before by his policy of oppression in the Netherlands. They in themselves show the change in spirit, the one thoughtful, kind, earnest, looking out to sea, and inspiring his countrymen to find new coasts; the other haughty, cruel, bent not on glory for Spain, but on his own power over his people, on his ability to crush them under his heel, to make himself supreme.

It is as if Spain walked a little faster than the rest of Europe

for a moment, inspired by Ferdinand and Isabella and Columbus, but soon tired and fell back and let the rest of Europe pass her and then moved more and more slowly till they have far-outreached her march and left her irretrievably behind.

In Spain we do not point to a Shakespeare and a Milton, but to Columbus and Magellan; the first saw men's hearts, the latter pierced the gloom that hid the seas. In the days when Spain was greatest, when her lamp among the nations of the world gleamed brightly for a moment that their lights seemed dim and flickering and like to go out altogether, in those days of her best self-expression, it was love of adventure, of exploration that she expressed and it was rough sailors who were her heroes.

Among the nations then, her time of greatness is like one of her own galleons that looms out of the night dark and shadowy, with gray mist all about her and clinging to her cordage; slowly she comes into view with gay pennants waving from her masts, dark, mighty and overpowering. She moves past us and slowly, bit by bit, glides again into the gloom.

AMY GRACE MAHER.

#### THE PROMISE

The glory of the setting sun,  
The last glow of the summer day is gone,  
And twilight gray  
Spreads its dim shadows  
O'er the great hills and the still waters  
Of the bay.  
The darkness deepens. Twinkling stars glow in the sky.  
The city lights appear as in reply,  
A silent answer to a silent message sent.  
Written in mystic signs across the firmament.  
The peaceful promise of another summer day.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

Antonio studied the gray hills disconsolately. If they were only some other color. But they never were. They were either green-gray, or blue-gray, or gray-

**The Delay of a Dream** gray as to-day. His soul yearned for the sunny slopes of Italy. And there was Signora Brown, always in black, with never a red

kerchief to lighten the somberness of her attire. Ah! for Nita and the gay yellow head-dress she wore on market days! Even if he never saw the golden-purple hills of his native country, he would soon gaze into the golden-brown depths of Nita's eyes if he worked faithfully and gave all his savings to Signor Brown. But dreaming of the happy future was not fulfilling his part of the bargain, and with an effort he came back to the present, which consisted in hoeing potatoes.

"Tony's a good workman and saves all his money," remarked Mr. Brown one morning.

His wife continued to pare potatoes stolidly. After waiting patiently for the opening that did not come, he continued:

"I don't know how you feel about having foreigners about the place?"

"Well enough if they're as good as Antonio," was the indifferent reply.

"Antonio has a wife in Italy."

"Josiah Brown, are you a-going to send for a whole pile of heathen dagos to clutter up this house with? Ain't I got more than enough trouble with Elvira always under foot?" and Mrs. Brown paused from lack of breath so violent was her indignation.

"Peter has given leave and that means the cottage vacant unless I can find a family to fill it before winter."

"But why send to Africa" ("Italy," gently murmured her husband) "for help when you can find respectable Christian people at your very door?"

"Well, that was what I was getting to, mother. Antonio has saved the passage money and is only looking for a chance of supporting his wife, before he sends for her. Look at this," and with the air of a man playing his trump card, Josiah handed her a cheap, hand-tinted tin-type of an Italian girl of the peasant type. But the glaring colors and the showy finery could not mar the wistful look in the dark eyes or the childish droop of the lips. Her face was charming in its frank youthfulness and winning in its mutely expressed pathos.

"She's a mere child," said Mrs. Brown relenting. "Does Antonio want her badly?" She asked the question with a middle-aged shrinking from sentiment, yet with a fascination for the subject that she would have died rather than plead guilty to. Mr. Brown saw his chance and said brusquely:

"Did I want you, Maria, twenty odd years ago?"



The woman addressed, favored the remark with an impatient frown, but a moment later she said slowly :

"Tell him to have her come, but she's to stay in the cottage and she's not to bring any of her relations."

To Antonio, the weeks seemed eternities, the days, centuries, the hours, years, until at last the day dawned when he should journey a few hours' ride to the great city to await the incoming boat. It was a great event to the Browns as well, and Mr. Brown himself drove Antonio to the station, while Mrs. Brown at the last moment slipped a cord about his neck to which was attached a card bearing his destination and the successive steps of his journey that led him to Nita.

"Nita," the car-wheels hummed, and "Nita," the cab-men in the great station hurled at him as he beat his way through the surging crowd. Every time the conductor rang up a fare the word "Nita" seemed to click out with a joyous snap.

At the great dock, the wait was interminable as the minutes passed that narrowed the rushing swell of waters between him and the ocean greyhound that swung slowly into port. He scanned the eager faces pressed against the steerage rail for Nita, but the bright face was nowhere visible. A sudden fear gripped him. He had a vision of a dread object slowly raised to a shining plank ; heard a few words murmured, a groan from the watching throng ; and then in the ocean's blue, saw widening and ever widening circles that the churning wheels soon covered with froth and turbulent waves.

Not that, not that fate for Nita !

Pressing close against the rails that protected the gang plank he watched the immigrants one by one as they descended. Each bright face stirred his heart with hope, but none were exactly like Nita. And then as the last were crossing the plank and he was turning away with a gnawing agony that seemed to choke out the world with its pain, a hand fell on his arm and a face, hard and old with the unpleasant age of the women of the South, met his.

For one long instant the man looked, and as he looked his dream of dreams fell forward into the distant future. Gently unclasping the hand from his arm and meeting the hard, defiant look with one of proud humility and renunciation, he said, "Si, si, mother-in-law, and you left Nita well?"

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

## GARDEN LORE

Oh, the garden's a place full of wonderful things!  
There are giants and elves, there are genii tall,  
You can lie on your back, in the sun-burned grass,  
And watch 'em all day, by the garden wall.  
They come 'fore you know it, with frolic and fun,  
And you get so you know 'em all, every last one,  
By the mystical, magical garden wall.

You can creep in the morning, before the "world's down",  
Stealthily, noiselessly squirm to your place  
By the old rhododendron, not far from the tree  
Where the birds sing for you all alone; and you hear  
Such queer things that woozy thrills creep down your spine,  
And you cover your eyes with your fists lest you see.

Oh the grown-ups don't know what it is to lie there  
By the vine-covered wall, near the old apple-tree.  
The elves they dance round you with smirks on their faces,  
They bow and "kowitz" with their wonderful graces!  
A genii rubs a gold ring, there's a flare  
And blue smoke, and a noise that makes Fourth of July  
Seem tame as a rabbit, and then when you dare  
To open your eyes there's a horrible giant.  
He's just going to nab you when down from the wall  
Comes something that soothes you, you smell a sweet smell,  
You're happy as kings, and all's well.

Then all of a sudden you shake yourself free  
From a load of pink blossoms dropped from the tree.  
You run through the garden and house just like *mad*!  
You're most scared to death, but you're glad.

KATHARINE GAGER.

It was quiet in the small, clean kitchen, except when the white-haired woman at the sink from time to time rattled the dishes she was washing. She worked slowly but skillfully, her livid face tense with thought. Occasionally she glanced uneasily at the bent old man, reading the paper near the door. She wondered whether he had forgotten. How it all came back to her! It was just such a morning the news had come. John was reading the paper in that same corner and Mary was coming for news of— She looked wistfully at the old-fashioned lilac bush which dark-

ened the window near her. How he would have enjoyed these lilacs this year. They had never been lovelier. Oh, it came hard, hard, even after all these years. Her only son to die like—a puff of fragrance filled the little room, as the warm, faint breeze stirred the bushes without.

A dish broke sharply. The old man lowered his paper with trembling hands.

“What’s the matter, Myra?” he asked in a high, broken voice. “Did it break?”

For a moment there was no answer. The woman was busy gathering the fragments of china into her apron. She finished, got up and carefully put the pieces away. Then she asked in a flat, indifferent voice:

“John, you haven’t forgot, have you, a week from now is Decoration Day?”

The old man let his paper slip to the floor.

“No, Myra,” he said feebly, “no, I ain’t forgot. It don’t seem no time, does it, since he left? That he should be—” The old man’s head shook.

She moved quickly towards him.

“Don’t, John, don’t,” she said. “I wouldn’t have spoke of it, but them lilacs reminded me somehow.”

The old man nodded slowly. “Yes, yes,” he said, “I remember now. The lilacs were in bloom the day he wore his new uniform. Twenty-five years ago! It’s a long time! But we ain’t forgot, have we, Myra?” He took her hand awkwardly.

“John,” she said in a choked voice, “don’t! I remember, too.” She went to the stove and put on some coal. Then she moved silently to and fro, until all the dishes were once more on the white-papered shelves. When all was done, she smoothed her apron mechanically, and with her eyes fixed on the sweet-scented lilacs beyond the window, went slowly toward the door.

“I had hoped they’d keep till Decoration Day,” she said, “but I’m afraid they won’t. The spring is so early.” She sighed. A gust of wind blew some of the blossoms in at the window. She picked up a wicker work-basket. “Come, John,” she said, “it is getting warm here, come and finish your paper out under the lilacs.”

JOSEPHINE MARIE WEIL.

The two children sat on the curb-stone, side by side. Grief was evident in both chubby faces, though differently shown.

The girl was staring ahead of her, her baby eyes wide and tearful. The boy sat very erect, his chin set, while he pegged stones at the hitching post across the street. Finally he cleared his throat manfully and got to his feet. Your lord of creation never feels himself master of a situation unless he is in a standing position.

"Don't be a baby, Dolly," he urged with the severe patronage of nine years toward seven, and in a case where Mr. Nine-years finds himself in great danger of being as much at fault as Miss Seven.

Dolly raised her head and looked at him. She had become used to his off-hand manner towards herself. Their back gardens joined, and ever since their babyhood they had been playmates, she adoring and obedient, he bullying but protecting. And now she was going to move away and her little heart rebelled at the thought of leaving Tommy.

"I guess you don't care 'cause I'm going, Tommy," she said.

"Oh pshaw!" answered the small boy. "You're certainly a baby, Dolly. There'll be other boys in Wilmingford. And just think of going in a real train. Now do brace up." In his eagerness to show his unconcern at her departure and disgust at her tears, his voice was unchildishly harsh, and Dolly's lip quivered suspiciously once more.

"Look here, Dolly," he exclaimed in desperation, "if you'll stop crying I'll give you that fine new agate of mine, for *keeps*" --to such heights of sacrifice will man occasionally rise, when stimulated by his emotions--"and I'll tell you what. To-morrow morning I'll come out and stand on the corner when you go by to the station, and I'll bring it and give it to you then, and—I'm nine now, in five years I'll surely be a man—" It was a little more than he could stand, and he gulped. At this the seven-year-old speck of womanhood laid her hand softly on his arm.

"Don't cry, Tommy," she began, but this was too much. *He*, Thomas Bates Anderson, Junior, *cry!* He turned quickly, muttering something about "Won't forget the agate—bring it in the morning," and thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, he started off down the street.



He was a boy and so of course not a baby like Dolly. But after all, Dolly wasn't really such a baby. She hated awfully to go, and she was good fun and awfully plucky, for a girl. He should miss her—but this time it was a real sob, for he was only nine and about to lose his little playmate, and he walked faster than ever.

All that evening he was more quiet than usual, so that his mother grew anxious. Soon after supper he slipped away, and when he did not return she went to look for him. He had gone to bed all by himself, and now lay, fast asleep, with flushed cheeks and tossed curls, the fingers of one chubby hand clasped tightly around the cherished agate.

Bright and early he was up and dressed. He scarcely touched his breakfast, and as soon as possible rushed away, while his mother watched with troubled eyes, for after all he was still her baby.

When he reached the corner where he was to wait it was still an hour before the time when Dolly would pass, but he planted himself firmly close to the curb, his sturdy little body even more sturdy than usual, his hands in their accustomed place in his trousers pockets, one fist grasping his treasure.

The hour dragged, while he tried to keep his mind on the cats and dogs that passed, or on the shining new weather cock on the barn around the corner. Once or twice at the sound of wheels he stiffened into a studied unconcern, only to sink back at the appearance of a grocer's wagon.

After a long, long hour there was a sound of horse's feet, and down the street came a station hack.

With rigid face but pitifully eager eyes he stepped to the edge of the curb, the marble ready in hand, love's token. On came the carriage, and the small boy's heart was thumping in time to the hoof-beats.

Inside the carriage, beside her mother, sat a very excited small girl. Now that the time had come, her mind had flown ahead to the wonderful ride in the train, and all the novelty of the experience. Her grief was blotted out by the excitement of the moment. Tommy and his agate were forgotten in the interest of telling her baby brother how the engine makes a noise.

So the carriage came on, bringing to the faithful watcher on the corner a hurried view of yellow curls under a big hat,

turned away from the window in preoccupied maternal interest. Then it had gone, leaving on the curb-stone a pitiful figure of a small boy, with large, wondering, hurt eyes, and a fine big agate held tight in one closed fist.

A moment he stood there, watching the dust from the carriage. Then he turned and went toward home, his throat aching from suppressed sobs, but with jaw set and hands still deep in trousers pockets.

LAURA BROWN MCKILLIP.

#### YOUTH

No, no, no! I will not hear!

Bring roses, flushed with beauty, and more wine!

Drown with mad harps, the dismal seer—

The world is golden and the world is mine.

MAUD WHIPPLE SKIDMORE.

As the pale New Year's sun peered through the old-fashioned checkered panes and made its way across the matting in shining ladders of gold, Miss Sophia settled

Miss Sophia's

New Year's Resolutions

tled back in the massive four-poster with a guilty sense of luxury. Every New Year's morning

for twenty years she had risen with that faithful sun, read her daily chapter, and Phil. IV; then had drawn from their accustomed resting place the sacred Resolutions for fresh perusal and inspiration, just as if every one of them, tearfully weighed and balanced so many years ago, had not, by virtue of strict observance, become long ere this, part and parcel of the bundle of conscious processes that went to make up the charming personality known as Miss Sophia Crofft.

But on this bright particular New Year's Sunday, she was conscious of a sense of reaction which culminated in a startling temptation to break those good resolves, kept with such inflexible determination these fifteen years and more.

If Miss Sophia had been of a philosophic turn of mind, she might have reflected upon the tendency of the human mind to revolt from an attained ideal—to pull down its castle in Spain. But Miss Sophia was simply a dear little New England lady of

the "old school", the only daughter of Dunham's adored and sainted minister, a director of the Old Ladies' Home, honorary president of the Woman's Auxiliary, and associate member of the Eclectic Reading Circle, in fact the model, social, intellectual and philanthropic, of that sleepy hamlet. She had not been trained in the distinctive niceties of psychological introspection, and could not describe her present unprecedented frame of mind, save that it was like the wild desire she had once felt when standing at the edge of a sheer dark cliff to plunge forward into the tossing, glistening, green depths below. Yet that had been only a momentary sensation, while this, in spite of the desperate efforts of a once commanding conscience, grew alarmingly, until it became of itself a settled resolve, a resolve with all the firmness and rigidity of which the ministerial New England character is capable.

With set lips, and strangely bright eyes, Miss Sophia dressed, not so much as casting a look in the direction of the great black Bible, resting untouched upon its table for the first morning in twenty years. It seemed to Miss Sophia that its austere presence followed her in accusing silence. Before leaving the room she laid resolute hands upon it, and put it away in a far corner, drawing a breath of relief that now the first step was taken.

The long-delayed breakfast looked patiently inviting on the round mahogany table. But woe unto poor Suzanne! the mottled surface of the toast betrayed too hot a fire, and Miss Sophia, quite forgetting to "restrain temper and all impetuosity", reproached the poor domestic so severely that Suzanne, the infallible, grieved and startled into gesticulatory apology, dropped one of the sprigged cups that great-grandfather Croft had brought from Boston, and broke its slender handle in pieces. Miss Sophia, who had scolded at a burnt speck on the toast, now laughed—*laughed* at the spectacle of her terror-struck maid, while the precious bits of great-grandfather's Boston sprigged cup lay scattered before her. Suzanne retired, dazed and speechless.

After prayers, and a few moments of serene meditation, Miss Sophia involuntarily started for her bonnet and cloak. Of a sudden she bethought her of her new resolve, and stoutly turned back. She would not read at the Old Ladies' Home this morning, and in spite of the probable consternation of the all-observing congregation of Dunham, Miss Sophia would not go to church either!



Slowly she mounted the stairs, exulting in her own audacity. She paused before the mirror and surveyed the figure reflected from its shadowy surface. In her soft black silk, with its touch of old lace, her fair white hair parted and smoothly combed back from a delicate brow, she was like a bit of rare old china.

With an unwonted fluttering at her heart, she drew from a scented cedar chest a stiff gray brocade; from some recess a gold chain, and a pale cameo exquisitely set in pearls. She donned the shimmering gown, and fastened the jewels about her throat with trembling fingers. The result she surveyed with scant approval; then impulsively piled high her soft hair, crowning it with a pearl comb, and over her shoulders drew a gorgeous, barbaric, *red crêpe* shawl. A girlish flush spread over her face when she saw the radiant transformation dimly portrayed by the ancient mirror, or was it perhaps the glow lent by the rosy crêpe?

Fortified now with the armor of fine apparel, she drew from another box a paper yellowed with age, bearing in faint girlish characters the following declarations:

"Resolved, Jan. 1, 188—, by Sophia Elizabeth Crofft in her 24th year:

- "1. To read a chapter in the Bible every day.
- "2. To be generous to the poor, kind to the aged and infirm.
- "3. To maintain all religious observances with strict punctiliousness.
- "4. To observe simplicity and plainness of dress.
- "5. To restrain temper, and all impetuousness.
- "6. To strive for a truly Christian spirit of kindness toward all; to condemn no fellow creature.
- "7. Finally, to remain single throughout life."

These Miss Sophia read, reflected upon, and silently returned to their box, with the indulgent smile of those who from the broad highroad look back with tolerant amusement, and even pity, upon their former day of stumbling in the narrow path. This done she tripped down to the library with graceless gaiety. Somewhat hesitatingly, it must be confessed, for she was not yet a hardened sinner, she drew from the shelf a novel, "*Persuasion*".

A voice, well pitched to carry, reached her from the hall.

"What shall ah do, Miss Sophie, for the Cumminses' dinner? That no-good Tom gwine an' killed but one chicken, an—" It was Liza.



"You need not do anything."

"But you sure am not forget this yere am New Year's day, Miss Sophie?"

"No, Liza, but I think that Mrs. Cummins and the children will do very well without our assistance, Liza."

"But, Miss Sophie, they will sure expect—" Here Liza emerged from the hallway, well besprinkled with flour, her beady eyes wide with surprise when she first caught sight of her mistress, curled up in a copious arm-chair, her little feet on the fender, reading a wicked-looking book, and the church bells ringing that minute!

"Lawd help Miss Sophie, she am sure done gone mad!" she moaned, and fled to the kitchen to console herself with droning hymns and concocting pies.

Miss Sophia, gazing softly into the coals, seemed to see flickering there long ignored visions of her youth. Now with a sputter of pine, flared up the picture of a slender girl in white poised in the stately minuet. The dying embers glowed like the look in the eyes of her partner as they rested on her face, and darkening, fell apart in ashes as Miss Sophia in tender recollections seemed to see the same Warren Carter, older now and sad-faced, gather up his gloves and walk away, his broad shoulders bent, leaving behind him a pale but determined girl. Youth had its troubles. With a gentle sigh she started up and moved to the piano.

"Yes indeed," Mrs. Wainwright was saying to her assembled family and a group of incredulous neighbors, "there she was in a silk gown, all decked out with gold chains, and a cameo as big as my hand, I believe (you know her father was a sea-captain, and brought home a sight of things that never see the light of day, they say), and a *red shawl* on, playin' Annie Laurie, and singing away, and she coolly told me, 'No, she didn't intend to go to church, she was much interested in her book, and didn't want to leave it'! And she didn't send anything to the Cumminses she's given a New Year's dinner to these five years, I guess; said they were shiftless and lazy—yes, Miss Sophie said that—and liked to live on folks' charity, and there she sat, a-tinkling on that piano, and kind of smiling around the mouth. Then I saw Warren Carter coming up the path, and thought may be I'd better leave. He's just as bad as

he was twenty years ago. For my part, I don't see why she—well, it's none of *my* affair."

Warren Carter, bringing his New Year's offering of old-fashioned molasses candy, felt himself drawn back to his youth by the picture before him. Before long Miss Sophia had told him the story of her day, and he went away with a warmer feeling in his heart than it had felt for years. For he knew Miss Sophia was not a person to do things by halves, and he was confident that though she might resume the others on the morrow, before the year was out she would break the last of those noble resolutions.

MARIE MURKLAND.

Billy was in love. All his friends and acquaintances had known it long before he had. But now that he had found it out he had made up his mind to propose the "grand" question and seal his fate for once and for all.

**How Man Proposes** pose the "grand" question and seal his fate for once and for all.

This particular day Billy had taken Jane out for a long walk—he had first asked her to drive but Jane preferred to walk. They were returning home, rather silent after their long ramble, partly because they seemed to have used up all available topics of conversation and partly because Billy was thinking about—well—how he should propose. He had carefully rehearsed his little speech, but somehow when the opportunity presented itself the words stuck in his throat and a silence fell that was rather embarrassing for Billy. This time Billy resolved he would say the words, and gave his throat a preparatory clearing.

"Jane," said Billy slowly, and somewhat solemnly, "I—er—that is—the fact is—"

"O-o-oh!" said Jane. "Look at that. Gracious! O-o-oh!"

It was a run-away tearing madly down the street, the reins flying in the wind, the buggy, fortunately empty, rocking and swaying from side to side. Suddenly the horse swerved and seemed to be coming upon the sidewalk. Jane uttered another scream, and Billy, without further ado, picked her up in his arms and ran to the nearest refuge—a porch of a cottage with a big "For Rent" sign on the door.

"Let's go in," said Jane. "I'm scared to death."

"Why, we're safe enough here," protested Billy.

But Jane had already opened the door and was in the hall, so there was nothing left for Billy to do but to follow.

"Thank you very much for saving my life," remarked Jane sweetly.

"O, don't mention it," Billy returned cheerfully.

"What a cunning cottage! Let's explore. Such a dear library, all in red, too. Don't you love red for a library?"

"No, I like green."

"Red is much prettier; it's so much warmer."

"Well, then, we'll have it half red and half green."

"Now you do like this dining-room, don't you? It's so bright and cheerful and such a love of a side-board built right in."

"Yes," admitted Billy slowly. "It's pretty fair. But I don't like that splashy blue paper. It's too much."

"No, it's lovely. Delft is all the rage now, any way."

"O Billy, come into the kitchen quickly! What a lovely gas range! I think I could make some biscuits almost as good as mother's in that. And—"

"Your biscuits are heaps better than your mother's, any way."

"Gracious, what heresy! I am glad mother isn't here to hear you make that very ungallant remark."

Jane shook her finger at him. Billy cleared his throat. It was the danger signal that he was going to try again.

"Jane, I—er—"

"See here! What are you people doing in here, I'd like to know!" interrupted a deep voice from behind them, and turning they found themselves facing a portly, red-faced man jangling a bunch of keys in his hand. "How did you get in and what do you want?"

Billy cleared his throat loudly and emphatically.

"We, that is my fiancée and myself, were looking for a house. You're the landlord? I thought so, and we find this pretty much to our taste. What did you say the rent was? It—um—well, yes, I think we could consider it. Thanks for the key. We'll lock up when we're through. Good-day."

"William Carey! How dare you!"

"Jane, it was the only way I could think of. You're not going to—Darling!"

## EDITORIAL

Whether reading has or has not come to be one of the lost arts is a question too difficult for our solution, but that it is easily true amid the rush of college duties is undeniable; not through lack of inclination, but through lack of an inclination sufficiently strong to overcome the counter tendencies.

We are apt to make reading attendant upon leisure and to call up memories of rainy afternoons, a fire and a half-finished novel. We may go further and recall the big arm-chair and the window that let in just enough of the bleakness outside to give an added sense of comfort within, but we forget that these are exceptions to the ordinary rule of our opportunities. When we would be reading, there are duties too pressing to allow the leisure of an afternoon, it is too warm for a fire, too early for a lamp—just a spare half-hour of a commonplace day in an average modern library. Neither is the most available book half-read. We must make a beginning, wade through the first twenty pages which ordinarily are far from interesting. But a beginning made makes the next half-hour a pleasure, and by the time your hour of leisure comes round the climax is reached and you are ready with the coveted half-read volume.

Read, you say, but what, when, how? What?—The things you are most ashamed not to know and therefore most desirous of knowing. When?—Whenever you can, spare minutes here and there, and don't put it off until to-morrow. How?—We hardly dare say. For ourselves it is a mean between carefully and carelessly, but at all events thoughtfully, not swallowing them whole, confusing one with another and retaining at best a vague and unserviceable impression of all. And finally let us read *much*, for however great efforts we make toward knowing all there is to be known, our attainment will inevitably remain the hundredth part of what we could wish it to be, though consolation lies in the remembrance that with no effort the fraction of our accomplishment slips into thousandths and and tens of thousandths.



We make a duty of the technical reading assigned in connection with our college routine. As a matter of fact it is no less the duty of each and every one of us as students of the college whose quality of excellence we represent, to know with reasonable accuracy the literature of the language which we speak, and something of the literature of other countries. Ignorance of Shakespeare will always seem to English-speaking people a more deplorable ignorance than unfamiliarity with Dante, Balzac, or Ibsen, but all of these it is possible and profitable to acquire alone, and because we have not in black and white acknowledged the obligation, it is none the less binding.

The chief difficulty is the lack of a personal library, for in spite of our excellent advantages it is far more pleasurable to read from our own books. This while difficult is by no means impossible — provided our inclination is sufficiently strong. Economizing in other ways, most of us could easily afford to buy at least the books necessary to our different courses, whereas we economize on books and spend the proceeds on the unessentials of riotous living. If we followed the plan of the former we would do better work, for having the volume close at hand, there would be no danger of forfeiting either time or opportunity, and we would find ourselves acquiring what Gladstone called the “thrift of time”.

When those, who could do otherwise, depend upon the library books, it means a congestion of demand for certain volumes, and a student whose time is unavoidably pledged to other things finds herself at a loss for references. It sounds a trifle to us, but to some whose time and energy are heavily called upon, it means everything. It is not difficult to imagine students working day and night, living on almost nothing, trying for a Heidelberg degree, but transfer the picture nearer home and it is not so easy. Place it in our own college and it is almost impossible; yet there are struggles made here, just as tragic, just as long and hard as any within or without the walls of a foreign university. By facilitating our own opportunities of knowledge we leave the library more for the use of those to whom it is indispensable, accomplishing two excellent results.

This last is a matter of generosity, and therefore not altogether in the line of our argument. What we would ask is that we read, not the froth of modern fiction, but the foundation literature of English, fulfilling an obligation no less real because not catalogued as a portion of our college requirement.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

At the Academy of Music, December 5, Kirke La Shelle's production of "Checkers". The play, advertised as "A romantic comedy-drama", gave place for plenty of romance and some humor. The plot did not give one time to be bored, yet with the exception of the part of Checkers the acting was commonplace and unsatisfactory.

At the Academy of Music, December 7, "Just Out of College", by George Ade. The very name of the author suggests fun, and the play was not an exception. The fun was of the obvious sort, one hardly needs say, but its very obviousness was part of its merit. Mr. Wheelock, as Edward Springer, "just out of college", was so inane as to be charming, especially in the first act, where he cleared Mr. Pickering's office of the insurance and book agents. The first act and the last were particularly good, but the scene in the Pure Food Exposition dragged decidedly.

In the Williams Literary Magazine there is an article entitled "Count Rumford: Apostle of Practicality." We have so much appreciation of our literary men, of our artists, and we hear so little of our scientists, that it is a relief to find the subject made interesting in a college magazine, and to get a glimpse of the American physicist different from that which is given in text-books. Count Rumford did other things than make heat calculations, and it is from the philanthropic rather than the purely scientific point of view that he is presented.

*Betty Wales, Sophomore*, by Margaret Warde. (The Penn. Publishing Co., Philadelphia.) *Betty Wales, Sophomore*, is a continuation of *Betty Wales, Freshman*, and is written in the same interesting way. As any reader of the earlier book would expect, the scene is clearly Smith College, and in most respects

is a realistic copy of Smith life and Smith girls, so much so that many persons and places are recognizable. In one or two instances this faithful reproduction fails; for example, such intimate fellowship between students and faculty is exceptional at Smith; but the "show" in the gymnasium, the "big game", and society elections are delightfully true to life.

In minor details, nevertheless, such strict adherence to the numberless little events of 1900-01 (for such we judge to have been the year when "Betty Wales" was a sophomore), is confusing. Yet we admit that a certain degree of confused effect is necessarily attendant upon the delineation of complex college life.

In general, Miss Warde has given us the real spirit of life at Smith. Of all stories of all colleges, those concerning "Betty Wales" (and we hope to see more of them) will doubtless rank next to Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon's "Smith College Stories".

C. W. N.

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The wind was dark, the sun was down,  
When strangers came from Bethlehem town;  
Oh, red the holly berry!

With timbrels and sweet minstrelsy,  
They came with news from over-sea;  
Oh, bright the holly berry!

They sang of wondrous Bethlehem star,  
That led the shepherds from afar.  
Sing, "Laudate, pueri!"

The snow fell soft on field and road,  
The last low embers sank and glowed.  
Oh, red the holly berry!

One came a marvel new to tell;  
At Glastonbury it befell,  
Oh, bright the holly berry!

The thorn-tree blossomed white and still,  
On Christmas night, by God's good will.  
Sing, "Laudate, pueri!"

Oh, on this Christmas night may we  
 Some very perfect wonder see,  
     Oh, red the holly berry !

As in the East the Bethlehem star  
 Led Judah's shepherds from afar ;  
     Oh, bright the holly berry !

As in the West the wondrous tree  
 On Christmas night was fair to see.  
     Sing, " Laudate, pueri !"

*Wellesley Magazine.*

#### THE SHORE

From the ashes of the past,  
 From the gladness and the pain,  
 From the first and from the last,  
     I remain.

Though the stars forever strive,  
     Strive with praise or strive with blame,  
 I am all that shall survive,  
     I am Fame.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

Lo, I am Power ; in an iron hand  
     I hold the stars ; my voice can call to life  
 The silent dead, and make the sun to stand.

The earth is mine, and all the depths unknown  
     Are mine ; and in a ring of endless strife  
 Are reared the flaming bulwarks of my throne.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

Life is an endless waste of vain desires,  
     Of empty labor and unfruitful years ;  
     And all the myriad little hopes and fears  
 Are passing flames of everlasting fires.

I am the end of all things ; and the breath  
     Of man is incense and a fleeting dream,  
     That I have long forgotten in the gleam  
 Of never-ending life ; for I am Death.

*Harvard Monthly.*



## METEMPSYCHOSIS

My soul has flown out with the birds :  
My heart is deep within the wood :  
My mind with pleading thoughts, like words  
In begging, will not be withstood.

For it is sore ahungred now  
Within the city's narrow thralls,  
That can, within its scope, allow  
No room for God inside its walls.

And wand'ring just a step outside  
A little shepherd lad comes near  
With kindred spirit to my side :  
" More room, Sir, isn't there, out here ? "

Ay, yes, more room, as when we lose  
Our sordid selves in His embrace,  
Where ideal manhood will not bruise  
Its wings, nor, fettered, fall from Grace.

*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The minds of girls at college are more open to unprejudiced thought than ever before in their lives,—or ever again in many cases. They are cut off for the first time from the close influence of family,

### An Appeal for the Study of Socialism

friends, and church, and it is their duty and privilege to think for themselves. They may not seek problems not presented to them; few of us do that, but they think earnestly enough about questions that are put before them. Their enthusiasm is boundless. A sincere appeal of any kind finds a college audience the most appreciative.

After four years of intellectual opportunity we should leave college not unlearned in the greatest problems of our race, yet this is often possible, as the courses in economics are not required. No course can have value that fails to cause some ripple of interest outside of the class room, and in my day there was no visible interest in economic subjects. In history, problems of political corruption were before us, but no thorough study was given to its cause or possible cure. Now, as then, there must be students of generous instincts who give time to Home-Culture Club work and learn a few real facts, and some who take an interest in College Settlements as a whole, may have their eyes opened by that. Of what good are our artificial settlements to the poor? They are as drops in the ocean of helplessness and ignorance. Spend a vacation in one of the settlements supported by college girls, and see for yourselves. If we all devoted ourselves to settlement teaching, what would be accomplished but our own education? A few of the unfit would be made slightly more fit to succeed in the cruel struggle for existence at the expense always of exactly the same number of others less fit than they. And remember that competition is what makes the struggle cruel.

No amount of charity,—even the refined charity of settlement classes,—can make things right while society denies a man a job. The poor want justice, not charity, and justice itself is variable. Once it was a crime to take to oneself any property; it was stealing from the community. Now it is a crime to take property away from an individual, no matter how much he has, no matter how needy the thief; and yet the thief is often taking what as truly belongs to him and to all who can use it, as does the air we breathe.

Law-breaking, of course, is not to be considered; we cannot always call it wicked when we know how wickedly our laws are sometimes made. But when the great majority, the workers whose work is underpaid, take their political rights and change the laws to secure their industrial rights, who will be the law-breaker then? The man who lives idly on rents or interest,

the man who draws his profits from ill-paid industry, the man who withholds from use anything of value; in other words, those who are now the respectable upper class. We cannot expect this class to work for its own ruin.

Individual priests and ministers may advocate openly the most sweeping reforms—a very few of them do; but there is no church which as a church takes an intelligent stand on any labor question. The churches tell us on Sunday to be honest and industrious, loving and generous, while the commercialism of our social fabric teaches us every day to cultivate cunning and law-breaking, power to get work out of others, cruelty and selfishness. Nothing new or radical in social teachings has any hope of official aid from church or college. Like all organized human institutions they are of necessity conservative. Consider also their financial foundation, and it will be plain why they dare not antagonize the moneyed interest.

Can there be a more important human interest than the welfare and progress of our race? Are we not to know the real conditions that surround the great majority of our fellow-men, the unprivileged classes, until little by little and accidentally the facts come to our notice in later life? Are we to spend four pleasant years at college cultivating minds at the expense of hearts? While minds and hearts are free, let us study together the actual facts of life, and look for a better system of society than the present. Our present system is founded on competition and private ownership of property, and it results in the "private ownership by the few of the means of life of the many." When we find in the United States now 11,439,963 persons (Robert Hunter's estimate) in poverty, that is, without enough food, shelter or clothing to keep up their own standard of health, we cannot call our system perfect. When we know that business interests require a great standing army of the unemployed, and require the work of women and children at starvation wages, we know that business interests clash with human interests. To those with imagination all the statistics of all the settlement workers and investigators are not necessary. A few are vividly sufficient. To learn that there are seamstresses in Chicago who work all day for 40 cents a week is enough for most of us. If such a crime can be committed by society anything else is possible. What we long for is some hope for a cure. What shall we do now to better this condition?

To know the answer needs study and honest growth out of all prejudice. Socialists claim to have the right answer. Their aims as a political party at least are so far above the average as to demand respectful attention: and they are gaining strength so fast that merely to understand present political history we must know what socialism means. The socialist vote at the last presidential election was over 400,000, an increase of more than 100 per cent over the previous election.

In addition to religious and political liberty socialists want industrial liberty. As a first step, they want the people to have full control of their own government. Their faith in the whole people is at the base of all their theories. They want public ownership and democratic management of all the means of production and distribution. They claim that all men must work for their living, not almost all overwork to support the small remainder in idleness. They believe that production should meet human need and not

gain profit for its exploiters ; that all improvements in the machinery of production should be a real gain to humanity, not a means to reduce wages and throw men out of employment. The International Socialist Congress meets every four years ; its important discussions are widely followed and practically every socialist platform affirms the international and national platforms, a voluntary coöperation which must become influential in enforcing the world's peace, and in other industrial problems. A world party of the producers is organizing because we now have a world market.

Socialism teaches more humane solutions of modern problems than any religion interpreted by the churches. It is religion to its followers. Whether socialists have found the shortest road to their beautiful goal is a question for you to decide, and if you believe their fundamental doctrine and join their party, you will have a vote in shaping their plans. For the party lives up to its democratic ideals as it goes along. Women are admitted to membership exactly as men are. Lists of membership are kept, and in virtue of the initiative referendum and recall, the members of the party are in actual control.

In order to bring socialism before the graduate and undergraduate college public, a group of eminent men and women—not all socialists by any means—have recently organized the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. I am unable to say whether or not there is any member of that society now at Smith, but with the growth in popularity of all reforms that tend toward collectivism and coöperation, it will be strange if the college has produced no socialists. If it is impossible to discover any Smith members of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, write to their secretary, Miss M. R. Holbrook, P. O. Box 1663, New York City. Post their notices and organize a branch of the society. They will send you literature for distribution, lists of books, and later, speakers if you want them. A talk from one of the many devoted enthusiasts in the socialist movement will give you confidence and hope ; and there are plenty of books on the subject. If you study biology, read Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid" to counteract your overdose of Darwinism. Read Edward Carpenter's little book called "Civilization, Its Cause and Cure." Read Vandervelde's "Collectivism", also short. Private discussion and public argument are most enlightening ; but the problems are knotty ; you must think for yourselves ; and any honest conclusion will be better for you and society than indifferent ignorance.

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD '97.

The long shadows were beginning to creep over the pine-clad hills of Monterey as we climbed the little hill-street leading back of the quaint old town to a group of diminutive houses

**A Glimpse of Jules Simoneau** overgrown with riotous roses. It was the time of day we had been told to come, and we wondered as we made our way through little groups of Spaniards as weather-beaten as the gates on which they leaned and smoked and gossiped, if their friend, who was such an ardent Stevenson devotee, had spoken truly when she had said that Stevenson's old friend, Jules Simoneau, still living in this old quarter of Monterey, would welcome us not as intruders, but with



gentle courtesy, because we, too, had loved his friend. "Go toward evening," she had said, "for he is in the country all day selling hot tamales. Tell him I sent you, and he will show you the books which Stevenson sent him inscribed to him in grateful remembrance of the days of hard luck in Monterey, when the old Frenchman befriended him and took care of him with no thought of pay, at the little boarding-house he was keeping then. He lives in the past of this friendship," she said. "a wonderful old man, full of fine scorn for those who would buy the books and letters so precious to him. You will love him, he is so poor and so happy."

The cottage was old and weather-beaten and almost hidden under the age-old fuchias which climbed joyously to the top of its one story. The gate creaked rustily as we passed in, and an old yellow cat yawned and stretched herself lazily when we stepped up on the porch. A short, swarthy woman with dark eyes and deep wrinkles, answered our knock. We were told that Mr. Simoneau was not at home, and when we asked for Mrs. Simoneau, with a courtesy of her tomato-stained apron and a very broken accent she said, "I, madame. I am ze Mrs. Simoneau." We mentioned the friend who had sent us to see them, and she received us most graciously.

"Ah, you want to zee ze books. I tinkee Mr. Simoneau he comes back zoon. Will you look at ze books, madame?"

From the walls of the little room various family crayons looked down upon us, and smiling at us from its celluloid frame adorned with raised pink roses was a familiar face with the inscription underneath:

"To his old friend, Jules Simoneau, from Fanny Stevenson."

A book-rack underneath the picture, burdened heavily with age and piles of papers and a few Spanish books, was trying its best to support a long row of familiar red bindings looking strangely modern in their surroundings.

Across from us, rocking furiously, the kind-hearted old Mexican woman was hospitably entertaining us with descriptions of their children and their children's children, and waxing eloquent in her broken accent over the goodness of her husband.

"He is very old?" we asked.

"Eighty-four," she said. "He makes leetle money zelling tamales. I makes zem for him. He get very angry when zey tries to make him zell ze letters and ze books."

"I can no zay it plain to you, but Stevenzon he always zay 'Tank you' so much. I no cry zometime when my families they die, but when Mrs. Stevenzon comes here zometimes I cannot talk to her wizout crying, because he is dead."

She had taken us out into the little garden.

"I always makes a prayer in my heart when I comes into ze garden," she was saying. "God he makes ze many kinds of flowers." She raised her brown, wrinkled hands in a gesture of wonderment.

There was a shuffling step along the walk. We looked around the trellis with the golden roses. Jules Simoneau, his empty tamale cans over his shoulder, looked up smiling from under his broad-brimmed hat. In spite of his eighty-four years, his eyes were still a keen blue. He passed a red handkerchief wearily over his face and set down his cans. The day had been

warm and he had been selling tamales all day through the country. We protested against staying to talk to him.

"Ah, madame, it eez my pleasure," he responded. "It is my Stevenson?" He went on and opened the door for us to enter, and bade us sit down by the book-rack. Little by little he told us of the precious letters and inscribed volumes that Stevenson had sent him. He spoke little of himself. Only once, when we remarked how grateful the world should be to him for having saved Stevenson's life at that crisis, he answered with a little smile:

"Ah, zat was my opportunity. He might have died."

He began taking down the volumes, tremblingly opening the pages with a quiet content to the little inscription that was sure to be there. He seemed to appreciate particularly what was written on the fly-leaf of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde":

"But the case of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau, if the one forget the other, would be stranger still."

One after another he opened for us always with the reference,

"To my kind friend, Jules Simoneau", or

"To Auld Lang Syne and Jules Simoneau".

"I am very poor here," he said, "but," and his face lighted up with a proud contentment, "when I go to the Stevenson Society—I am what you call—what you call a demi-god."

Over his head as he sat near us, hung a little printed copy of the "Symphony". Through the half-open door came the supper odors, and we felt we must not linger longer. We found ourselves saying over to ourselves again the inscription he had shown to us in front of "Familiar Studies of Men and Books":

"Vive Jules Simoneau et le temps jadis."

As he stood facing the west, looking out at the bay toward Stevenson's sunset, he seemed, with his picturesque figure and serene content, to be the embodiment of all that was suggested in the little answer Charles Kingsley gave to George Eliot when she asked him the secret of his happiness:

"I had a friend."

HELEN HARSHA SHERMAN '01.

The attempt of our foreign populations to keep alive the customs of the fatherland is as pathetic as it is incongruous to this bustling city of ours.

Would it were less so!

**St. Michael's Day in Chicago** Each Italian town has its patron saint, whose day is celebrated as a holiday and festival time by the entire community. A group of our Italian neighbors from a little town in Sicily have not forgotten the land of their birth or St. Michael, under whose protection they were born and brought up. They would celebrate the birthday of their dear saint in a manner befitting his honor, after the fashion of the home land.

Turning first to the church and priest for place and leadership, they received no encouragement. Nothing daunted, they decided to celebrate in the street where their homes are, one of the busiest thoroughfares of the city.

First, a little gaily painted statuette of the beloved saint and the vanquished imp were taken to the priest for his blessing, which was not with-

held; but a shrine had to be built for it. Where should it be placed? The entrance to the factory on the corner was the most imposing position that could be found; so Saturday evening, after the factory had shut down, many hands set to work. Women and girls had made paper flowers in bright colors, which were hung in festoons above the doorway. The men constructed an altar in the recess of the door, on which they placed the triumphant St. Michael. Papers were put before the image, ready for lighting at the proper time, and Japanese lanterns and bright-colored bunting formed a very creditable and picturesque setting for the shrine. The saloon-keeper, Mike Alligretti, on the opposite corner, showed his religious fervor and likewise his eye for business by decorating his "place" with more lanterns and bunting. Fireworks and set pieces were erected in the little cross street, awaiting the festa.

All Sunday afternoon there was much excitement in the Italian colony, and as dusk came on, everyone, men, women, children, turned out into the street to celebrate. The band played Italian airs, interspersed with American street songs. The tapers and lanterns were lighted, and incidentally some of the bunting! Small boys rushed about with swinging censurs, made of old tin cans, and lighted with brands from the bonfire, kept burning near the curb. When the bombs were exploded, it was easy to see one reason at least why the priest dissuaded them from celebrating under the eaves of the church. The celebration was set going by a train of bombs laid up the middle of the street, which went off with a series of explosions, each one more terrifying than the last. Pin-wheels and other fireworks were continued throughout the evening. The dying out of the candles was the signal for the breaking up of the fête.

Monday morning saw three torn lanterns and strips of bunting flying about, and the factory grinding out work, all unconscious of the part it had played in the fête-day of St. Michael.

HELEN TAYLOR CARR ex-'99.

To some people all children are alike. They believe that all small boys begin at an exceedingly early age to endanger life and property, and that all small girls take to dolls as naturally as duck-

**The Treasures of a Child** lings to water. However, I think that anyone who has watched children at their play has discovered that even if they amuse themselves in the same ways they often display more individuality than their elders. I know of one little girl who enjoyed her playthings as much as if they were the only ones in the world, and were all that her imagination pictured them.

Was there ever another rubber doll like her first and dearest? And if there was one that even to her jealous eye bore some resemblance, surely its worsted dress was not so gay, nor its rubber smile so charming. Her doll was the companion of all her joys and sorrows, and to her tender little heart nothing was complete without it. In her eyes it was beautiful, and no sound was sweeter than its voice, which to a careless observer might seem to come from a tin whistle in the middle of its back. No other doll ever seemed so nearly alive.



In the summer time came the flower ladies, made from hollyhocks turned inside out, with belts of grass and pointed twigs for arms. Surely, these were like real ladies, with their powdered hair and gay trailing dresses; and what beautiful houses could be built for them around the roots of trees,—fairy castles, with fireplaces built of twigs, beds of soft furry leaves that were almost priceless in flower land, and dishes of acorn saucers and flower petals. Such a lovely life the flower ladies had, handled by the soft little fingers, and what happy hours she spent talking softly to them, where the tiny spots of sunlight danced on the cool green moss!

In the winter time the little maiden had to use her unaided imagination, to create an invisible friend, whose name was the most beautiful combination that she had ever heard—Mary Jane Smith. For months Mary Jane really lived for the child. Every day some imaginary message came from her as she travelled through Europe, and about once a week she would send word that she was coming to visit, which necessitated great preparations. They consisted chiefly in chewing the end of a match stick until it was soft like a brush, and then going over the side of the dressing table with it, moistened occasionally by a very wet little tongue. As the brush was small and the little fingers slow, and the dressing table capable of swift evaporation, the process was necessarily a very long one, and sometimes occupied an entire morning.

Many other treasures the little girl had, but these were her favorites. If she were to look back at those happy days, there would be in her amusement at the odd fancies an element of sadness, for the happiness of childhood is sent to us when we can least appreciate it.

LUCY ESTHER MACDONALD '05.

One of the events of the summer which might interest Smith alumnae was the breakfast served to President Roosevelt and other guests, about one hundred and fifty in all, at Chautauqua,

**A Chautauqua Breakfast for President Roosevelt** August 11. The following account is taken from the *Congregationalist* of August 26:

“The entire charge of the affair was committed to two experts, Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton and Miss Anna Barrows, assisted by the pupils in their schools. Mrs. Norton, a Smith College graduate, is at the head of the department of domestic science in Chicago University. Miss Barrows, formerly a member of the Boston school committee and once editor of the *American Kitchen Magazine*, is known all over the land as a teacher of cooking and a lecturer on the chemistry of foods. They, in common with other college-bred women, are doing much to lift housekeeping to the level of a fine art and to give dignity to manual labor.

The practical difficulties in the serving and preparation of this breakfast were by no means few. The table was spread at a hall in the woods several rods from where the food had to be cooked. How could articles be kept hot in the transit? The kitchen facilities, while sufficient for a small party, were hardly adequate for one hundred and fifty hungry men. Think of trying to broil seventy-five chickens over a stove with only four covers!

Like the artist, these two women applied their brains to the problem.



Every detail was carefully planned with mathematical precision more than a week in advance. By means of an Aladdin oven, a steam cooker for which Miss Barrows sent to Maine, and a generous supply of chafing dishes borrowed from various quarters, the fish, fowl and potatoes reached the table as hot as if they had come from a big kitchen close at hand. They sent to Chicago for table linen and melons, to Jamestown and Rochester for extra forks and spoons. They personally inspected the market and dairy supplies. The previous evening a small group of girls, some of them college students, were busy picking pinfeathers from the broilers. Others shelled peas, pared potatoes, and performed similar "menial duties", falsely so called.

The next morning it rained in torrents, which increased the difficulties of transportation. A springless old wagon was the only vehicle available. Hot liquids would spill a little as the girls jolted along the rough road, keeping guard over their precious edibles, but everything reached the table in perfect order. The presidential party arrived a few minutes before schedule time and were amazed to find breakfast—and such a breakfast!—awaiting them. A few men, supposing the meal would be somewhat after the railroad restaurant order, spoiled their appetites by taking their breakfast in advance—to their subsequent regret!

The contrast of this meal with that furnished by the conventional caterer was as marked in the table decorations as in the quality of the food and the perfection of service. An effort was made to have everything simple, tasteful and characteristic of Chautauqua. Fern brakes, cat-tails, and an eagle made of oak leaves entered into the scheme of decoration, which was planned most artistically by Mrs. Percy H. Boynton (Lois Damon '98). The menu consisted of Rocky Ford melons, escalloped muscallonge, broiled chicken, creamed potatoes, timbales of green peas, raspberry shortcake with whipped cream, coffee, rolls, Boston brown bread and Southern beaten biscuit.

No one appreciated the significance of the affair—and likewise the fare itself—more than President Roosevelt. At the close of the repast he insisted on going to the serving-rooms and shaking hands with each of the young women and congratulating Mrs. Norton. "Don't crowd those girls back," he exclaimed, as men pressed forward eager to greet him.

The impression made upon business men by the breakfast was also quite remarkable. One said, "I would rather have my daughter capable of such an achievement than to hold a diploma from the highest college in the land."

"Why not both?" quietly asked another father.

On reaching Boston the writer fell in with a stranger at a Back Bay boarding-house, who said: "Please tell me all about that breakfast. I am a pupil of Miss Barrows; I have taken the full course in chemistry at Harvard, and now have charge of the catering at a large preparatory school connected with a woman's college." In her judgment the object lesson at Chautauqua will be a means of attracting attention to the excellent work done in our schools of domestic science and secure for them the recognition they deserve. When that transpires, the girls of the twentieth century, if asked why the household machinery runs so much more smoothly than in the nineteenth century, can say, "It is run with brains, sir."

During this past year the Chicago Association has taken several definite steps in advance, some of which, when fully developed, promise to become of permanent value to the association. First,

**Report of the Chicago Alumnae Association** we have decided beyond all doubt the exact position which the association takes in regard to its own object in being. At one of our meetings

last fall, the question of joining the Cook County League of Woman's Clubs, for the purpose of altruistic work, was broached by a few of the members who had the matter much at heart. As an association, we were cited as one lacking enthusiasm and public spiritedness. The case could not have been put before us more strongly. Much interest in the matter was aroused, and feeling ran high. A committee was chosen to investigate the kind of work done by the Cook County League and to consider the advisability of joining it. A special meeting was called soon afterward, and it was decided unanimously, with the exception of those few who had brought up the matter originally, that we should not, by any means, join the League as an association. All of which goes to show that the tendency of the association does not point away from the stand taken when it adopted its constitution, which states that "its object shall be to increase the interest of the members in the college and in each other." This fact does not mean, of course, that we are not very much interested individually in altruistic work; for many members of the association are active workers in the various woman's clubs about the city.

We were rated also, last year, as Smith alumnae, for taking such meagre interest in the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, and making such a poor showing when compared to the alumnae of other colleges. This rebuke we took to heart, feeling that we deserved it, with the result that at our last meeting we were assured by the very member who had criticised us the year before that a great increase had been made in the number of Smith members and that we are now vying with Vassar and Wellesley for leadership in the Chicago branch. A new committee was instituted, which in time will doubtless become a standing committee; its object is to form a sort of protectorate for alumnae who come to the city as strangers in need of aid and influence.

During the past year a committee from our association has been at work with those from other collegiate associations of Chicago for the purpose of uniting the different associations into a university club, and of procuring a room in which to hold meetings and entertainments. Although nothing has been actually accomplished as yet, still the need is so great and the feeling of approval so strong among the members of the different associations, that it is safe to say that Chicago, like her big sister New York, will soon be possessed of a club for college women.

As to our financial success, we have kept up our standard of previous years. Last year our energies were concentrated upon the Students' Aid Society Fund, and we raised for that purpose through subscription and by means of a lecture, five hundred and ninety-one dollars. This year we are having a course of lectures, though we have not as yet decided to what purpose we will devote the money, which now amounts to one hundred and sixty dollars.

The faculty side of our annual luncheon last December proved to be very unusual. In place of one member of the Smith faculty whom we always invite as our guest of honor to these luncheons, our guest of honor was one of the faculty of the College of Cincinnati. None the less ours, in reality however, being Miss Czarnomska; and in addition we had the good fortune to have Miss Rumsey, Dr. Hazen and Professor Dennis with us. Each gave us a splendid address and made the occasion even more a success than usual.

The fact that we have had such a good year in these many respects does not tend to make us so self-satisfied that we cease all further efforts. On the contrary, it inspires us to endeavors in new directions and shows that new interest and new enthusiasm have come to stay.

MARION EVANS '03.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows: \*

'00.	Sarah Watson Sanderson,	.	.	.	Dec.	1
'04.	Esther Josephine Sanderson,	.	.	.	"	1
'05.	Elizabeth Coe,	.	.	.	"	1-4
'82.	Grace Hammond Northrop,	.	.	.	"	2
'97.	Louise Peloubet,	.	.	.	"	2
'05.	H. Louisa Billings,	.	.	.	"	2
'05.	Elsie Leonard Mason,	.	.	.	"	6-7
'04.	Muriel Sturgis Haynes,	.	.	.	"	7-8
'05.	Mildred Dean Jenks,	.	.	.	"	8-9
'04.	Ellen Cuseck Connolly,	.	.	.	"	9-11
'04.	Edith Maynard Kidder,	.	.	.	"	9-18
'01.	Frances Crosby Buffington,	.	.	.	"	12-15
'05.	Mary A. Perry,	.	.	.	"	15-19

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to **Mary C. Chapin**, 12 Arnold Avenue.

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be sent to **Jessie C. Barclay**, 12 Arnold Avenue.

- '92. Carolyn Shipman was married to Mr. Frank Bristol Whipple, October 24.
- '95. Martha Dutton is spending the winter in New York City.
- '96. Grace L. Collin is spending the winter at The Chatsworth, 344 West 72nd Street, New York City.
- '97. Mary Eleanor Barrows was married, November 20, to Mr. Frank Irwin. Address, Rural Free Delivery No. 3, Asheville, North Carolina.

Anna Carhart is a district visitor for the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City.

Anna D. Casler has been chosen by the united associations as general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. She will begin her work January 1.



- Mary Rockwell Cole is spending some months in Tennessee.
- Ida Darling was married, September 16, to Mr. Bernard L. Engelke.  
Address, 1043 East Fifty-ninth Street, Chicago.
- Ruth Hill was married, September 26, to Mr. John Bullard Arnold.  
Address, 273 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.
- Frances Payson Ripley was married, June 20, to Mr. Nelson Wolcott Willard. Address, Riverside, Illinois.
- Ethel Warner was married, August 30, to Mr. Charles Merton Phinney.  
Address, Chester Center, Massachusetts.
- '98. Abbie Blair was married, October 31, to Mr. Llewellyn Owen. Address,  
407 Ellis Street, Peoria, Illinois.
- Vera Scott Cushman has been elected president of the New York City  
Alumnæ Association this year.
- '99. Kate Leland Lincoln was married, June 1, to Dr. Robert Brastow  
Porter. Address, North Easton, Massachusetts.
- '01. Mary Merwin Barstow has announced her engagement to Mr. Henry  
Hoadley Guernsey of Westfield, New Jersey.
- Nora Burnett Mills was married, December 22, to Professor James  
Graham Harvey of Williams College, at her home in Mount Vernon,  
New York.
- '02. Ethel Hale Freeman will spend the winter and spring in Italy.
- Florence E. Smith is teaching English at Huntington Hall, Los Angeles,  
California. Address, Crown and Prospect Avenues, Hollywood, Cali-  
fornia.
- '05. Elsie Leonard Mason was married, December 20, to Mr. Alger W.  
Powell. Address, 118 West 89th Street, New York City.

## BIRTHS

- '95. Mrs. Benjamin S. Winchester (Pearl Adair Gunn), a daughter, Pauline,  
born March 3, 1904.
- '96. Mrs. John E. Blunt, Jr. (Carlene Curtis), a son, Carleton, born in July.
- Ex-'96.* Mrs. William H. Hall (Gertrude E. Porter), a daughter, Rachel,  
born July 17.
- '97. Mrs. J. Converse Blagden (Florence Ward), a daughter, Ellen Ward,  
born February 8.
- Mrs. John M. Curran (Mae Rawson Fuller), a daughter, Katherine Mc-  
Collum, born August 8, 1904.
- Mrs. William H. Page (Ruth G. Brown), a son, Gilman Gray, born  
August 12.
- Mrs. Archer E. Young (Grace Wiard), a son, Everett Wiard, born Oc-  
tober 8.
- '99. Mrs. Lucius Hart Beers (Helen Hysburn Patton), a son, Henry Newell,  
born August 13.
- '00. Mrs. Alden H. Clark (Mary Whitcomb Clark), a daughter, Mary Law-  
rence, born November 27.
- Mrs. Dr. Roys (Mabel Milham), a daughter, Elizabeth, born November  
28, at Wei Hsien, Shantung, China.



## ABOUT COLLEGE

### THE FRESHMAN'S PRIMER

- A's for Ambition, which first brought you here,  
And you'll need it to take you through Math. freshman year.
- B stands for Boyden's, for Bids and for Bluffs,  
Likewise Bumps, Bats and Breaks. Wait a minute. Enough?  
Then there's C, stands for Chapel, and also for *Crush*;  
"Strong-minded?" No matter, you'll join in the rush.
- D suggests Dance; only one, worth the name,—  
Our Prom was quite decent; my tenth man—*he* came.
- E stands for Eats and Easter vacation—  
(Never known to hit Easter. Why? No explanation.)
- F might stand for Flunk, but of course not with *you*.  
A Fusser perhaps? Some folks couple the two.
- G-a-m-e, Game! What a vision it raises!  
You'll shout yourself hoarse singing 'O—'s praises.
- H stands for—but, no—let it pass; I forget—  
It once stood for Home,—we'll not talk of that, yet.
- I stands for Idle, a term obsolete,—  
You used it in prep school,—up here, it's Effete.
- J stands for John. Bless him! Would that he might  
Tell us more about "Tommy Cross", less about light.
- L stands for Lectures held for the First Class,  
If you cram them quite hard, though, I'm sure you will pass.
- M—how unfortunate—stands for Midyear's,  
Money—McCallum's, where it disappears.
- N-o spells a word you will do well to say  
When opposite Boyden's or near the K. K.
- O stands for Orchard—now, almost a myth,  
Why doesn't some millionaire will one to Smith?
- P stands for a Place, unmolested and nice,—  
If you have a canoe, you will haunt Paradise.
- Q stands for Quiet; it's heard after ten,  
A primitive (?) blessing, enjoyed now and then.
- Then there's R, that's for Rush. You will see the connection  
By the time you have engineered one class election.
- S stands for Shakespeare,—that source of "exstatics"  
Who made himself known through our Senior Dramatics.

T's for Turnovers. Watch out for the shop,—  
 Coming home from the Bridge; it's a grand place to stop.  
 U stands for Ultra-fastidious. (Pray  
 Consider, all such: *You* had best stay away!)  
 V is for Vespers; you'll like them, I know,  
 There are always nice hymns, and the organ plays low.  
 A most disagreeable letter is—well,  
 I need say no more, let me write Warning-bell!  
 (X stands for eXert, eXecrate and eXclaim,  
 All of which I've indulged in, no need to eXplain).  
 Y stands for Yell, which we *don't* do, too freely,  
 Because, well, it doesn't please President Seelye.  
 Z stands for Zero; but there's nothing in it.  
 Just stick to my Primer and you'll never win it!

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS '07.

One leaves the little college town amid a babel of Merry Christmases and parting messages, and gets suddenly jolted out of the conceit of academic life into the rush of a great city. Then, one realizes

**Vacation Echoes** that the big world is moving, that great issues are at stake,—that people are living, thinking and doing without one thought of our college corner which seemed erstwhile the world itself. Life is no longer ruled by scheduled hours and fixed regulations. We are once more a part of the great independent, thinking whole. Regardless of the shock to our tender collegiate sensibilities, our friends plunge us at once into the whirl—the theatre, luncheons, mission houses, opera, oratorio, church and concert, and fill up our spare moments with playing of accompaniments to Christmas carols and decorating halls.

Tucked in bed, our weary heads swimming with talk of the dress-maker, Mrs. Rogers, or Burgstaller, too tired to think, or feel, we sink into troubled slumber only to dream of Elevateds steaming down upon us as we try to rescue Plato's Republic from the hoofs of a hansom cab horse. Our worried mother, who has just spent Sunday with us in Northampton, pleads with us to reserve some time for rest at college, and wonders how we live at all with our door ever ajar, and five or six girls ready to "drop in" on us, and to snatch what little leisure we may have between Sunday school classes, after dinner "performances", choir rehearsals, vespers, etc. Finally we hurry to the station, run to the baggage office, and fairly fly to our train, waving good-bye to our vanishing friends. Once more we find ourselves in the college atmosphere. It's astonishing how completely the college atmosphere permeates a railway car just after vacation. Yale up forward, Wellesley beyond, and Holyoke across the aisle, all discussing college news, college courses, and instructors.

"Well, old Dutch just lit in for Cox that time——"

"Rested? Well, it's just grand not to feel as if you wanted to chew the whole universe up."

"She makes me mad. I always go into her class feeling sort of cross-grained. I don't believe more'n half she says, anyway."

"Mary Smith? Oh, she has a doctor's excuse. Her dress-making isn't done yet."

(*Smith* of course does not permeate. *Smith* quietly reads *The House of Mirth*, or studies *Hamlet*).

At last in one's college room, trunks unpacked, and pictures hung, hailing the ten o'clock bell for once with relief, one begins to appreciate Mr. Webster's "*Quiet Retreats of Academic Life*", and murmurs thankfully, "Now I lay me down to sleep"—at last."

MARIE MURKLAND '06.

#### A FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY

To cram or not to cram, that is the question ;—  
 Whether 'tis better at this time to study  
 The sines and cosines of outrageous functions,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of problems,  
 And by opposing, end them? To flunk,—low grade,  
 No more :—and through low grade, to say we end  
 The cramming and the hard, unnatural study  
 That Fresh. is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To flunk,—low grade !—  
 But wait ! perchance a con :—ay, there's the rub ;  
 For from that Math. condition work may come,—  
 When we have left behind this freshman year, a  
 Which gives us pause. There's the respect  
 That makes this cramming of such long, long nights :  
 For who would bear this grinding in play time,  
 The theorems long, and proud corollary,  
 The pangs of despised  $\pi$ , the log's delay,  
 The insolence of tangents, and the turns  
 That patient martyrs at the blackboard take,  
 When they themselves might their own problems do  
 With an op'd Math. book? Who would study bear.  
 To grind and groan under this weary work,  
 But that the fear of something after June,—  
 The unfamiliar soph. year, of whose work  
 No one makes light,—weakens the will,  
 And makes us rather do the work we have  
 Than flunk to other that we know not of ?  
 Thus terror doth make diggers of us all,  
 And thus the natural flunk of hesitation  
 Is safe passed by with a strong case of bluff ;  
 And exercises of great length and logarithm  
 With this regard their numbers turn a-right  
 And loose the proper answer.

MYRTLE SMITH '08.

Sunday, the 5th.—College isn't really so bad after all. This week I didn't flunk once in Math, so I feel encouraged—am beginning to get a little of my self-respect back again. I thought I never

From a Freshman's Diary should, though, for ever since I've been here I've disgraced myself at least once out of three

Black Days of every week.

Sundays seem to be my Red Letter days. Alice—she insists I shall call her Alice, though I hardly dare—asked me to dinner again to-day. I was quite surprised, for she's done a lot for me already. However, I don't think she cares a straw for me. I am almost positive she is engaged to Brother, or could be if she wanted to. When Brother told me he'd met a girl last summer who was a senior here, a very good friend of his, who would be great to me, I didn't suspect a thing, but now I do. I almost wish she didn't know Brother, and then I'd be sure she liked me for myself. As for my feelings toward her—well, I can only say I don't blame Brother. If I were one of those who are susceptible to such things, I suppose I'd have a "crush" by this time. Thank goodness I'm not. Of all silly things I believe that type of affection is the worst. When I see to what lengths it drives some I really lose all patience.

Tuesday, the 7th.—I met Alice down-town to-day. She is the nicest, dearest girl I ever saw. At first I just liked her in a very tepid sort of way, but now tepid isn't the word at all. She isn't pretty exactly. She's a little bit reserved and you don't get to know her at once, but when you do—why, you'd just die for her any day. That sounds a little "dime-novelish", but I mean it seriously. She is my ideal of a girl.

If anyone should read this—any college girl I mean—she'd accuse me of having that which I consider so silly—something which begins with a "c".

Sunday, the 12th.—Last night I went over to see Alice. I must be strong and not go again very soon. I should hate to wear my welcome out. Just as I was starting home an Amherst man came to see her. I thought him a pill, but he comes all the time, the girls say. I suppose she's too kind not to be cordial, or else she's so dear herself that she cannot see the imperfections of others. That's one of the dangers of being too good. I trust the latter is not the truth, for such being the case, Mr. Amherst—I can't think of his real name—has the advantage of propinquity, a very great advantage I believe when it comes to *affaires de cœur*. Poor Brother! Perhaps I ought to let him know how things stand.

Monday, the 13th.—She kissed me to-day!

Why is it people put down in their diaries the things they couldn't forget if they tried?

Wednesday the 15th.—In spite of all I've said and felt and thought, I must admit it. I have what they call a "crush". At least, I seem to show all the symptoms which distinguish one. If so, a real one is a much more serious affair than would appear to the casual observer.

The circumstances which brought about my realization of these facts are:

First. Alice went to the Infirmary this morning with tonsilitis, and I've felt miserably ever since.

Second. Mary Hartwell sent her a bunch of violets this afternoon, and I was about wild until I'd sent her two bunches myself.



Altogether I think I must confess myself a victim of the freshman malady. In theory I do not approve, but practically I can't help it. As I've said before, this feeling is not a silly one by any means. I do love Alice dearly, and I don't see why I shouldn't say so. She is the dearest, truest girl I've ever known.

Monday, the 20th.—I am the happiest girl in Smith College! She and Brother are engaged! Oh, I am so happy! I don't know what to say or do, and the worst of it is nobody is to know for a long while yet.

Alice is almost well and I was allowed to go in to see her—I've been down to inquire every day since she was ill. She was dearer than ever before if that is possible. Finally I got up courage and said:

"Oh, Alice, you will come and visit me sometime, won't you?"

Then she told me! I can't remember what I said, but I don't believe she has any doubts of a welcome by Brother's sister, any way. We talked and talked and talked until dinner time and I positively had to go.

It seems as if I'd die of happiness.

Friday, the 24th.—Alice has been out of the Infirmary since Tuesday morning. We have seen each other every day. I have been over to her house several times, and she has come over here. Now that she's almost my sister I can go just as often as I please.

I ask her advice about everything, and once or twice she has asked mine. It is so comfortable to be able to ask some one everything you are perplexed about, and of course, if that some one is your Ideal girl you are sure to get infallible advice. I have always thought of an Ideal as something quite intangible and indefinite—something that floated around, as it were, and was not real.

Sunday, the 26th.—She gave me her picture to-day.

Wednesday, the 29th.—I don't know what to say. I can't think. I can hardly feel, and yet I do feel—too much.

It can't be true, and yet it is true. Both Mr. Amherst and I saw it with our own eyes, and neither of wears glasses and neither of us is blind!

I went over to Alice's this evening, and as I was walking up the path Alice herself opened the door and stood in the light. There was a man standing by her and he was putting on his long coat. When he got it on, Alice put her hands on his shoulders and—kissed—him!

Alice! who is engaged to my brother! I gave a cry and then I realized that there was some one beside me in the path who also saw. He said something too, for it was that Amherst man.

We went in together. I felt as if I were in a dream. Mr. Amherst did not seem quite at ease, either. The conversation lagged. In fact I don't think I said one thing. That youth tried to say funny things, but he is the most unattractive mortal! I got so nervous I thought I'd scream. After a short time he left, and then I left. Alice said I seemed silent and wanted to know if I didn't feel well.

I said I felt perfectly well, but I do not and what is more I never shall feel well again. I simply cannot believe what I saw. Is Alice engaged to two men at once? Or isn't she? Or what was she up to, anyway? And who was the man? Alice! who was just perfect, who was the truest girl

I ever knew, who was so dear and good and sweet to me, and whom I loved so! It can't be that she's different, and yet she is different. I feel so badly for Brother and I feel almost worse for myself.

Thursday, the 30th.—I have thought and thought and I'm just where I was before. I cried myself to sleep last night. I couldn't help it.

The question is: Is it my duty to tell Brother that he has been deceived? It will only make him unhappy, and yet he might as well know the truth at once. But aside from Brother's feelings, what should I do? Duty is generally disagreeable and this is certainly disagreeable, therefore it seems as if it must be my duty. If there only were a course in Ethics for freshmen! I believe "Ethics" solves all such problems.

Saturday, the 1st.—She came over to-day and I tried to act the same. I almost forgot for a while. She was so sweet.

Thursday, the 6th.—I haven't been over to her house since "it" occurred. She saw me in chapel this morning and asked me where I'd been all this long time.

Then she said that in her last letter from Brother he had mentioned the possibility of coming to Northampton before a great while.

To have Brother come here and perhaps run into the other man would be awful! I can't think of anything worse.

Friday, the 7th.—I wrote Brother a letter this morning and stated the facts quite plainly. There was no other way.

Saturday, the 8th.—I have also come to the conclusion that my duty requires me to tell Alice who informed Brother. She will probably get a letter from him to-morrow or Monday regarding the affair.

Oh! I do hope I did right to tell him!

Sunday, the 9th.—I never shall be able to look Alice in the face again, or Brother either! though Alice was dear to me.

She considers it the best joke she ever knew. I don't.

I am too mortified to write down the details, but this is what I telegraphed Brother at once:

"Mistake. It was a girl dressed up for a play."

MARIAN ELIZABETH EDMANDS '07.

President Seelye has published the Annual Report of the work of Smith College. He gave an address before the Society for the Higher Education of Women, Salem, Mass., and before the Association of Smith Alumnae, Fitchburg, Mass. He was present at the organization of the Carnegie Foundation, New York City.

#### Faculty Notes,

November-December, 1905

Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Pierce, Miss Cutler and Miss Adams attended the meetings of the American Philosophical and Psychological Associations, held in connection with the opening of Emerson Hall at Harvard University, December 27-29. Mr. Gardiner read a paper before the Psychological Association on the definition of "Feeling."

Miss Mary W. Calkins, Smith '85, presided at the sessions of the American Psychological Association meeting at Harvard University, December 27-29.

Miss Byrd published "Astronomy in the High School,—IV., Paths of

Heavenly Bodies among the Stars", in *Popular Astronomy* for December 1905.

Mr. Brady has leave of absence for the rest of the year. Miss Benton is taking charge of the Latin department in his absence. He was invited to be the guest of the Chicago Smith College Alumnae Association at its December meeting.

Mr. Wood published in the *Biblical World* for January, 1906, an expository article on Luke 2:1-20. He has written, in collaboration with Rev. Newton M. Hall of Springfield, a series, now in press, "The Bible Story." On November 20, he lectured at Bridgewater, Mass., on "The Growth of Prophecy."

Mr. Ganong attended the meeting of the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology at Ann Arbor, Mich., December 27-30, presenting a paper upon Plant Physiology.

Mr. Hazen was elected President of the New England History Teachers' Association at the October meeting.

Mr. Waterman delivered an address before the Eastern Association of Physics Teachers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, December 9. He attended the annual meeting of the American Physical Society at Columbia University, December 29-30.

Miss Caverno addressed the Chicago Association of Smith Alumnae, December 25, the Smith College Club of Cleveland, December 30.

Miss Hanscom published "The Feeling for Nature in Old English Poetry", in *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology* for October, 1905.

Miss Cutler gave an address at the meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae held at Atlanta, Georgia, November 22-25. Miss Cutler represented Smith; President Hazard, Wellesley; Miss Irwin, Radcliffe; Miss Leach, Vassar.

Miss Scott has been elected a member of the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Story attended the meeting of the Clef Club of New York, December 27, and the conference to consider and formulate plans for college entrance requirements in music, held at Columbia University, December 28.

Mrs. Lee published "A Chosen City" in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1905; "Uncle William" in *Collier's Weekly* for December 9, 1905; "Uncle William Borrows a Hundred" in "Mount Tom" for January, 1906. She addressed the Smith Club of Worcester, December 30.

Miss Bernardy published "The Newest Etruscan Finds" in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, November 22, 1905; "The Proud Italians" in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, November 29, 1905; "Le origini degli Stati Uniti di C. Mondaini: Rencensione" in *Archivio Storico Italiano*, series 5, v. 36, 1905. In an essay on the recent new edition of "L'Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne", by Gaston Paris, Professor Alessandro D'Ancona, of the University of Pisa, quotes Miss Bernardy's studies on the survival of the Carolingian dramatic legend among the Italian immigrants to America, published in Italy, May, 1905.

Miss Adams attended a meeting of the Teachers of Education in New England Universities and Colleges, held at Harvard University, December 1. Miss Adams has been elected a member of the American Psychological Association.

Miss Elliott gave a recital of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Northfield, Mass., November 24. She gave readings with the Schubert Quartette of Boston at Greenfield, December 5, and miscellaneous recitals at Bernardston, Mass., December 13; and Marshalltown, Iowa, December 26, and Montezuma, Iowa, December 29.

Miss Julia C. Harrington, Smith 1904, has been appointed assistant in Latin for the year.

FANNY BORDEN.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave a piano recital, December 12, with a well-chosen program: Beethoven's Sonata in C major, op. 53; Schumann's Carnival Pranks from Vienna, op. 26; Chopin's study in

**Recital by Harold Bauer** C sharp minor, op. 25, No. 7, and a study in G flat major, op. 10, No. 5; Scherzo in B flat minor, by Balakirew; "On the Sea-Shore", op. 52, No. 2, by Anton Arensky; Impromptu in F minor, by Gabriel Fauré; and the Ride of the Valkyries, from Die Valkyrie. The interest in his playing lies in his wonderful touch, his complete mastery of his art, resulting in apparent ease and grace of execution, and not least, his freedom from mannerisms and affectation.

AMY GRACE MAHER '06.

## CALENDAR

January 17, Chapin House Dance.

" 20, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

" 22, Beginning of the Mid-year Examination period.

" 31, Holiday.

February 1, Opening of the Second Semester.

" 3, Alpha Society.

" 7, Dickinson House Reception.

" 10, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

" 14, Dance, Henshaw Avenue houses.



The  
Smith College  
Monthly

February - 1906.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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AMERICAN OFFICE-HOLDERS ARE BECOMING DANGEROUSLY SENSATIONAL

Balzac has said that "the world craves sensation so eagerly that it absolves with equal readiness those who move it to laughter or to tears, without demanding a strict account of the means employed in either case"; and this certainly seems to be true of the American people. We are possessed of a mad desire to be wrought up, to be highly excited, all the time; nothing seems worth while unless done to the music of a brass band and in the glare of red lights—and any kind of brass band and red lights at that. This tendency can be felt in every sphere of our activity; but it is in the sphere of political activity that it is most marked; and our office-holders and would-be office-holders seem to be most deeply affected by this tendency to be hysterical.

This growing sensationalism is a serious menace to good government, for in the artificial light it casts on men and events it is impossible to get a true conception of the real import of things. Men who rule a nation need above all things to take a sane, dispassionate view of every question; they should be able to see men and events as they really are, independently of all

emotional coloring; and this is clearly impossible when the men who make or administer the laws are inclined to be hysterical and to judge by external appearances rather than by intrinsic worth. Sensationalism, moreover, gives rise to rashness and imprudence in action on the part of those who mean to be grave and deliberate; and while intending to act only on mature reflection, a man who allows himself to become hysterical will soon find that in so doing he adopts a course highly detrimental to the interests he is supposed to be guarding.

Harmful as the consequences of this tendency are in politics, it is obvious that its influence will never stop there, but will spread to the other phases of our life, as it has indeed begun to do already. In literature and the drama we demand the startling and bizarre; we rush from one extreme to the other, from morbid sentimentality to a "simplicity" as artificial and sensational as the hysterical "complexity" we are trying to escape. And even in our religion we are, as a people, only too ready to embrace new creeds, or new phases of old creeds, when they are preached to us by men who know how to give us truisms in a theatrical style. To our shame be it said that we go to the churches where an emotional, faddist theology is replacing spirituality and religion in the true sense of the words. Such is the influence of sensationalism upon our life and thought; and it is growing, and will continue to grow as long as we as a nation countenance it by tacitly accepting the sensationalism which has crept into our political activity.

Men desire to hold office, or to continue in office if they already hold it, for one of two reasons; either they desire to gain some selfish, personal end, or else they desire to accomplish some reform or other good. In either case, if they are men of any force of character, they are determined to gain their ends; and consequently they do not hesitate to use the most successful means of getting office, particularly when that means is apparently legitimate; nor do they inquire into that means too closely if on the surface it does not appear distinctly dishonorable. This is not because office-seekers are any more unscrupulous than the rest of mankind; it is merely the natural tendency of men to regard the means as justified by the end, and to obey the dictates of prudence in doing what has proved useful in the past. These men know that the mass of the people are, after all, only grown-up children, easily influenced by



the spectacular. An ex-governor of the State of New York said recently that the most solid business men were as pleased as boys at marching in a parade, and that they were carried to great heights of enthusiasm for a cause when it had been brought home to them through the medium of a political parade, and its usual accessories in the way of banners and cheering crowds. This is known to all men in politics; and they know that a conspicuous war-record, an unusual personal "pose", or a sufficiently spectacular insistence on reform or patriotism—be it ever so vague—has often elected a man quite independently of the real issues of the campaign. So is it reasonable to suppose that the extravagantly emotional behavior of men in politics is all purely due to the temperaments of these individuals? Or is it not more reasonable to suppose that sensationalism is coming to be employed as a means to an end?

It may be argued that the mass of the people have to be swayed by external means because they cannot be made, by pure reason, to see what is really good for them; this not only denies any faith in the ultimate good sense of the people; but it also exercises what little judgment they may have under the most unfavorable conditions. Granting that the people are not always capable of judging what is really best for them, are they at all assisted in the task of thinking clearly by being blinded to the real state of affairs, and by being made hysterical? How can a voter be expected to judge of an issue in a campaign when the newspapers and the political speakers dwell constantly on theatrically related traits of the candidate, and say little or nothing about the issues themselves? Does it help a man to form as sound a judgment as he can of the color of an object, if we are continually surrounding that object with side lights of various shades?

It cannot be argued, because some of the men who have swayed others for their good have been sensational, that therefore sensationalism is good; for men are readily led into harm by that path, and it is unadvisable to advocate a path that leads quite as often to harm as to good. And moreover, the history of the American people ought to have convinced us by this time that the really great men who have led us to the greatest good have done so neither theatrically nor sensationally. Our really great presidents have not endeavored to stand constantly in the lime-light; our greatest military and naval heroes have not

ended their careers by writing bombastic literature on the war and their share in it.

Perhaps the effort may be made to explain away what is here termed "sensationalism" by calling it "enthusiasm." It may be said that our public men are so bound up in the causes which they support that they are carried out of themselves and away from the bounds of conventionality; and perhaps this is so to a certain extent—in one or two exceptional cases it is undoubtedly so. But all men do not have the same temperament; neither are all men who are seeking to hold office, or to continue in it, so wrapped up in a noble cause that they are incapable of acting sanely and with dignity. Youthful enthusiasm can be urged as a valid excuse for a great number of emotional vagaries; but it does not seem that it could possibly excuse the sensationalism that has taken possession of eight out of ten of our public officials, from district attorneys to high executives.

This sensationalism appears chiefly in campaigns, and in the efforts of office-holders to keep constantly before the public; and it would be difficult to say in which direction the tendency manifests itself the more strongly. It is probable that it is as conspicuous in the one as in the other, since the efforts of office-holders to keep before the public are no less the outcome of a desire to secure votes than are the campaigns themselves.

Contrary to natural expectation, in a campaign practically no speeches are made giving the real issues, so that the voters can sanely and reasonably decide what is the thing they want. On the contrary, we find that the issues are a subordinate matter, as compared with irrelevant details about the personality and former life of the candidate. One or two examples will be sufficient to show how the American people are told to elect a man, not because he is eminently fitted for the office for which he is running, but because he once did something quite different in a commendable manner. A few years ago, shortly after the Spanish-American war, a certain man was nominated by the Republican party for governor of an important eastern state; and it would naturally be supposed that during the campaign the Republican speakers would dwell upon those traits of his which would make him a good governor. This, however, was not at all the case. What the speakers really did was to magnify a skirmish in the war, in which he had taken part, into a battle; and then dramatically paint his share in the conflict in

terms glowing enough to be used in describing Washington's greatest victories. Now, where was the point? Why should they dwell on the military career of a man whom they wished to elect governor of a peaceful state? Simply because they hoped to stir up the people and fill them with an hysterical enthusiasm for the candidate. Just a short time ago, a man was nominated for mayor of one of the most important cities in the Union; and here again the speakers talked to their audiences in most eloquent fashion of the achievements of their candidate along lines which had nothing whatever to do with his making a good mayor. They emphasized his merits as a scholar: but none of them seemed to think that a man might be ever so illustrious a scholar and yet not make a capable mayor. But their object was the same as before; they were only attempting to paint their candidate in brilliant colors, so that they could excite an interest in him sufficient to get people to vote for him.

It is in the tours made by candidates and speakers that hysterical irrelevance reaches its height. Take, for instance, the speeches made from the rear platforms of trains;—it is perfectly evident that they are little better than the speeches of advance agents for circuses, for by their very nature they are merely designed to stir up excitement and get people interested in things which they do not half understand. How can a man say anything in five minutes from the back of a car to a crowd of people who are making enough noise to drown a steam calliope? Even if he had time, such a speaker could not make himself heard; consequently all he can do, or seeks to do, is to shout a few bombastic phrases and try to stir up his audience by “waving the flag”, as campaign speakers call an appeal to the sensational patriotism dormant in every crowd. Such speeches can hardly be defended as helping men to face the issues of the campaign; they merely serve to stir men up to vote in a certain direction without knowing why,—unless, indeed, the other party's speakers pass that way before election. The spectacular but vaguely purposeful meetings and demonstrations held in small towns are exactly as undesirable as those speeches made from the platforms of trains, for the principle of them is quite the same.

If these efforts of candidates and their backers are altogether hysterical and deplorable, what are we to say to the



methods employed by office-holders to keep before the public? Take, for instance, the pretended reformers with whom our cities are filled. We find them frantically attacking monopolies in most eloquent and dramatic speeches; but real earnest work, the quiet, unostentatious kind that undermines and gradually destroys those monopolies, is by no means included in their programs. Where vice flourishes among the poor the would-be reformer goes, and beating a drum that all may know a good deed is being done, he stamps out evil bravely. But the similar evils that go on among the rich, which are even more widespread, and exist in places where applause for destroying those evils would not be easily won, are quietly ignored. It is very evident that the reforming office-holder is so attracted by the sensational methods of attacking vice, that he is utterly unable to conceive of any other less conspicuous method.

The office-holder has other methods besides conspicuous reform which serve to keep him in the lime-light. One method is to attend conventions of all kinds and to talk on every conceivable subject, whether he knows much or little about it. Think of an executive official going about the country addressing teachers' and mothers' conventions, regardless of the fact that such things have nothing in common with his office, and regardless also of the fact that those to whom he talks probably know vastly more about the subject than he does himself! Could anything be more pathetically lacking in dignity and fitness?

Another method of acquiring a sensational popularity is the ostentatious interest taken in engineers, firemen, and other laboring men, which a certain very prominent office-holder of to-day assumes. It is attested by men who knew him before his election to the offices he has recently held, that he never did that sort of thing in private life; consequently it is impossible not to suspect that he does so now with a purpose.

Even more disturbing than these things to the man averse to everything savoring of royalty and the idea of a "royal family" is the manner in which the characters and careers of all the members of prominent office-holders' families are detailed at great length in the papers. Very obviously, this sort of thing can serve no purpose but to keep the people emotionally interested in an official; for we, a democratic people, can have no interest in seeing certain families forever held up to our admir-



ing gaze, and presented to us much as the families of the nobility are presented to the people of Europe. We do not want to make an aristocracy of our office-holders and their families, and no one seriously believes that there is any danger of so doing ; but all this posing of office-holders' families as models for the nation, savors too much of the hysterical admiration expected of European people for their rulers' families. Apparently, however, our office-holders like this sort of thing, and like to have their families' doings detailed in the periodicals ; for they could stop it entirely if they wished to do so. But they see in this a way to keep the public attention always directed to themselves, a way to keep themselves always in the center of the stage.

Sensationalism is the keynote of public life, the path to office and continuance in office ; it is extending its baneful influence to the other phases of our life as well. Yet we do not seem to realize that we are perpetually suffering from national hysterics, and are on the verge of national nervous prostration. We think we are sanely following the dictates of reason, but we are not ; and the sooner we realize this, and regain our national sanity, dignity, and calm, the better it will be for the American people, as individuals and as a nation.

AGATHA ELIZABETH GRUBER.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE GEOGRAPHY OF ISRAEL UPON ITS LITERATURE

Among all the elements which unite to influence the literature of a nation, two are especially important,—the racial characteristics and development of the people itself, and the physical features of the country in which they live. As the character of the individual naturally adapts itself to its surroundings, so the literary expression of a nation is limited and directed by its environment. The natural phenomena which are familiar to a people grow to have a special meaning,—to assume various forms of interpretation which are reflected in the literature. The natural features of Israel are interesting in themselves and become more so when associated with the familiar stories of the

Bible. From the map of Palestine, we see what a large part of the country is covered by mountain ranges. From the Bible, we learn that these were alike a house, a refuge, and a stronghold to the people. For though lying in the midst of other and powerful nations, Palestine is yet separated from them by natural barriers, so that the wars of the Assyrians and the Grecian culture came latest to the mountains of Judea.

There are few rivers of importance in the Holy Land. Many of them are impetuous mountain streams, fed to overflowing during the rainy season, and disappearing entirely during the burning summer months. One great river, the Jordan, with its direct but wavering course between the two seas, is striking in connection with this land. With its depth, its silent setting of limestone crags, its desert loneliness, it is not to be wondered that the people looked on it as the border of the next world. We ourselves feel that it is strange and different from other rivers, so strong is this power of association.

In the character of the coast is the same element of rugged solitude.—there are no friendly blue harbors with picturesque barges and gleaming sails; no wide river mouths inviting passage into the heart of a green and fertile land,—only a stretch of barren, rocky coast, where the waves are dashed into surf and foam.

These descriptions might lead to the false impression that Palestine is practically a desert. It is a land of strange contrasts. The climate and temperature are extreme and variable, changing greatly even from hour to hour. This may be the reason for the physical hardihood of the race, and its native power of endurance. Another result of the climate is the conception of a personal Providence, whose favor manifests itself in warmth and plentiful rain, and whose wrath sends earthquakes and famine. In many parts the land is surprisingly fertile, and grain fields, olive trees, and vineyards bear luxuriant crops. This fertility, in contrast with the deserts from which the tribes originally came, led to a rise in civilization, to racial unity, and eventually to the forming of a nation.

A question which naturally arises is, how much light is thrown by the natural features of the land upon the authenticity of its literature? The evidence that we find may be limited, and is seldom definite and conclusive, yet it helps in a study of the Bible. If it cannot prove the historical accuracy

of many accounts, it often shows whether or not they were possible at the times to which their origins are assigned. Often it aids in the identification of battle fields. Accurate descriptions of these are usually given which can be supported by actual facts. The Vale of Elah, for instance, has been recognized by a description given in Exodus of the battle which took place there. Some of the early movements of the tribes, which are at best complex and vague, are given, in light of these verifications, a new clearness and meaning. In many composite books, such as the Pentateuch, each document has its own names for particular places. A study of these helps to separate such books into their various documents. In questions of authorship, the evidence of geography is most valuable in supporting other proofs. The difference in the natural features to which allusion is made by the first and second Isaiah, is significant in connection with the theory that the two parts of the book were written at different times and by different men. John's inaccuracy in his descriptions of places makes us feel sure that he was not a native of the country. It is in ways like these that a knowledge of geography throws light upon the authenticity of the Bible.

Throughout these writings appears continual use of natural illustration,—most frequently in the Prophets and Judges of the Old Testament. Ezekiel tells the story of the goodly cedar, and compares corrupt Israel to a ruined vine. In the New Testament the teachings of Christ and his disciples are full of similar illustrations. The examples are familiar to all,—the parable of the sower, of the husbandman's vine, and of the house which was founded upon a rock. These illustrations presented themselves to the minds of the teachers as being perfectly free and natural, and hence valuable to kindle the imaginations of the hearers with picturesque details, or to bring to their minds with vividness and force the understanding of some great truth. They had seen nature in all these various aspects, had sown their own seeds and worked in their own vineyards. Thus the figures were perfectly comprehensible through their very familiarity.

The narratives and descriptive passages of the Scriptures are marked by a symbolic character. All nature was a wide and beautiful medium for the expression of the word of God. We see this in the journey through the wilderness from Egypt to

the Promised Land. Called from their quiet lives by the divine inspiration of Moses, and fired by his enthusiasm, they set forth, unknowing, toward the unknown. The crossing of the Red Sea was a miracle,—a sign of divine favor. As they travelled onward, the country began to assume strange forms,—they passed stretches of barren, lonely sand, then hills appeared on the horizon, and others, still higher, rose in the distance. There was constant danger from the hostile tribes, and all the natural difficulties of a desert journey; yet throughout this strange progress they felt a divine presence which still led them on,—which made water gush from the desert rocks and strewed manna on the ground for food. Is it strange, in these circumstances, that the manna, which had probably fallen from the shrubs in the desert for a hundred of years, should bring to their minds this conception of a divine power protecting them? Do not many conditions which have always existed seem, as they adapt themselves in the course of our lives to some special need, to be fresh creations of Providence for us? These incidents have now become symbols in our spiritual existence; they were facts in the natural life of the Israelites.

True to their hopes, the weary band of wanderers arrived at Mount Sinai. They saw before them a natural cathedral, far from the world of men, where peaks of rocks rose in somber silence toward the sky, and lightning flashed, and thunder rolled among majestic crags. They did not hear the divine command they awaited; they saw no awe-inspiring figure of God. All was veiled in mystery, and from this came the first conception of the new faith as it has revealed itself in its evolution,—a worship not of images of concrete forms, but of one divine, abstract, essential Power. The religious perceptions of these people were always deepened and strengthened by the contemplation of the mountains around them. They were symbolic of exaltation, and we hear as a cry of triumph, "I shall be exalted above the hills." They conveyed the idea of power as well, and the meaning still remains. Which of us, in looking at the mountains, has not thought in the words of the Psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help"? Even the enemies of Israel seemed to recognize this power, saying, in despair at their defeat, "their gods are the gods of the hills, therefore they are stronger than ours." In such phrases as "the everlasting hills", "the perpetual hills", we see the



idea of unchangeability and eternity associated with them. In the floods they saw an instrument of God's power, and often a means of divine punishment. In the early traditions of almost every country there is the story of a great flood sent to purify the world. In the midst of these terrible deluges "the voice of Jehovah is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth." The springs of water appearing often in the desert showed God's gracious bounty. "Fruitful trees and all cedars" worship the Lord, and "bow before him" and "clap their hands" for joy, in the free personification of the Scriptures.

Through the majority of the Bible stories there runs a didactic current,—the conscious effort of the teacher to instruct the ignorant. Still we find some pictures of country life in the Orient which are wholly free and spontaneous expressions of poetic thought. Often these are so beautifully expressed that we are filled with a warm admiration of the poets of old. This description has two aspects,—one in connection with the natural life of the people, the relations of human beings to one another; the other in connection with their relations to God. The so-called Song of Solomon shows the first side. Various scenes of the country are brought before us in graceful and light imagery. The theme is love—the love of human beings for each other—warm, glowing passion that is born anew with every age. In the Psalms, on the other hand, is the love of the people for God. They are created beings in whom the majesty of God lies revealed through the deep religious enthusiasm of the poet. God,—his power, his glory, his love, are the leading thoughts of the whole book. No wonder that it has stood the test of the ages, with so vital a source from which to draw its supply. The Bible has always been of universal interest—let us keep it so—its great truths not denied, misinterpreted, or weakened by modern thought, but illumined by the light of a richer and clearer comprehension.

ALICE DEXTER WESTON.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL REFLECTIONS

In our early, happy, "Now-I-lay-me" days, we were taught that God made us,—a sweet pillow on which to rest our innocent young heads. Some people have even lived through life under the delusion that God made them, and they have apparently been good and happy, and have lived to green old age, and have died in their beds and been decently buried by their friends. Now, it is the fashion to think that our ancestors made us,—that is, that they began us and that the continuation of their work is left to us. We are surrounded and ensnared by such a mesh of threads of heredity and environment that our poor limited mental capacities become dazed and helpless in the struggle to escape. Not only do we not know ourselves, see clearly truth, and understand perfectly the ins and outs of the universe, as we are supposed to do; but we cannot be certain even about the simplest matters of life which formerly were taken for granted. We are depressed by the hopelessness of our state,—for most of us have not had psychological ancestors for generation before generation, even unto Grandmother Monkey, and unless we have had them, we are told, we can not have been properly and symmetrically builded toward that stately edifice Perfection, which is the end of all things.

Nor is the burden lightened when the building comes to our own charge. We can no longer say with Browning, with a feeling of momentary relief from the stress and strain of life :

"What need to strive with a life awry?  
Had I said that, had I done this,  
So might I gain, so might I miss."

We *must* strive and struggle and wrestle as long as there is breath in our bodies; if we take a moment's respite we will surely suffer for it, and our children after us. And yet, at the best, there is not much hope for our poor children; for what can one lone psychological generation do to overbalance the evil influence of all those ill-starred generations who lived in ignorance of the appalling duties and responsibilities which they

owed to themselves, to society, and to countless succeeding generations? It quite destroys the sense of humor, does this consciousness of our inestimable influence upon subsequent generations. Only a little longer will men joke about the affairs of life, and women laugh and sing, and children frolic on the green grass in the sunshine. And what a sad world will it be when this idea shall have permeated life, even to kittens. Then let the last trumpet sound, for even those who go the way of the goats will be glad.

NELLIE BARNEY SERGEANT.

### SOLACE

The other day, I saw a child, a little child, look deep  
On the water of a peaceful brook where the sunlight lay asleep.  
She could not speak its beauty, but her face had caught the light,—  
As she left it she went singing for the splendor of the sight.

And recently I met a saint, an aged saint, whose gaze  
Showed he had not words to utter all the fullness of his praise.  
For his life was spent in regions where not many men have been,  
And his heart was ever singing for the beauty he had seen.

And I, in thinking of them, lose the discontent I know  
When I cannot paint the splendor and hold it e'er it go,  
And I sing for all the beauty that the world has held for me,—  
For the sunlight on the hill-top and green shadows on the sea.

HELEN MARGERY DEAN.

### CLEAN HOLLAND

If cleanliness is next to godliness, Holland is certainly the most godly country in all Europe. In a country having an area of 12,000 square miles, there are 1,000,000 miles of canals, to say nothing of the lakes and rivers, so there is at least plenty of water wherewith to keep clean. The desire to keep clean is universal in Holland,—even the slums of the big cities are clean. This desire is irrepressible as well as universal. Weather makes no difference to a Dutch housewife. It is no uncommon thing to see a Dutch woman scrubbing her doorsteps or sidewalk in

the rain, while another holds an umbrella as protection from the storm. The Dutch cities are wonderfully clean. The outside of the houses, the door-steps and sidewalks are all kept shining and clean by much scrubbing. All of this cleaning must be done before half-past nine in the morning, and the early hours are full of activity for the house-keepers. In the anxiety to have everything in order by that hour, they take little care for the passers-by, who run serious risk of being covered with dust shaken from a window, or spattered with water from the pail of a too energetic maid-servant. The very streets, paved with cobble-stones, shine like the houses. Outside the houses, everything glistens, down to the smallest nail.

In the small towns and in the country the old Dutch customs are better preserved than in the cities. Life in the small towns is monotonous. The only entertainment for the men is to meet in the village inn, where they spend long hours sitting silently in stiff wooden chairs, each with cap pulled over his eyes, smoking a long clay pipe, while a glass of beer stands under each chair on the sanded floor. Their wooden shoes, well scrubbed and whitened, are left outside the door, awaiting the owner's exit. The only entertainment for the women is to chat together as they wash their household belongings in the canal.

Sunday is the great day in the village. Everyone goes to church dressed in his or her best. The costumes of the women are marvellous. It would be impossible to describe all the types of Dutch costumes. One of the most quaint, perhaps, is that of the women of Hindeloopen. Over twelve or fourteen stiffly starched petticoats they wear a black skirt, a checked bodice, and a large white apron. The girdle is a long black band, wound around and around the waist, the arrangement of which requires an hour and a half. At the right side is suspended a silver charm from which hang a silver pincushion, scissors, and needle-case; at the left side a bag with silver clasps. They wear three large, spotless white caps, one on top of the other, decorated with gold and silver ornaments and artificial flowers. Out-of-doors they wear wooden shoes, long, light-colored mantles, and a big bounnet on top of the three caps. After the long morning service comes the Sunday lunch, which is a formal affair. Each family uses its best china, its finest and whitest linen, and its most beautifully polished silver. During the rest of the week the town seems dead. The neat little houses,



painted white, or bright colored, stand in stiff rows around a pond. Even the trees share in the general neatness for they are regularly scrubbed, and their trunks are painted white, or in colors to match the houses.

The national characteristics are best displayed among the Dutch peasants. The houses of the peasants are clean with a tidiness even greater than that of the towns and cities. The better class of farm house has two parts, usually but not always divided by a partition. In one part live the cattle. They are arranged in two rows on the outside and the carts are kept in the middle. The stables are inordinately neat. They are often lined with oilcloth and in the windows are white curtains tied back with pretty ribbons. Not a wisp of hay is to be seen lying about, for it is all nicely tucked away in the loft. The cattle are no exception to the general cleanliness. They are washed and scrubbed and their tails are brushed and combed, braided, and tied with ribbons to the ceiling, so as to be kept clean. As for the milk-pails, their brightness dazzles the eye. The other part of the house is the family living-room. Here the walls and floor are whitewashed. The family sleep in cupboards in the walls. These cupboard beds being matters of pride to the family, are trimmed with lace and ribbons, and are covered at night with green curtains. One thing always to be found in all Dutch farmhouses is the great linen closet, filled with rolls of beautiful white linen, spun and bleached by the women of the family. In the north, the wealth of the farmers is reckoned in the number of rolls of linen that they possess. These houses are neat outside as well as within. They are painted in bright colors and have thatched or tiled roofs, the lucky ones with a stork's nest on top. The poorer class of farmhouse has only one room, the cattle living at one end and the people at the other. The floor of such a house is laid below the level of the ground, and consequently the beds have to be built six or seven feet above the floor, so that the family may not be drowned in their sleep by a sudden flood. The condition of these houses is no exception to the general rule,—they are spotlessly clean throughout.

A striking feature of the Dutch landscape is the canals. They are of all sizes, from the great ship canals which can float an ocean liner to the little canals across which a boy can jump. On these canals live a curious floating population, numbering

about 50,000 people who pass their lives on barges. Their floating houses are gaudily painted, and trimmed with brass and copper, kept bright and shining by the owner's patient polishing. The cargo is carried in the front part of the boat. On the raised deck at the stern is the family living-room, where the tiller and cooking-stove share, respectively, the attention of the Dutchman and his wife. The bargemen are fond of pets and flowers, and their boats are ornamented with pretty bird-cages and miniature flower-gardens. The family sleeping-rooms are below the deck, and are lighted by two little windows, one on each side of the tiller. These windows, with their white curtains, look like two bright eyes, and as the barge sails slowly along it gives the appearance of a brightly colored animal with shining eyes, taken from a gigantic Noah's ark. Formerly these boats were towed by dogs, but recently a law has been passed forbidding this practice. Now the several members of the family tow the boat, while the owner sits placidly on deck smoking his long clay pipe and surveying the landscape.

The Dutch are not at all ashamed of doing their cleaning in public. They are proud to have their houses clean and all their belongings well polished. Much of the constant scrubbing is done out-of-doors by the side of the canals. As one drives along on the dykes one can look down to see women washing clothes, polishing milk-pails, scrubbing the wooden shoes of the family, and washing their best china, all along the canal. The country itself seems to share in the general neatness. There are no pebbles lying around loose in Holland. The dykes along the canals are in straight lines and intersect each other at right angles. The water in the canals is still and not often stirred. The stiff looking wind-mills give an appearance of clean primness to the landscape. The very air of Holland has a damp, clean feeling as if it, too, had just been scrubbed.

ANNA THERESA MARBLE.

### THE VISIONARY

While he dreams, waiting for the near To-morrow  
With work and love and life to come his way,  
While great longing is his only sorrow,  
The day slips past him into Yesterday.

## MY WORK

So feebly started by an untrained hand  
And scarcely better modeled at the close,  
Such a poor, faulty, unimportant thing,—  
Failure? Perhaps; and yet I *worked*, God knows!

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY.

## A PRAYER

Up from the deeps of life,  
Out of the storm,  
Worsted and wrecked by life,—  
Give me Thy calm.

Up from the wrongs of life,  
Safe on Thy breast,  
Free from the cares of strife,—  
Give me Thy rest.

Quell every bitter war,  
Bid hatred cease,  
Guard me from noise and din,—  
Give me Thy peace.

Now at the end of life,  
Dreading the leap  
Into the deeps of Death,  
Give me Thy sleep.

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

## THE HANDMAIDEN OF THE LORD

David Winter appeared at his front door and paused for a moment with a kindly glance about him, as of one who is at peace with all mankind. Before him lay the sloping lawn with two belated robins struggling for a supper; the long yellow road, bordered by wild rose bushes, now in the height of their

bloom, stretched far in either direction ; beyond the road the meadow land sloped gently to a small brook ; and from the brook up to the purpling sunset was a long stretch of pine woods, now lying in mysterious half-shadows and lightened here and there by a gleam of the sunset gold. Yes, it was good for a man to look upon that wide sweep of country and know it for his own ! David drew a long breath of contentment, settled down in his chair and tipped back against the wall.

"Ruth !" he called, "Cyrus comin' yet ?"

"Not yet, father," answered a voice from within.

"Kinder wish he'd come," soliloquized David. "He's such an entertainin' talker." He chuckled audibly over his little joke and helped himself to his unfailing consolation. In the parlance of the village people, David Winter "chawed some-thin' scand'lous," and David never failed to answer by saying he "didn't chaw no such thing ; it was terbaccer."

He must have drowsed, for he suddenly became conscious of some one occupying the chair next him and puffing contentedly at a long clay pipe. Cyrus Baxter was short, fat, and red-faced. He never spoke more than the law allowed and then only when he was surprised into it. His only visible expression of emotion was a silent laugh which shook him from crown to toe and caused his eyes to disappear entirely ; but never by any chance did it allow his lips to relax from that beloved pipe.

David looked him over benevolently. "I do believe you're gettin' thin, Cyrus," he said whimsically. "What's the matter with you is you talk too much, and you're such a darned entertainin' feller there can't nobody help listenin' to you." Cyrus shook in appreciation of the time-honored joke. David brought his chair to its four legs with a resounding thump. "Where's your Jim ?" he demanded with a suddenness that surprised from Cyrus the answer :

"Out in the garden."

"What's he doin' ?"

"Talkin' to your Ruth."

David lowered his voice mysteriously. "What are they talkin' about ?"

"Hens."

"Talkin' kinder friendly-like, ain't they ?" queried David, anxiously.

"No, mad."



"Pshaw, now, you don't say! What about?"

"Ruth says it's mean to deceive a hen with a chiner egg."

"She! Why, she put a chiner egg under the old Plymouth Rock herself yestiddy."

Cyrus nodded, as if he weren't at all surprised.

"Say, Cyrus," began David, after a pause, "hain't it never occurred to you what a mighty nice thing it would be to jine these two farms of our'n? It's allers been my idee that some time those two young 'uns might take a notion to each other and we'd have the satisfaction of seeing the one big farm go on to our grandson. Then he'd take out the fence between those south meader lots and there wouldn't be meader land to equal it in *this* county. No siree!"

"Tear down them two old ramshackle barns,—put up a new one," suggested Cyrus.

"I don' know. I don' know, Cyrus. That barn o' mine will stand a lot of use yet. Wonder if they ain't thought of it?"

"No," said Cyrus. "Not Jim. Grant's girl."

"Pshaw now! you don't say so," ejaculated David, half jealously. "Well, that feller who was visitin' down the road a piece got to comin' here pretty frequent, but I didn't like the *scent* he used; so one night I invited him out behind the barn and introduced him to old Jess, kind'er suggestive-like, and he ain't been here since!" David's laugh rang out, and Cyrus shook violently.

"Don't it seem to you, Cyrus," went on David, "as though you and me ort'er take a hand and put a bee in them young folks' bonnets?"

Cyrus smoked, and waited further developments.

"Now, how do you suppose it would do if we kind'er suggested it to 'em and gave 'em a few pinters? Hey?"

"Make 'em hate each other like pizen?"

"Mebby you're right. Mebby you're right. Jim *is* mighty obstinate."

"And Ruth red-headed," said Cyrus.

"Orburn," corrected David flatly. "Listen to this——"

During the talk that followed—mostly a monologue on the part of David Winter—Cyrus shook frequently and alarmingly, and when he started for home he was still quivering with mirth.

David waited long enough to get up a properly stern expression and went into the house. Ruth had lighted the lamp and was sewing busily.

"Ruth!" said David sharply, "who was that you was talkin' to out in the garden to-night?"

"Jim, of course," she answered, surprised.

"There's no 'of course' about it. I'm disapp'inted in Jim Baxter; he ain't the kind of feller I thought he'd grow up to be with such a father. He's a low-down worthless coot! And he spends altogether too much time with Grant's girl to come a-sneakin' around you. No siree, Jim ain't the kind of man for me nor for you nuther, so don't you get your idees sot on *him*, or they'll have to come onsot!"

"Why, father Winter! Aren't you perfectly awful! Jim never thought of such a thing, nor I, either! We were talking about *hens*!" with a withering accent on the noun.

"Oh, you was!" scoffed David. "It seems to me, young woman, that I can remember talking to your mother about *spi-i-i-ders*, and mighty interestin' they were, too!" He gave a ludicrous imitation of her emphasis.

Ruth tossed her head rebelliously. "I don't think it's a bit nice of you to talk that way, father," she said. "Jim and I have grown up together and it would seem very queer if we weren't good friends."

"I don't care how it seems. I don't want you seen with no such feller, and I ain't a-goin' to have it," declared David angrily.

Ruth pressed her lips together and bent her head over her sewing to hide the flush which she felt burning on her cheeks. Soon she rose and left the room without a word. The door closed emphatically behind her.

"They spiled a good play-actor when they made a farmer o' me," chuckled David as he wound the clock.

In the next evening's dusk Cyrus strolled around to the front piazza as usual. David sat there, chewing steadily, and evidently depressed. At last he turned to Cyrus. "How did it go?" he asked.

Cyrus nodded.

"What did you tell him?"

"That I wan't goin' to have him makin' up to your girl; too red-headed."

"Orburn," corrected David. "What did he say?"

"Didn't get the chance to say nuthin'. I bolted. Knew I should bust if I didn't."

"Where is he now?"

"Store."

"Ruth's upstairs in her room," said David Winter with a long sigh. After a pause he added: "Some way I've got my heart sot on that big south meader. Lord, Cyrus, why ain't you a widder woman 'stead of a widder man? We'd put for the parson so fast they couldn't see us for the dust!"

Cyrus shook silently. "Wait," he said.

"Yes, seein' we got to, that's mighty good advice," answered David.

David's depression continued for several days; then he sought out Cyrus, who was laboriously weeding the garden.

"Hey, Cyrus, wake up and take your medicine like a man," he crowed. They're out in the corner of the orchard, thicker than molasses in cold weather."

Cyrus shook. "Told him last night," he said, "that she was red-headed enough for a lighthouse. Mad. Somethin' turrible."

"Orburn," corrected David.

Late that afternoon, as David was passing out through the kitchen door, he encountered Ruth, flushed and breathless, coming from the direction of the orchard.

"Where have you been?" David demanded. "Don't tell me you've been down in the orchard talkin' to that shiftless Jim Baxter! And why ain't supper ready? What use is a house-keeper that ain't prompt?"

Ruth's color deepened at the mention of Jim, but she only answered, "If you would take the trouble to look at the clock you'd know why supper isn't ready."

David looked, and decided that something out in the barn needed his attention immediately. "See here, David," he soliloquized when he reached there, "you gotter be careful when yer playin' the stern parent act, and hereafter don't expect supper at four o'clock!"

The orchard proved to be the favorite trysting place of Ruth and Jim, to the great delight of the old men, who could stand in a convenient angle of the barn and peep and calculate. They took a mischievous delight in peering round the corner and between the twisted trunks of the apple trees, jumping back if there seemed a chance of being discovered. Sometimes, in their

talks of the future, they would forget to watch, until suddenly David would say, "Get your weather eye out, Cyrus. We'll be missin' the whole show," and they would peep and chuckle and whisper like plotting schoolboys.

One day they became engrossed in a discussion of whether both barns should be torn down and one big new one built instead. David maintained that his barn was "the best in those parts," but that Cyrus's barn "didn't amount to shucks." Cyrus was frankly sceptical about both, and they started from their secluded corner to investigate David's claims. In so doing they came in plain sight of Ruth and Jim returning from the orchard.

"Ruth!" shouted David Winter, "what are you doin' with that Jim Baxter? You go in the house and stay there until I settle with you, miss!"

"I—I thought you were down in the onion patch, father," stammered Ruth.

"Well, I ain't," snapped David.

By this time Cyrus came bravely to the front to do his share.

"You, Jim!" he demanded, "didn't I tell you to have nuthin' more to do with that red-headed girl of —"

"Orburn," corrected David, flatly.

"Red-headed," said Cyrus.

"Orburn," answered David. The young people fled.

"You saved my bacon, David," said Cyrus, with a breath of relief. "I didn't have another word to say. I never get beyond the red-headed part, any way."

"Orburn," said David.

One day, David, looking up from his hoeing, saw Cyrus threading his way between the hills of potatoes with every appearance of haste and mystery.

"Sh!" he said, with with an elaborate and startling gesture of precaution, "come on if you want to see a sight!"

They crossed the field, followed along by the fence on hands and knees, and David was at last able to look through the bars. He stared long and eagerly, then clutching Cyrus by the arm dragged him forcibly to the barn. There David gave full vent to his emotions.

"Jumpin' Jehosaphat, Cyrus!" he roared. "Huggin', Cyrus, huggin'!" He threw one arm around Cyrus's neck. "Here! let's see if we've forgot how!" he cried.



Cyrus gave him a forcible shove. "Get out!" he said, "don't make more of a fool of yourself than you be nachally."

David threw himself on the haymow in an ecstasy of mirth.

After that, for days the two old men had little to communicate to each other. In the evening they sat side by side on David's piazza, contentedly smoking and chewing, and watched the sun sink behind the pine-clad hills. Sometimes David would chuckle reminiscently and murmur, "Huggin', Cyrus, huggin'!" and both would think that all was going as they wished, and they might rest from their labors. But as the year approached the fall they were forced to spend part of the evenings indoors. On one of these evenings they fell to discussing the wedding.

"I think it would be mighty nice to have it Thanksgivin'," said David, "then we could have the usual Thanksgivin' crowd and get it all over at one tantrum."

"Too much trouble," said Cyrus. "Go to the parson's."

"Oh Lord, no!" said David. "Just as lief jump over the broomstick. No siree, we've got to make a jollification out of this."

As he spoke the door opened and Ruth and Jim appeared on the threshold in a very compromising attitude. As David and Cyrus stared, too surprised to speak, Jim stepped forward.

"I may as well tell you first as last," he said, "that Ruth and I are married. We have just come from the parson's. We knew you were both opposed to it—you didn't leave us much chance to doubt *that*—but we thought you might come around to our way of looking at it after you'd had time to think it over." And leaving the two still staring, he drew Ruth hurriedly from the room.

Cyrus and David studied one another with sheepish smiles.

"Say, David," asked Cyrus, slowly, "which is the worst took in—them or us?"

Then the floodgates of David Winter's mirth opened and he roared with laughter until the rafters rang.

"Oppersition ain't destiny, Cyrus," he gasped at last between paroxysms. "Oppersition ain't destiny, mebbly, but it's the handmaiden of the Lord, Cyrus! It's the handmaiden of the Lord!"

LINDA HALL.

## ATHLETICS AT FIFTY

Fifteen of Dobton's older generation had decided to join the class, and when Friday afternoon came they were found, attired in a motley assortment of bloomers, ready for action. Miss Peel, the instigator and leader, amid much groaning and cracking of joints, drilled the elderly band most strenuously. So hard, in fact, did she work the poor, stiffened knuckles and rheumatic joints that the next meeting day found but five survivors of the original fifteen—the others had sent various excuses for their absence on that particular day; but when, on the following Friday, Miss Peel found herself face to face with a class of invisibles, her ardor somewhat abated and the class was discontinued.

Miss Peel, herself, however, after two months of careful study and application of Brown's "Demonstrations of Practical Gymnastics", did not give up so easily. Every morning at six she took her cold plunge, drew on her superannuated gym suit and set out for a run through the old meadow-path. At first this had taxed her sorely, but after a month's training she clearly disproved any ideas relative to the incompatibility of exercise and fifty years. The location of her farm, lying on the outskirts of a small country village, relieved her of any fear of spectators; and this morning, as she trotted lightly along, her mind was busy pitying her friends and contemporaries who had failed so ignominiously through lack of perseverance. Along the path, down under the apple trees, across the little brook, which she had finally succeeded in clearing at a bound, a stretch through the woods, a sudden turn—a collision, and a sudden, sudden stop! A confused murmur of apology on the intruder's part—a hasty retreat on Miss Peel's.

Half an hour later, clothed most respectably in a dotted dimity and checked apron, outwardly calm as she swept invisible specks of dust from her little white porch, she was again interrupted by the same apparition, crawling along by her fence. But this time, in spite of the strange method of locomotion, Miss Peel recognized Harry Burke. Harry Burke!—her mind

ran back to a scene thirty years ago. Well, he had always been too fond of a joke, anyway. So he had come back again. Secretly glad, she hurried down the walk to meet him. As she drew nearer she saw that he was suffering intensely, the drawn, contracted lines of his face, his constant dependence upon the fence, revealing it clearly.

Ten minutes later, Harry Burke was stretched out on Miss Peel's best sofa, and Miss Peel, profiting by her training, was speeding along the highway to summon old Dr. Bacon. She exerted herself to her utmost. Harry shouldn't suffer longer than was necessary. Still, it wasn't exactly her fault. She couldn't help his sprained knee; and anyway, how could she have expected any one to be at the turn in the path at six o'clock in the morning!

An hour later Dr. Bacon drew up his old dappled gray horse in front of the pleasant white farmhouse. In a very dignified manner did the athletic Miss Peel descend from the old-fashioned buggy, and motioning the doctor to a certain door, said she would be in the next room if anything was wanted. A few quick strides, a few exclamations, a suppressed chuckle, and Miss Peel heard her name called. After bringing a basin of hot water and a glass of cold she summoned courage to ask if the injury were at all serious. The doctor thought not, but several weeks of quiet were necessary, and moving the patient at present was out of the question.

"I'm afraid you'll have to keep him here a few days, at least," Dr. Bacon said with a daring wink at Harry which quite escaped Miss Peel in her perplexity.

To be alone in the same house with her rejected sweetheart! Impossible! And yet she could not turn him out, especially as she was the cause of his accident. In the midst of bitter regrets at her athletic tendency, there came a sudden inspiration.

"Dr. Bacon, do you suppose your wife could come up and help me?"

Dr. Bacon was very sorry, but his wife was out of town.

Would Dr. Brown send up Annie Miller, the village nurse?

Miss Miller was taking care of old Mr. Rhodes!

The doctor walked to the other end of the room; the patient beckoned Miss Peel nearer. A low request, a short hesitation, and a desperate acquiescence.

The old doctor drove off chuckling. Miss Peel pattered around

with bandages and salves. The lines of suffering on the patient's face had mysteriously disappeared and were replaced by a strange little smile.

"Don't bother with my old knee any more," he commanded peremptorily, "sit down and talk."

After exchanging notes of their life for the last thirty years, they went back to the old days, reviewing them almost one by one. Suddenly Miss Peel remembered.

"Your bandages—they must be cold."

With Miss Peel out in the kitchen, Harry's courage rose considerably, but on her return, solicitude and sympathy written in every line of her face, once again his self-assurance failed and he shame-facedly let her re-bind his knee.

Her anxiety deepened as she saw no mark of injury on the outside. "Internal hurts are so much more dangerous," she thought. Several times during the night she changed the bandages, and each time, though Harry's compunction deepened, it seemed more impossible to tell her the truth.

The next day he demanded the doctor, and in fear and trepidation Miss Peel hastened off, making the trip in even less time than on the day before. The doctor's face was a study as she delivered her message, but Miss Peel had no time for character reading. She begged him to hurry, and so quickly did they return that Mr. Burke had serious difficulty in scrambling into bed before they burst into the room.

As he examined the knee, the doctor's face became grave. "Very, very bad," he said, chuckling inwardly. "Two weeks more, at least, flat on your back."

Harry groaned. The doctor had a strange choking fit.

"I want you to give me some of O'Brien's Extract. It's a wonderful cure, you know. Fixed a friend of mine up in a day."

There was a note of pleading in Harry's voice, but the doctor's reply was a stern denunciation of any patent medicine whatsoever.

However, on some pretext originated by the patient, the doctor carried Maria Peel back to town and this lady covertly carried a bottle of O'Brien's Extract back to Harry Burke, and its wonderful healing properties were so clearly demonstrated that within an hour's time the sufferer was able to stand up, and



within two hours' time to actually walk around—of course with some difficulty, but still with the use of both legs.

It was not until Miss Peel's name had irrevocably become Mrs. Burke, that Harry dared even to intimate that the injury to his knee might not have been as serious as she had imagined. But his wife, busily darning a long rent in the leg of her superannuated bloomers, complacently remarked that she had always felt that her gymnastic training might be put to a higher test and she, for her part, attributed his speedy recovery more to her own promptness in procuring medical aid than to the virtue of any patent medicine. And there the matter rested.

RUTH MCCALL.

### TO A FICKLE MAID

As changeful as the lightest breeze that blows  
Above the summer sea when all is calm,  
And fills the great white sails out as it goes,  
Then leaves them, flapping loose, without a qualm ;  
As changeful as the bee that honey sips,  
Light-fitting through the blossom-scented air,  
Swift from a tiny cup of nectar sips,  
And seeks some other flower without a care :  
So changeful dost thou sometimes seem to me,  
A dainty water-sprite without a heart,  
Who wanders through love's garden, fancy-free,—  
To stand aside and love thee is my part.  
—Yet would I never wish thee otherwise,  
Such witchery thou weavest o'er mine eyes.

HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.

## SKETCHES

The Rector and the Head of the Law Department had left Stanford as the chimes were sounding in the memorial church,

and by ten o'clock they were far up on  
**A Faithful Heart** the road that winds through the lower foothills. It was unmistakably autumn.

The fields were green, as always, but there was none of the restlessness of spring in the air, only a sense of waiting for the quickening rains.

The two men talked as they rode, politics, war news, crops—but through it all, and beneath it all, the university, that all-absorbing topic of which they never tired. Finally they frankly gave up the pretence and “talked shop.” The Rector’s ruddy face beamed as he saw his beautiful church filled with a thousand young hearers, the responsibility of whose souls weighed but lightly on the good man’s shoulders—possibly because their owners were so willing to leave it there. And the Professor heard the tramp of many feet as his own well organized department gathered force behind him, until Stanford’s glory rivalled even his own beloved Yale.

Presently the heat warned them that it was time for dinner. The streams that had poured down the hills in the spring had long since dried up, after the manner of California streams, and the deserted summer homes they were passing gave no great promise of hospitality. But after a time they came to a small white farm house surrounded by a prune orchard, with a pasture on one side that suggested to the Professor the thick cream, long since relegated with snow and wash-women to memories of his youth. The Rector remarked that the place looked clean, and they walked up the path bordered with grapevines, whose red and purple leaves gave a homesick touch of Eastern fall. The door was opened before they reached it, and a stoop-shouldered old man came out with the cordial greeting of the country and an invitation to dinner.

So they put their horses in the barn, and followed him through the big kitchen into a blue and white room, which he explained was Julia's. "She warn't home yet, Julia warn't, so they'd have to put up with his cooking. Leastways, it warn't a China-man's!" There was something gentle and appealing about his blue eyes and small figure as he bustled from stove to table. All through the meal, while he heaped their plates with frijoles and fried ham, boiled potatoes and artichokes, he kept up a constant patter of talk—the crops, the rains, but more than all—Julia. The high-backed settle he had made and carved for her. The brick fireplace had been planned for her comfort in the rains. The floor was oak, instead of pine, that it might be the more easily kept clean. She loved flowers, and so the dooryard blossomed. She couldn't cook without eggs, and so there were chickens, though corn was very high here.

It was impossible not to be sympathetic, and after a friendly smoke they parted like old acquaintances. The old man refused to take money—their visit had been a pleasure—but he promised to bring Julia down to hear the big organ in the church, for she was fond of music. On their way again, they realized that they did not know his relationship to Julia. It was natural perhaps that the Rector should have in mind his young wife with her yellow-haired babies, while the Professor was thinking of his two sweet daughters. All they knew was that she was "back East", and he was here, filling his waiting with every loving task that tenderness could suggest.

Then their talk drifted widely again, and it was not until the middle of the afternoon that they began their return by a short cut which refused to strike the main road. The Rector finally hailed a passing farmer who gave the necessary directions and then asked where they had had dinner.

"So," said he. "Old man tell you about Julia?"

"He seemed to be expecting her."

"He's been expecting her now for pretty near twenty years, ever since he first come here. Some folks thinks there never was no such person, and some thinks she run off and left him and it touched his mind. He's a mighty nice man, though, and a good farmer. Well, good day."

LAURA ESTHER CROZER.

## A MISTAKE

High up on a bough  
Sat a fat brown bird,  
And he chuckled away in glee,—  
“The air is so mellow, the sunlight so yellow,  
The spring-time has come,” sang he.

High up on a bough  
Sat a shivering bird,  
And the snow was cold to see,—  
“Did I speak of the spring.—well, there’s no such thing,  
It was all a mistake,” croaked he.

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN.

Yes, the way it happened had been all wrong. It had come about not in the silvery moonlight, nor even in the purple twilight, but in that very prosaic time

**Anna May’s Romance** in a summer day, “just before dinner.” Then too, it had not taken place in a canoe on the lake, nor in the depths of the woods, but in the lane which led from the pike to Anna May’s house, with only elderberry bushes for leafy foliage.

And the man himself! Of course he couldn’t have been a prince with blue velvet and spangles, but he might at least have been a man from the city, with a derby and baggy trousers, instead of a big country fellow with overalls and a straw hat. And yet there was something about Sam—something about his broad shoulders, his honest blue eyes, and—the way in which he had kissed her, which seemed to make up for it all. Yes, in spite of her dreams, now entirely destroyed, in spite of her determination to be disappointed, Anna May was actually glad.

But all those rainy days spent in the garret with the paper-covered novels, had not been in vain, and Anna May now resolved that even if she had had the misfortune to love a country man, at least she would have a romantic wedding. She had thought of a plan! When she disclosed it to Sam he objected, but later relented, because he himself was fond of fun and excitement, and was very fond of Anna May. So it was decided—very secretly, of course—that they should not be married in the Methodist church, as was customary in Roseville, but instead should elope to Cumberland on the last day of July.



The time had finally passed and the eventful night arrived. Although eventful, to Anna May's great sorrow, it was not a moonlight one, but cloudy and sultry, and no matter how romantic a thunder storm might be, it was not exactly to her taste.

Sam stood within the stable, harnessing Billy to the "slat-wagon." It had never taken him so long to "hitch up" before, but somehow his hands had been shaking in a truly shameful manner. Anna May, with a dark-lantern in her hand, had been journeying uneasily back and forth between Billy and the barn door.

"Ain't you most ready, Sam?" she asked anxiously, stopping on one of her rounds, "if dad should happen to be in the barn ——"

Sam jumped. "In the barn? What for?"

"Why, there've been so many horse thieves around lately that he said he'd maybe have to sleep in the hay-mow for a while, and I forgot ——"

Anna May's words were cut short as Sam lifted her hastily into the vehicle. He followed her just as hastily, at the same time giving Billy a sharp lash with the whip, which sent him forward with a jerk. Out of the barn they shot with a great rattling and clattering, for Billy had not been out of the stable for three days, and thus had no regard for the possible presence of a watchful parent.

At the end of the lane they stopped, and Anna May cast an anxious look behind her, while Sam got out to unfasten the gate.

"Sam," she whispered, "I'm sure I hear some one callin' Silas Jones!" Silas's farm adjoined that of Anna May's father, and furthermore, Mr. Jones was the constable of the village of Roseville.

Sam sprang in again and drove out to the pike without stopping to fasten the gate after them. But the honorable Billy now lost all his friskiness and it required a large amount of urging to keep him from falling back into a dignified walk. At the top of the hill by the blacksmith-shop, Anna May looked back again and this time she saw that a man on horseback was unmistakably following them. Sam plied the whip valiantly, but without any great effect, for the clattering hoofs came nearer, and finally a loud voice, unmistakably that of Silas Jones, called, "Hey! stop there, or I'll hev' to shoot ye!"

Anna May clutched her companion's arm in terror as Silas's swift-footed mare came up even with the slat-wagon. The romance of the situation failed entirely to appeal to her. The worthy constable seized Billy's head with one hand and with the other he pointed a large revolver at the guilty pair. But Sam rose promptly to the occasion and to his feet! "Leggo that horse," he said hoarsely but with dignity, "it don't belong to you."

"And does it belong to you, eh?" was the sarcastic reply.

"But you can't arrest us," exclaimed Anna May, "we're both of us past twenty-one."

"Is that a woman?" asked Silas in amazement. "Well, well, what are we comin' to? But woman or no woman, twenty-one or no twenty-one, ye can't get away from Silas Jones. So come right back the way ye came, ye durned thieves, and no more foolin'."

Sam looked wildly from right to left, but finally sank back hopelessly into his place. Silently, except for the sound of the horses' hoofs and the rattling of the wheels, they went back through the village. At the entrance to the lane, Abner Brown met them with a lantern—that same lantern which they had left such a short time ago when they had driven out of the barn to find happiness and romance. Anna May hid her face behind Sam as her father stepped forward and said joyfully:

"So you caught 'em, Silas? I was afraid you wouldn't do it."

"Never you fear, Abner," the constable answered, "Sally can beat Billy any day."

"Don't ye be too sure of that," the other rejoined quickly, "he's got by far the bigger load, but anyhow, let's get the thieves locked up. Jest foller me."

At the Brown house, Silas Jones stopped, "Where'll ye put 'em, Abner?"

"Why, in the box-stall—there's a padlock to it."

"But one of the thieves is a girl ——"

Anna May did not wait for anything more, but flung herself out of the buggy and down at her father's feet. It was really a very "romantic" position, but Anna May did not think of that. Her worthy parent staggered back and let the lantern fall to the ground. "Anna May!" he exclaimed in amazement.

"Oh Paw," his daughter sobbed, "we weren't a-goin' to steal

Billy. Honest and true, we were goin' to bring him back. We only wanted to elope."

"Elope! What for? Who's the man?" And Abner lifted the lantern to the face of the other thief, who still sat shamefacedly in the slat-wagon. "Sam Williams! well, of all foolishness! Why couldn't you have been married here at home?"

Silas Jones and Abner Brown had retired, each to his respective bed, in disgust. In the sitting-room of the Brown house a lamp was still burning. Here Anna May sat, her arms on the marble-topped table and her head buried in her arms. Sam was walking slowly around the room. The cabinet organ, the blue and yellow scarf draped on the mantel-piece, the picture of Rock of Ages in the gilt frame, were all familiar objects to Sam, but he was examining them with very close attention. At last he turned, and walking to the middle of the room, bent over Anna May and whispered, "Don't take it so hard, Anna May." There was no answer except a subdued sobbing.

Sam made another journey around the room and again came forward and laid a hand on her shaking shoulder: "Don't cry, Anna May, please don't. I know it's an awful disappointment, but do try and forget it, won't you please, Anna May?" Anna sobbed on.

"Anna May,"—this time he grasped her shoulder firmly,—“I know your romance is all spoiled, but ye've got me still. Won't I do? Tell me me, Anna May, ain't I enough?"

Gradually the sobbing ceased, and Anna May found on Sam's shoulder a more comfortable resting place for her head.

ELEANOR ACHESON LINTON.

#### THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE

Oh, the Lizard basks behind us, and the Sea-Horse leaps before,  
And it's full three thousand miles across the foam.  
Full three thousand miles of freedom e'er we near another shore,  
And Fire Island Lightship says, "you're almost home."

Home to work,

Or home to play,—

'Tis "good-bye, Summer Holiday!"

There'll be days of staggering west winds, there'll be days of blinding  
light,

There'll be nights when all the bow is inky black,

There'll be mornings when the ocean seems a band of malachite.

Then the the last free day.—If we were turning back !

For home to work,

Or home to play,—

'Tis "good-bye, Summer Holiday !"

JANET DE WITT MASON.

There was the usual atmosphere of subdued interest and an undisguised craning of necks, when Happy entered the choir-room. Russ gave Squeak a significant wink, and Happy his nearest neighbor a friendly punch. Russ and Squeak were fortunate, being original members of the newly organized boys' choir. These original members, twelve in number, had formed themselves into a body for the purpose of testing the worth of all new-comers, and it was well known that no new-comer who failed to be pronounced "fit" by the tyrannical twelve, remained long in the choir. The self-possession of the unconscious Happy was complete as he slid nonchalantly into a seat and perused his hymn book with elaborate interest.

At the next rehearsal, Happy entered the dressing-room and looked around with the unsuspecting interest of the new-comer. Click ! off went the lights and he found himself in darkness and the center of something very like a football rush. In the scuffle, confusion, and laughter, everybody pulled and punched everybody else. Just as Russ was proclaiming in an injured tone that someone had hold of his hair, the lights were switched on. A crowd of riotous, disheveled boys armed themselves with hymn-books piled up for the purpose, and Happy, somewhat rumpled in clothing and very much rumpled in feelings, was pushed down a dark passage way into the gloomy store-room. Here he was forced to mount an empty box and ordered to sing. The victim was pelted with hymn-books. When he refused to sing, hymn-books were applied as an incentive, and when he sang they were the expression of applause. Happy, after a little hesitation, decided, with the wisdom of Solomon, to do his best to entertain. At first, between the hymn-book showers, his audience was inclined to be critical, and he was



greeted with cries of "head erect!" "open the throat!" "rotten!" "chesty!" With a sudden inspiration, Happy broke into a double-shuffle breakdown and accompanied it with the latest coon-song melody. Cheers and hymn-books greeted this effort. This was the beginning of Happy's popularity—the first of a long series of triumphs. Happy was not beautiful. His hair and eyes were of no particular color. His face was freckled and his nose snub. But inborn genius—for such it was—and wonderful powers of organization surmounted all difficulties and won him fame and approbation in his little community. Shortly after he had entered the choir by right of invitation and the choir-master's approval, he became the recognized leader. His easy-going, cheerful disposition—always hopeful—soon earned him his name.

Under the energetic rule of this young Napoleon, great things were done. Choir base-ball and foot-ball teams were organized, with regular cheers, and with initialed suits and caps, won by an interest gained from the pillars of the church through Happy's financial system which was, "ask and ye shall receive." It was not his fault that the teams were short-lived. He was a victim to his own ambition in having a winning team. For a victory is impossible without excessive cheering, and as the games were played on Saturday, there was a tendency for the whole choir to appear Sunday morning in a state of hoarseness.

Within the choir-room walls, things did not run quite so smoothly. The choir-master lived in an unenviable atmosphere of insecurity and uncertainty. Erasers were "shied" at his head from all directions; it was necessary to look in his chair before he sat down, and the pail of sand labeled "fire" had developed a propensity of late for tumbling from its shelf at any time.

Happy was angelic—too angelic, it seemed to the choir-master. It happened much too frequently, in the midst of the anthem, perhaps, that the whole choir stopped singing to indulge in convulsive giggles—the whole choir—except Happy, who sang steadily on in his clear, sweet soprano, with lofty and virtuous disregard of his struggling companions. There had been no such difficulty before Happy had entered the choir, and his extreme virtue was suspicious. But no one in the choir could sing as Happy could, and the choir-master, albeit with some reluctance, was obliged to appoint him soloist.

All Napoleons must fall, if only temporarily, and Happy met his defeat in the form of tenor soloist. For some unknown reason, he had always entertained an aversion for tenor and tenor singing in general. But his respect for soloists had been unwavering until it had been lessened by his own promotion to that dignity.

"Hi! Happy!" Happy was aiming a snowball with exquisite accuracy at the hat of a passing gentleman. He paused an instant and returned the salutation.

"Hi! Russ!"

Russ, so named because of his red hair, which the boys had politely pronounced *russet*, was admonitive.

"Better not," he cautioned, "old man Mush'll dock you!"

"Aw, g'wan," returned Happy contemptuously, and the snowball sped on its unerring way while Russ and Happy dodged into one of the protecting nooks of the massive church. At the next rehearsal the choir-master strictly forbade all snowballing within or about the regions of the church. This rule interfered with some of Happy's nicely planned campaigns, so he chose to break it. It chanced to be a full rehearsal, and that very night, as the men left the church, they were enveloped in a shower of snowballs. When the storm had ceased, the tenors only had suffered, and the tenor soloist was without his hat. They turned only to see a crowd of flying heels. Happy had mustered his forces well.

The choir-master had his own suspicions concerning the ring-leader, and Happy alone was summoned into his presence. The choir-master regarded him sternly.

"You were perfectly aware that I forbade snowballing around the church, and last night you deliberately broke that rule, didn't you?"

Happy would have scorned to have mentioned the fact that there wasn't a boy who hadn't broken the rule. So he dug his hands into his pockets and assented with a cheerful drawl, "Guess perhaps likely."

The choir-master was somewhat taken aback, and for one instant the corners of his mouth twitched, but only for an instant.

"You'll be fined a dollar," he said unrelentingly. "I'm letting you off easy, understand. Next time it happens, you'll leave for good. Go," he added.

Happy did so with cheerful alacrity.

"I'd hate to lose him," the choir-master remarked. "There's no denying he has a wonderful voice, and I can't help liking the young rascal."

Happy passed a week in excessive goodness and then made his fatal mistake. He was alone, and the back of the tenor soloist was temptingly near. He picked up some snow, softly patted it into shape, and sent it. It lodged squarely in the collar of the unhappy soloist. He wheeled with unexpected suddenness and turning again, left Happy gasping with astonishment. It was the choir-master himself. Happy gave vent to an expressive *Gee!* and turned and entered the church.

The day after Happy's dismissal, the choir-master received a notice from the rector that the bishop of the diocese would visit the church, and there followed instructions to introduce special soprano solos that Sunday on account of the bishop's well-known fondness for boy sopranos. The choir-master smiled to himself as he said, "Lucky the bishop doesn't know what he'll miss. I'll find some one. Perhaps I can get the St. John soloist; he's not Happy, but he'll have to do."

Meanwhile Happy pondered over his dismissal. With his usual hopeful view, he decided to overlook the little unpleasantness and not accept his dismissal as final.

Sunday morning, when Happy reached the church, the boys were already in line. He had just time to slip into his cassock and cottar and get into line in front of Spider.

Spider nudged him, and whispered, "The soloist hasn't come."

Happy knew nothing about it, and scowled his ignorance. Just then, the choir-master appeared, wildly searching the line of white-cottared boys, for some one who might attempt the soprano solo. He caught sight of the irrepressible Happy who, unconscious of his presence, was out of line and affectionately greeting a comrade by a sounding whack over the head with his hymnal. Joy and amazement at Happy's audacity struggled in his face.

"Here's your music, you young rascal! Get into line there, and don't forget that crescendo in the *Te Deum*."

So another Napoleon came back from another Elba.

NORMA UNDERHILL.

The girls of the Porterville Congregational church were "sewing for charity" one February afternoon in the Hopkins's parlor, when Mrs. Hopkins herself came into

**The Valentine** the room. She merely remarked that she was glad to see them all there, and that she'd just come from the post-office and would be in the kitchen if they wanted anything, but her manner and the angle of her bonnet indicated that something unusual had occurred. Luella Hopkins, as the only daughter of the first family, and the recognized belle and beauty of the town, thought it rather beneath her dignity to display too great a curiosity, so she waited until her mother—who was silent for somewhat the same reason—was passing out the door before she remarked, "Ma, you're nervous! What's the matter?"

Mrs. Hopkins turned around suddenly, "There ain't nothing the matter with *me*, I hope, girls, but Ralph Long went this noon down to Tracy's and bought a valentine! Hattie Tracy told me herself. She says he spent most his whole noon hour in the store pickin' them over and readin' the lines. She saw him with her own eyes. And finally he got one with a big pink rose on the front and lace under it, that cost thirty cents! She said she never was so surprised in her life. To see Ralph Long buyin' a valentine! Ralph Long, of all people under the sun! He hasn't been in this town but two months, and he don't keep company with anybody, and besides, his second cousin that lives in Rutland says he never kept company with anyone there—she wrote Hattie about him when he first came up here—at least she never knew of his doin' it, and he went to her church, so she's as likely to know as anybody!"

Every girl in the room had stopped sewing. Exclamations and giggles burst forth from each and all of them at once. Who was it for! Such excitement—such a piece of news had not been heard by the Porterville Congregational sewing circle in months.

"Maybe it's me!" shouted Josie Adams, who never in her life had gotten a valentine and didn't feel in the least sensitive about it. The girl next her thought it a great joke, but every one else had begun on her own opinions. "Ralph Long! well, of all things!" cried two or three.

"We were saying at school the other day that we s'posed he would settle on somebody soon," said Lilly Morse.



"Yes," chimed in her sister, "he hasn't looked at a soul since he came!"

"Ma says he'll be quite a catch, and the girl who gets him no doubt 'll get a good thing," remarked Flossie Cole who, having solemnly plighted her troth to the minister's son only six weeks before, could afford to be magnanimous and generous toward the others.

"Did you ever!" came from Josie Adams for the third time.

But who was the valentine for! Then they all began again. Some one remembered that once he had asked Lottie Hitchcock to prayer-meeting, but she couldn't go. Flossie Cole denied this flatly. She didn't think it was Lottie at all. In fact she noticed one day last week that he was very slow doing up a yard of calico for Mary Jackson, and that she had been almost twenty minutes in the store and had bought but that one thing. Lillie Morse advanced still another theory.

"I think it's *you*!" said she to Fanny Barnes, who made a vain attempt not to smile too broadly. But as she did not seem to have any arguments to support her statement except that she "sort o' felt so," no one was convinced, especially as they all knew that Fanny was her bosom friend and that probably she was a little prejudiced in her favor.

"I think it's Luella," said quiet Esther Dodge.

"So do I," volunteered the youngest Miss Morse, and Mrs. Hopkins, who had apparently been exhausted by her first outburst and had remained silent ever since, stopped staring at her daughter and began to undo her bonnet strings.

"Well, girls," she said, "I will say as shouldn't, that I really believe it is Luella. You know, of course, that she has had advantages and, well—natural endowments that have been denied to a good many, and I really feel that I'm justified in saying that I believe it is Luella."

Up to this point Luella had not made a remark.

"Ma!" she objected mildly and without the surprise that one might have expected under the circumstances, "really, ma!"

"Of course it's you, Luella!" cried most of the girls, who had been brought up on the idea that no one had a chance where Luella was concerned, "of course it's you!"

But there was one person, at least, who did not think that "of course it was Luella!"

Sarah Pike, who was poor and middle-aged, and a little bitter,

perhaps, against a world which had not treated her very kindly, and against the patronizing Luella in particular, came in from the next room with the cocoa and cookies in time to hear the last remark. Indeed, what she had not heard before she entered the room was not worth hearing. She passed the things with scarcely a word, but she looked long and hard at the confident Luella, and she smiled a slow, strange smile as she turned from her to Esther Dodge, sewing busily in a corner. She had not sat in the back pew next the new clerk from Rutland and watched him look at Esther every Sunday, for nothing.

Although it was quite fully decided that Luella was the girl of Ralph Long's choice, still there was a slight element of uncertainty about it, and all the girls were eager for Valentine's Day. It was a long while since a man—and a young man—had come into their midst, so that naturally the affair was of some importance.

Luella no longer attended the Porterville High School, as did most of the others, and it was impossible to find out whether or not she was the happy possessor of the rose until the afternoon of that day which happened to be again the day to "sew for charity." They met at the Morse's house this week, and every one was there on the stroke of the hour except Luella, who appeared fully fifteen minutes after the others. The girls all rushed to the door to meet her.

"*Did you get the valentine?*" came from every one at once. But Luella enjoyed keeping them a little longer in suspense, so she made her way through into the parlor and began to pull off her gloves before she answered slowly and with a slight smile, "Yes, girls, I got the valentine."

"Luella!" said half a dozen voices.

"Yes," repeated Luella.

They wanted to know all about it; when it came and how; what it said and how she felt when it arrived, and whether it was pretty, with many more equally important things. Luella herself said very little. Indeed, her rôle as the daughter of the first family required that she should not satisfy them in every detail of her affairs. That was a little more than was necessary, especially now that—well, that things were coming to a crisis. Of course she was pleased! That was only natural! But she couldn't see why they need make so much of so slight a thing!

And so the girls talked the afternoon away and nothing was

accomplished for "charity." When the subject of Luella's valentine had been pretty well exhausted the lively Josie Adams brought forth the information that Esther Dodge had had a valentine too, with a big pink rose on it and identically the same motto. "Was it exactly the same?" they wanted to know. Esther thought it must be, from the description. Flossie Cole was quite disturbed. Somehow it spoiled the romance a little to have it exactly the same. Esther had no idea who sent her's, but then, that wasn't so important, so they dismissed the subject, for Sarah Pike—who was helping the Morses this week—came in with the refreshments.

After she had passed them around, she stopped short in the middle of the room.

"I heard you say as I was comin' in that Esther got the valentine," she said.

"The valentine!" exclaimed Lillie Morse. "My, no! Luella got the valentine, of course! Only Esther happened to get one like it."

"Just the same?"

"Yes, exactly, verse and all."

"Well, I declare!" said Sarah, "but how do you know which got Ralph Long's?"

"Who—got—Ralph Long's!" The girls were too dumb-founded to speak, moreover most of them disdained to answer such a question.

Luella rose from her chair and began to put on her hat. "I have reason to believe, Sarah, that I was the one who received Mr. Long's present."

Sarah Pike walked toward the door a few steps and then she turned again and looked at Luella, and the strange smile came across her face.

"It's too bad y're so sure of yourself," she said, "I bought that valentine with my own money, just like the one Ralph Long bought, and I directed it with my own hand and got one of the little Jones children to leave it at the door! It's too bad you got yer hopes up so high before you was sure about it! I'd be more careful next time, if I were you!"

And then she went out and closed the door, and the strange, harsh smile lingered a long while upon her face.

MARIAN ELIZABETH EDMANDS.

## EDITORIAL

College is of all places the place for study, not of particular things only, but of all sorts and conditions of subjects; of books, those faithful friends, not given to moods and the changefulness of human nature,—friends whose companionship is never withheld and to whose sympathy we may turn in fair days or dark, sure of the same warmth of welcome; of things, and by these we mean chiefly nature, whose ways and moods are infinitely varied, not always gracious, and a source of emotion resembling often that which comes from intercourse with our third and largest subject—people, our friends, our enemies, and the outnumbering multitude of names which we call neither the one nor the other.

Whatever we do, and whatever we may pretend, people and our relations with them will always remain our most vital of interests, for in their keeping lies, not only our happiness, but in large measure ourselves. Here, as everywhere else, we see, we admire, we imitate, we are, in as faithful copy as the limitations of our personality permit. Therefore the life around us is not a passing show, a pageant of parti-colored individualities from whom we turn unmoved. Like little children we long to follow, nay more, to be one of the proud company, and though often the realization would lead to results as grotesque and unnatural, the impulse is good, one that is necessary and inevitable. Passivity of impression means stagnation of growth; the mind to applaud is that which is “wax to receive”, and having weighed and chosen, “marble to retain”.

From those around us, then, we help to build up our ideals, and in their ways of life, the books they read, the very thoughts they think, find influences positive and negative. What they strive to be is to our striving an ideal akin but not identical, the pathway of characteristic development lying in the choice of what we will admire. Our mental state is active and passive; passive in that it is swept along and made one with the crowd; active in that it stands aside and passes judgment both on itself and others. It is in this “sweeping along” that the danger lies, for it is easy to drift half unconscious of the logical goal toward which our actions might seem to be tending. Questions brought closely home have an odd way of assuming unexpected and formidable dimensions, and the inquiry, “Does



she realize what she is doing?" lacks altogether the terrifying quality of the more personal demand, "Do I realize what I am doing?"

The realm of the demand would seem to be among the big things of life—but big things are certainly in part accumulated little ones, whatever more they may be, and our query will not lose point if, in quite the same way that an interested scientist may peer at the world as a whole, we should adjust our social spectacles and inspect the more trivial but not less important ways of those around us.

We have all sorts and conditions of girls, and in connection with our observation of their characteristics comes the thought, "Just what do I owe to them, and what do they owe to me?" It is an interesting question, one which individually admits of many answers, but collectively there are certain laws of consideration which hold for all times and all places. There is the general law of courtesy which we accept and think to follow, though some of our habits could scarcely be said to fall within its requirements. It may be that we acquire these through independence or self-consciousness or only thoughtlessness, but they are not therefore less selfish or ill-mannered. Which is it of these that leads an individual to guard with cold impassivity a line of seats at a public lecture, a lecture which, mind you, not only we, as students, are permitted to enjoy, but one which the friends of the college have been invited by our President to attend? Is it selfishness or only thoughtlessness that leads us to monopolize side-walks or trespass upon the rights of the land-holders of the surrounding country? Is it self-consciousness or indifference or ignorance of the requisites of good society that causes us to fail to acknowledge to the patronesses of our college dances and receptions our pleasure in being included among the guests? The same might be said of the department clubs. We are invited to be one of their number provided we conform to the traditions of the society. Therefore to speak English in the language clubs is in as bad taste as to discuss one's spring wardrobe in Current Events, and although the charms of our neighbor may be a fit topic for philosophic discussion, they more than possibly are not. Others do these things we say, why should not we? But here is where should be asserted our power of discrimination and the ability to decide, even in small matters, what is worth while.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

At the Academy of Music, February 1, Madame Bernhardt in *Phèdre*.

The evening of February the first is one which will not soon be forgotten in the city of Northampton. Although some had enjoyed before the privileges of that evening, there were few or none who would have thought that Madame Bernhardt would ever play in our own Academy of Music. The clumsy method of auctioning the seats is the one incident of the performance really to be regretted. It is a departure from precedent and one which has apparently no justification, being objectionable alike to the city and to the college.

The boxes were occupied largely by members of the French Club, whose interest and enthusiasm were shown throughout the evening.

It is a great triumph for Madame Bernhardt that in the face of an anticipation made by rumors of her greatness, almost impossible of fulfilment, she should have established her unquestionable right to the titles "The Divine Sarah", "The greatest living actress".

The portrayal of such sustained and terrible emotion, recognized as almost inconceivably difficult, was wonderfully well-done and especially convincing in *Phèdre's* invocation of Venus and her denunciation of the nurse.

One of the most noticeable features of the play was the exquisite quality of the voices, the clearness of enunciation, and the shades of modulation which must of themselves have been a pleasure even to those unfamiliar with French. The classic atmosphere was recognizable throughout, and if by reason of this remoteness we found ourselves wishing the choice might have been of a more modern play, it was not through lack of appreciation of the artistic qualities of *Phèdre*.

In criticizing the action which to western ideas appeared from time to time extravagant, it must be remembered that the French are more facile and unrestrained in emotional expression than are we, and that the drama of Racine is essentially French-Greek.

To mention in detail the striking points of the play or to estimate worthily the excellence of the support would involve more careful criticism than is here possible.

Not in exact line with a critical estimate, but one of the features of the performance not the least enjoyable, was the recognition of many graceful poses familiar to the public in the numerous pictures of Madame Bernhardt, whose grace and suppleness of movement are still remarkable.

L. M. R.

### THE POETRY OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS

. . . But of the beauty of the electric lights in Madison Square there is no question. The night before last it was raining hard, and when I came in about midnight and looked out of my window from the fourth floor, it was like looking down through a fountain whose descending waters were bright with light of their own, which reaching the ground, spread widely with a silveryness like that of Shelley's poetry.

The marble figures on the roof of the Appellate Court House were cut from white paper and framed against the black shadow of another building, having no suggestion of a third dimension ; while the Flat Iron and all the noble company of the skyscrapers, near at hand, were long slips of some very gracious color hung upon a dark-pinkish background which must have been the sky.

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT '04.

The following poem by Fannie Stearns Davis, Smith 1904, appeared in the December number of Everybody's Magazine :

### THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

Oh, lift your feet and follow away  
To the bounds of the dark and the ends of the day !  
Heigho ! heigho ! the Red Winds blow,  
And a flame of a leaf down the road doth go ;  
A coal, a spark, that dances away  
Luring and leading you out of the day—  
To the hill that's black and the sky that's red,  
And a great white star set low overhead,  
And a little white moon like a twisted thread  
A thrill in the web of the well-wrought red.

Oh, lift your feet and follow away !  
The Red Winds over your shoulders say :  
"The Ends of the Earth lie far,—lie far,  
But close as the hill to the great white star ;  
The Ends of the Earth are fair to find,  
So red with sunset and keen with wind ;  
And the spark of a leaf flees fast before  
Blowing across the world's wide floor,  
Red, red, red ;—oh, a sharp-blown fire !  
And luring you on like your heart's desire !  
Oh, lift your feet and follow away  
To the bounds of the dark and the ends of the day ;  
Red, red, red as a flame are they !"

Heigho ! heigho ! The Red Winds blow,  
And the rush of a race to your feet doth go,  
And over the hill and into the sky  
You must follow and follow the chasing cry,—  
Follow the spark to the still white star,  
To the Ends of the Earth,—oh so far, so far !  
At the bounds of the dark and the ends of the day !  
Oh, lift your feet and follow away !

At the Academy of Music, January 8, Joseph Jefferson and William Jefferson in *The Rivals*. The play itself is too familiar to need comment, but the emphasis in interest was shifted somewhat by the fact that Joseph Jefferson made the character of Sir Lucius by far the most striking part in the production. Bob Acres was good, too, especially in the second scene. In spite of its popularity, however, the play is one in which some of the parts are easily overdone, and this seemed to be the case both with Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia Languish.

The exchanges this month are not as good as usual, except in the realm of the essay, where there are several interesting articles, especially in the Williams Literary and the Yale Literary. The fiction shows a large proportion of the "college story", and this generally means poorer work, for the average college story is so much more insipid than the other stories which undergraduates produce. We should know college life as outsiders cannot know it, and there seems to be no reason why its material cannot be worked up into good fiction. It has been done occasionally, but the number of pointless college stories that find their way into the college papers can be equalled only by the deluge of similar stories written about us from the outside. Why is it ?



## THE END OF THE DAY

Sitting with folded hands,  
    With weary eyes and dim,  
She sees the glow on the western sands,  
    The sun on the ocean's rim ;  
And her heart turns back to the nights  
    Of song and roses and love,  
When life was sweet in the diamond-lights  
    Of myriad stars above.

She hears the wind in the trees,  
    The summer rain on the grass,  
The prattle of children about her knees.  
    Soft shadows come and pass  
And cluster around her chair,  
    And fairy fingers blow  
Kisses sweet as April air  
    From lips of long ago.

Sorrow and pain are past ;  
    Passion and longing are dead ;  
Evening shadows are falling fast  
    About her drooping head,  
Sitting with folded hands,  
    With weary eyes and dim.  
She sees the glow on the western sands,  
    The sun on the ocean's rim.

*Nassau Lit.*

## FROM THE HILL SPIRIT

The mountains have a heart that beats for all,  
    And sympathy for you, O race of men ;  
There is no hurt from any dizzying fall  
    But they will soothe, and with the strength of ten  
    Breathe into thee thy confidence again.  
There is no change in me nor in the mountains.  
    The streams that seek the vale, and thence the sea,  
There cometh drougt to check their flowing fountaine ;  
    There cometh age in all the world but me,  
And earthly bondage ; but the hills are free.

*Williams Literary Monthly.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

It is a real pleasure to attempt to comply with the request that as "joint fellow of the Smith College Alumnæ and the College Settlements Association" (an appalling title!) I write an article

**Fellowships and Undergraduates** for the MONTHLY—that long-suffering repository of the interests and protests of ancient alumnæ; a real pleasure, because it is becoming increasingly clear that there should be established a closer connection between the holders of these alumnæ fellowships and the undergraduates, and it ought to be well worth while to consider the possibility of such a connection. In thus boldly attempting such a subject, it is necessary to take refuge in the faith that "What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me", and yet more in the thought that it is not upon the fellow alone, but upon the undergraduates as well, that the responsibility must fall, if we neglect to avail ourselves of the privileges which these fellowships offer.

We are now half through the second year since the Smith College Alumnæ voted to establish this "joint fellowship", accepting the offer of the College Settlements Association to pay one-half of the sum necessary for its maintenance, and to place at the disposal of the fellow the opportunities afforded by the settlements for a study of social conditions. There have been conflicting views as to the real meaning of these fellowships. It is claimed, on the one hand, that they exist for the purpose of interesting graduates in the settlements and training them for "practical" work; it is claimed, on the other hand, that they should be the means of promoting really valuable investigation; and, hovering over this contention as to whether the subjective or the objective aspect is the more important, is the vague idea that the fellowship ought to be the means of creating a greater interest in settlement work among the undergraduates. Whether this is to be accomplished by holding up the fellowship as a prize to be striven for by those who are specializing in sociology, or by that "closeness of touch" which a recent graduate is supposed to maintain with the classes still privileged to stay with their Alma Mater, history has not yet shown us, and we may well spend a few minutes in seeking for light on the problem.

For two or three years past, the elector of the Smith Chapter of the College Settlements Association has been obliged to face at the meetings the humiliating fact that the Smith contribution has been falling from its place of grace at the head of the list, and Smith girls have been questioned as to the implied decline in interest. The facing of humiliating facts has resulted in strenuous efforts on the part of the college collectors to increase the receipts from the

College Chapter. You have all known collectors—good ones and oft-times appointed to serve in that capacity—who have told you that what the Association most needs is your interest and not your money. In this statement is implied much of the difficulty of college collecting—the remoteness of the object from the immediate interest of the college student. In the fact that very little is done beyond making this statement, and getting up meetings two or three times during the year to hear lectures on the objects of the various collections, lies the weakness of some of the most interesting organizations represented in college—among them the College Settlements Association. This Association has a large claim upon the loyalty of Smith College, for the first clause in its history reads, "A Settlement first talked of by Smith College Alumnæ, Autumn of 1887", and as it originated in the minds of Smith girls, it must claim their interest in its development. Doubtless in those early days, the newness of the idea, and the enthusiasm with which it was being carried out, created, by their combined force, an enthusiasm in college. But of late years conditions have changed. Besides the many demands made upon the classes, there is the great fact that to many of the college girls the settlement houses in Philadelphia, New York and Boston are mere names, whose significance is very remote. The undergraduate has heard many times the fundamental ideals of Neighborhood Work as giving expression to the essential neighborliness of every citizen; the breaking down of at least as much of the class distinctions as are fostered by the absolute reserve of certain streets for certain classes; and the creating of channels whereby greater opportunities may bear fruit in less-cultivated fields;—these the undergraduate accepts as high ideals, but their embodiment is too remote as yet to absorb her interest. Likewise, the description of clubs and classes, though more tangible, is still remote in the sense that, however inspiring the speaker may be, there seems to be no direct connection between such work and the immediate action of the college student.

In this tangled and difficult situation, there seems to be one smooth thread, tied neatly to the truth, that the college girl is interested in anything in which she believes that she herself is immediately needed for active work. Between this potential interest, and the distant field of settlement work, there stands, if interpreted aright, the fellowship which belongs half to the college and half to the Association, because of the funds whereby it is maintained. The subjects of these fellowship investigations are chosen from among the problems which the settlements are facing, and there is no problem which has not its academic aspects, and which may not receive much benefit by work done in our own college library. Here then is a vital point of connection between the undergraduate and the settlement. Both may join together in the study of social conditions. The members of the college should know what problems the settlements find most important, and these problems may well be interesting questions for discussions in classes and for theme work of the most helpful kind. The fellow, working at the practical aspects of the investigation, might well expect some real help from careful work at the college end of the problem.

For such treatment of this year's subject during the semester just beginning, I want to make a special plea. For some years the club leaders at the

New York Settlement have realized that the law which limits the time of women's employment in factories in New York state to sixty hours a week, has been openly and, in many cases, seriously violated. "The Enforcement of the Sixty-hour Factory Law for Women" was therefore made the subject of the investigation this year, and through various working-girls' clubs and other organizations in touch with factory girls, blanks are being filled out which show the hours of labor in different seasons. If the facts are comprehensive enough, and if we are able to make an effective use of them, the ultimate result ought to be a more thorough enforcement of this provision of the law.

The academic aspects of this question are many, and it is seriously urged that they be taken up by undergraduates as problems of vital interest. President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress, has urged "a thorough investigation of the conditions of women in industry", thus recognizing as a national problem, the subject of which our investigation forms one aspect. One of the most important elements in the situation arises from the fact that the constitutionality of the sixty-hour law has not been established in New York State. There is the constitutional principle of "freedom of contract" by which many efforts to regulate industrial conditions are frustrated, and we may well seek a firm basis for the reasonableness of limiting the hours of labor of women, and a still firmer basis for its constitutionality. For the first basis, the history of the ten-hour movement in England has produced much literature, in which may be mentioned "The Case for the Factory Acts" as a good starting point for building up a firm argument; for the second—the legal aspect—which offers many pitfalls to the mind not legally trained, but which, nevertheless, is an instructive field even for the lay-worker, there has lately been published a book by Mrs. Kelley entitled "Some Ethical Gains through Legislation", which will serve to suggest another line of work. Besides legislation as a regulating force we have the women's trade unions, back of which might be placed some such study as Ely's "The Labor Movement in America". In all efforts to ameliorate the conditions of women in industry, social workers are met by the fundamental lack of education and its resultant industrial inefficiency. This fact opens up the whole subject of the establishment of trade schools, and more fundamental still, the relation between the public school training and the earning of a livelihood. These three methods of social uplift—legislation, organization among the wage-earners, and education—are headlines in heavy type under which may be grouped immeasurable subjects of incalculable interest for theme work.

My interest in urging this upon you is by no means unselfish, but prompted by the hope that you will let me use the results of your work and thus establish a real and vital connection between these fellowships and the undergraduates. Into the hands of the College Chapter of the College Settlements Association I entrust this request, adding that if I can answer any questions about the work which is being done, my pen and ink are at your disposal, and, since by the middle of May I hope to gather together the facts which the investigation schedules reveal, so I look to the gathering in of themes from the college girls. They will be of more value, I make bold to say, than



the money often given to a remote object. And let me add—at the risk of damaging the argument—that the more themes you write on the problems which the settlements are facing, the more money you will want to give; and, best of all, the more seriously you will consider social work as a calling for you when you come to choose a field in “the wide, wide world”.

MARY A. VAN KLEECK '04.

On the afternoon of Thursday, December 28, the Smith Club of St. Louis presented “Nance Oldfield” to an audience of about three hundred. The

**A Play Given by the St. Louis  
Alumnae Association**

object of the entertainment was three-fold: to contribute to the Students' Aid Fund; to arouse Smith enthusiasm in the city at large; and to draw the club itself together by working for a common interest. Though on a smaller scale and under totally different circumstances, the play was conducted as nearly as possible like Senior Dramatics. A preliminary committee selected the play, parts were tried for before a dramatics committee who conducted the rehearsals, designed the costumes, arranged the stage setting and managed the business details. The committee consisted of: Chairman, Clarace Eaton Galt '99; Business Manager, Alice Meysenburg Van Cleave ex-'04; Costumes, Katherine Robinson McCluney '04; Stage Manager, Marion Rumsey '05; Advisory member, Alice Martin '97.

The many college girls of the city and their friends expressed their interest in the play from the first, and in spite of inclement weather, the hall was crowded on the afternoon of the performance. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Anne Oldfield, . . . . .	Edith O'Neill ex-'06
Susan Oldfield, . . . . .	Mabel McKeighan McCluney '04
Nathan Oldworthy, . . . . .	Ruth Homer Allen '99
Alexander Oldworthy, . . . . .	Margery Ferris '02

Miss O'Neill as “Nance” was spontaneous and interesting, always the center of attention; Mrs. McCluney as “Susan” was sympathetic and good to look upon; Miss Ferris met with favour in her performance of the difficult part of the despondent and ardent lover, and Mrs. Allen's rendering of “Nathan” added just the desirable touch of humor. On the whole the acting was in every way satisfactory and pleasing. As one of the cast said, with a sigh of relief and satisfaction after the curtain had gone down, “Well, we did it almost as well as we could have done it at college.” Many of the spectators have expressed the hope that a play will become an annual event of the club, and there have been numerous requests for a repetition of this performance. After the play a reception was held in an adjoining room by the Smith Club and the St. Louis College Club for all college girls in the city. The work of the actors, dramatics committee and reception committee, difficult even at college, and many times more difficult in a city, was rewarded by a successful afternoon's entertainment, by a creditable contribution to the Students' Aid Fund, but most of all, by the consciousness that in some small measure the St. Louis Alumnae had expressed their love and fealty to Smith College.

EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER '02.

**Recent Meetings of the New York Alumnae Association.**

The Smith College Club of New York held five meetings of widely different character during the season of 1904-5. The first, in October, was addressed by Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee. This was followed, early in December, by a joint reception of the Smith and Wellesley Clubs. In February, Miss Drier of Brooklyn gave the club a very interesting account of her work in behalf of the improvement of conditions in the Employment Agencies of New York. The tenth annual luncheon was held in April as usual, one hundred and eighty-seven being present. Miss Gill '81, presided and a few friends were present, the admission of guests who are not alumnae or former students at Smith being an innovation. Miss Calkins '85, spoke, and Miss Branch '97, read selections from her poems. President Seelye, the guest of honor, spoke at the close. The last meeting was the annual business meeting in May, at which Miss Gill retired from the presidency, after holding the office for three years, and Miss Sebring '89 was elected in her place. Rev. Mr. Lord of Boston gave a delightful talk on "Our Bird Neighbors," and later tea was served. The club met for this last meeting of the season at Barnard College, by invitation of Miss Gill.

No entertainment was given for the benefit of the Students' Aid Fund, but by subscriptions \$1,286 was raised.

As Miss Sebring was unfortunately obliged to resign from the presidency during the late summer and other officers had also to withdraw, the November meeting was the only one attempted.

LUCY STODDARD '97.

The Smith College Club of New York held its first meeting for the season 1905-6, on November 4, at the new house of the Women's University Club, 17 Madison Square, North. The moments before the meeting were delightfully spent in interchange of greetings which were the more hearty as a number of alumnae, not often with us, were present. The meeting was called to order in due time by Mrs. Florence Day Stevenson and the business of the day presented. This included the voting for alumnae trustee candidates, to be proposed by our club to the General Alumnae Association, and the reading of interesting reports from the Students' Aid Fund.

Miss Ellen P. Cook '93, then addressed us, brightly putting us in touch with the late events at college. Those of us who were not at commencement were glad to get the gleanings of its interests and enthusiasm. Miss Cook presented quite fully the reasons for the inauguration of the Phi Beta Kappa, and also gave us a clear account of the difficulties presented to the college by the exclusion of the students from the privileges of the Forbes library. Following Miss Cook, Miss Elizabeth S. Williams '91, spoke in behalf of the College Settlements, especially emphasizing the fact that Smith is not giving to the settlement the support which it formerly gave and which the workers earnestly desire. At the close of the meeting about twenty-five of the seventy-three present remained for luncheon at the club.

FRANCES WARD HALE '95.

The year 1906 has begun encouragingly for the Smith College Club of New York. On January 20, over a hundred welcomed our new president, Mrs. Vera Scott Cushman '98, at a morning meeting in the parlors of the Women's University Club, where all our ordinary meetings will be held this year. Miss Mary F. Knox '85, Mrs. C. A. Perkins '90, Miss N. Gertrude Dyar '97, Miss Rita C. Smith '99, Miss Edith Rand '99, and Miss Emma H. Dill '04, entertained us for over an hour with merry reminiscences of college days, or with facts of present college life. After this more formal part of the meeting we separated into groups, and those who wished were later served with a buffet luncheon by a committee of our own number. We had with us alumnae from Boston, Providence and Washington, the representative from the latter city being one of our trustees, Mrs. Justine Robinson Hill '80, who spoke a few words at our request.

Further meetings are arranged for February 5 and March 3. There will be another in May, though the exact date is undecided. The eleventh annual luncheon is planned for April 7. We should be glad to have in the association all alumnae and former residents of Smith College. The present list of membership exceeds 300. The secretary is Miss Mary H. Johnson, 301 West 46th street.

LUCY STODDARD '97.

The annual Smith College Easter luncheon will be given this year at the Hotel Astor, April 7, at one o'clock. Tickets are \$1.50, and may be obtained by writing to Miss Emma Durkee, Hotel Seymour, 50 West 45th street, New York City. Tickets should be secured as soon as possible. The names and classes of those who wish to attend, also the names of those next to whom the applicant wishes to be seated, must be in before April 1.

VIRGINIA W. FRAME '99.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'99. Edith E. Rand, . . . . .	Jan. 13
'03. Elizabeth Howard Westwood, . . . . .	" 29
'03. Elisabeth A. Irwin, . . . . .	" 29

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Mary C. Chapin, 12 Arnold Avenue.

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be sent to Jessie C. Barclay, 12 Arnold Avenue.

*Ex-'83.* Dr. Jane Elizabeth Robbins is a resident of the Guild House of Holy Trinity Church, 122 Pierpont Street, Brooklyn. She has only recently undertaken the work there.

'84. Bessie G. Merriam travelled in Europe and took the Mediterranean trip last summer. She is teaching History at the Girls' High School, Brooklyn.



Harold Hobbs, son of Clara McFarland Hobbs '85, is a member of the entering class of Amherst College.

*Ex-'86.* E. R. Davis (Mrs. Walter C. Wood) is chairman of the devotional committee of the Y. W. C. A. in Brooklyn, and is specially interested in the work among factory girls. Noon prayer meetings are being held in the various factories, under the auspices of this committee.

'87. Ruth Bowles Baldwin is travelling abroad with her two children and is to be in Rome for some months this year.

Adele Marie Shaw has recently published "Off the Trail," (a college-woman story), the second of a series of out-of-doors tales, in *The Outing Magazine*; "The Survival", in the *Cosmopolitan*; "Katharine and the Sanatorium", in *Lippincott's*; "Parental Schools", in *The World's Work*; "What We Read to Children", in the *Critic*.

Anne D. Van Kirk's present address is Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City.

'90. Mrs. Susan Homans Vollmer and her sister, Miss Homans '83 special, are keeping house with some friends on the coöperative plan. Mrs. Vollmer is still teaching at Dr. Sach's school in New York, where she has been for several years.

'91. Katharine Meigs teaches Chemistry, Physics, Psychology and Higher Mathematics at Mrs. Smallwood's School in Washington, D. C.

Mabel Wood Hill is continuing her musical studies and composition, and is assisting in the work at the Music School Settlement.

'92. Lena Tyler Chase's husband has just accepted a call to the Park Congregational Church of Meadville, Pennsylvania. She expects to move in February from their present home in Flatbush, Brooklyn.

*ex-'93.* Mary Brogan Tinker has lived in New York for the last seven years. Her husband is pastor of the Cornell Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church on East 76th Street.

'94. Helen Isabel Whiton is teaching at the Classical School for Girls in New York, and is also busy with private work in literature.

*ex-'94.* Clausine Mann is teaching in the Dearborn-Morgan School of Orange, New Jersey. She has announced her engagement to Mr. Perry McNeille of New York.

'95. Bertha Bennett Denison is doing editorial work in New York this winter.

Caroline Fuller is spending the winter in Augusta, Georgia.

Frances Ward Hale's present address is 752 West End Avenue, New York City.

Annah P. Hazen is teaching Biology in the Wadleigh High School Annex of New York City. She is also teaching a private class of five young ladies who are preparing to give similar work in other schools. Her address is 87 Hamilton Place, New York City.

Dr. Margaret Long and Dr. Elsie Pratt have recently opened an office in Denver, Colorado.



- '95. On the first of January, Dr. Dorothy Reed left the Babies' Hospital, New York, where she has been the resident physician for three years. She is to be married on February 14 at her home in Talcotville, New York, to Mr. Charles Mendenhall, Professor of Physics in the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin. They intend to travel abroad until next autumn.

- '96. Mabel Bacon (Mrs. Philip Ripley) is spending the winter in Heidelberg, where her husband is studying in the University.

Alice Blair is studying French in Paris.

Georgia Pope has just announced her engagement to Harry Sawyer of Boston.

Mary Post sailed on February 3 from Boston for Alexandria, Palestine, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, France and England.

- '97. Viola P. Conklin is assistant agent in the Hudson District of the Charity Organization Society of New York City. Address, 265 Henry Street.

Florence Dustin was married to Dr. Allen Stanley Burnham of Gloucester, Massachusetts, October 4. Address, 1 Beauport Avenue, Gloucester.

Josephine Hallock arrived in New York, December 3, on S. S. Patricia, Hamburg-American line, after eight months spent in Sweden and Germany. Address for the winter and spring, 540 Eleventh Street, Huntington, West Virginia.

Ada C. Knowlton is continuing her music with Josefy, and is making engagements for concerts and recitals.

Alice Adelaide Maynard has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Madeira of Meriden, Connecticut.

- '98. Frances A. Bridges was married on December 27, to Rev. George H. Atkinson of Monroe, North Carolina.

Florence Anderson Gilbert left New York last September, and is now living in Hankow, China, where her husband is in business.

Edna Mason is spending the winter with her mother and sister in Pasadena, California.

- ex-'98. Grace Pettit has just finished a course at the Y. W. C. A. in Brooklyn in attendant nursing. She does not intend to be a nurse, however.

Alys Scott was married last August in Geneva, Switzerland, to Mr. James Anthony of New York, and is now living at 56 West 58th Street.

- '99. Miriam F. Choate has the history work in the Intermediate and Senior Departments of the Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Connecticut.

Alice A. Knox is an assistant in the Carnegie Institute of Botanical Research. Her address is The Botanical Gardens, Bronx Park, New York City.

Helen E. Makepeace announced her engagement last fall to Dr. Ralph Lilly of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Ella P. Merrill is an assistant in Science in the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers, teaching nature work especially. She travelled last summer with Alice Lyman '99, through Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

- '99. Ruth S. Phelps is spending the winter with her family in California. Address, South Euclid Avenue, Pasadena.  
Janet W. Roberts started on January 14 for a trip through California.  
Eloise Santee is teaching in the Eastern District High School, Brooklyn.
- '00. Edith W. Emerson is spending the winter in Paris, studying French and music. Address, 10 Rue Crévaux.  
Elizabeth Meier Schevill has returned with her husband to New York City, where their home will be, after a trip abroad and to St. Louis.  
Mabel Stevenson has been in New York during the fall, studying lip-reading.  
Margaret Vanderbilt is in charge of the Christodora House, New York City, during the three months' absence of Miss McCall, the head worker. She took one year of the training course for nurses at St. Luke's Hospital in 1904-1905.  
Mary C. Wilder was married to Mr. Everett E. Kent, November 9. Address for the winter, Hotel Wadsworth, Kenmore Street, Boston.
- ex-00.* Louise M. Spann was married to Mr. Berkley Wilson, October 18.
- '01. Edith Burbank is a teacher in the Wright Oral School in New York City, a private school for the deaf in which the instruction is by lip-reading only.
- '02. Alice Cruikshank is a member of the staff of Columbia University Library. Address, 30 West 126th Street, New York City.  
Edla Lansing Stout has announced her engagement to Mr. Thomas McBlain Steele of New York.  
Edith L. Lewis is doing editorial work on the Century Dictionary and writing for the magazines. She was one of the thirty writers to have a story bought in the late Collier contest.  
Edith W. Vanderbilt is spending the winter at home in New York City and working at Union Settlement.  
Dorothy A. Young is teaching at the Brearly School in New York this year.
- '03. Edith Culbertson Clarke was married to Dr. Carl Hayes Lund, December 27. She will live in Oklahoma City.  
Elisabeth A. Irwin has charge of a model flat in a tenement house in the Italian quarter of New York City.  
Susan Pratt Kennedy has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank William Tully of Boston.  
Laura Post is third assistant in Gymnastics and instructor in Athletics at Smith College, in place of Miss Bessie Fearey, who left December first.  
Margaret Wagenhals, who has been writing this year, has a story in the January New Idea Magazine.
- ex.'03.* Irene Taft Wheelock was married to Mr. George Harold Gilpatric, October 19.
- '04. Edith Vom Bauer is associate editor of the New Idea Magazine.

- '04. Sophia L. Burnham is at home in Irvington-on-Hudson this winter. Helen Choate has charge of the two upper grades in the Primary Department of the Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Connecticut, during the absence of the regular teacher this year.
- Emily Gilbert is scholar at the College Settlement, 95 Rivington Street, New York.
- Abby Merchant is Associate Editor of *Munsey's Magazine*.
- ex-04. Henrietta Bosworth is in residence for the winter at the College Settlement, 95 Rivington Street, New York.
- '05. Bertha Chase Lovell is teaching English in the Searles High School, Great Barrington, Mass.

## BIRTHS

- '92. Mrs. C. Thurston Chase (Lena Tyler), a son, Cornelius Thurston, Jr., born April 20, 1904.
- '96. Mrs. Charles Rollin Allen, Jr. (Mabel Stanley Calef), a son, Stanley Calef, born September 28, 1905.
- '96. Mrs. Frank W. Pine (Mabel E. Durand), a son, Calvin Durand Pine, born December 27, 1905.
- '97. Mrs. Herbert Philbrick (Grace E. Matthews), a son, Benjamin Matthews, born in December.
- '97. Mrs. Frederic Wright (Margaret Cox), a daughter, Helen Morton, born October 4, 1904.
- '98. Mrs. Albert Newell Cryan (Florence Reed), a daughter, Eleanor Newell, born September 4.
- '01. Mrs. Paul Compton (Irene Lathrop Smith), twin daughters, Josephine Lathrop and Pauline, born December 31, 1905.
- '02. Mrs. Alexander Maxwell Blackburn (Jean Jouett), a son, Alexander Maxwell Blackburn, Jr., born January 30.
- '03. Mrs. Franklin Boyd Edwards (Frances McCarroll), a daughter, Beatrice Clyde Edwards, born December 31, 1905.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

### SENIOR SEATS

By twos and threes they enter ;  
Up the middle aisle they stroll ;  
But they always shun the front seats  
Till they hear the organ's roll.  
Then the seniors in the second  
And the third rows leave their places,  
And the hated row is quickly filled  
By girls with blushing faces.  
And the reason that they hate it,—  
Swear that you won't repeat ?  
Is that all eyes in the transepts  
Are fixed upon their feet !

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON '06.

### THE FATAL DAY

Poor little freshman ! Once life of the house,  
Now sorely distraught, creeps about like a mouse.  
She shudders to think that she ever dared play  
(For low grades and conditions will come out to-day) !

Two weeks ? No, two years have surely gone by  
Since that dread exam week. She almost could cry  
To think of her college life ending this way—  
Since low grades and conditions will come out to-day.

Gazing out of her window, she dismally waits  
For the postman's approach, tho' she tearfully hates  
To think that he possib—no, *probably* may  
Bring her a low grade or condition to-day.



In the room next to hers, laughs and shrieks rend the air,—  
Those sophomores seem to have never a care ;  
How *can* they make merry, and fool in this way,  
When low grades and conditions will come out to-day ?

The house-door then slamming, she looks down—Great Hat !  
Those juniors are all going off on a bat !  
I say, how on earth do they *dare* be away  
When low grades and conditions will come out to-day ?

The seniors then—don't they regard it with dread ?  
But no ;—'cross the hall they are having a spread ;  
Through the door see the eats in gorgeous array,—  
And low grades and conditions will come out to-day !

The postman's in sight, so in trembling and fear,  
She tears down the stairs, but only to hear,—  
" There's nothing for you, I am sorry to say ",  
(And low grades and conditions are *all* out to-day) !

MYRTLE SMITH '08.

#### AN INVOCATION

Saints and sages of the past,  
Who received reward for toil,  
Seers and poets all gained fame  
By burning midnight oil.

The precedent is set for *thee*,  
Let not the moments pass,  
But shed an aureole round *my* head,  
O surreptitious gas !

NELLIE BARNEY SERGENT '06.

The Council has decided not to request the Faculty to change the date of the Easter vacation, since the students have shown by their votes in the class meetings that opinion on the subject is evenly divided.

By Order of the Council.

## MY LETTER HOME

I've a cold in my head,  
And I'm nearly dead,  
And I'd go to bed  
If I had time.

But exams are near,  
They're almost here,  
And I with fear  
Am shaking.

Oh, what a plight !  
For I've got to write  
Home to-night  
To mother.

I'll try to be glad,  
I'll not be sad  
When I write to dad  
And mother.

With not a word of sadness  
Or of madness,  
But alone of gladness,  
I write my letter.

"I'm having such a splendid time,  
Last night I danced till half-past nine !  
I skate, I coast, I bike  
And trolley-ride upon the pike,  
I go to teas  
And jamborees  
Of every description."

My mother says, "O daughter dear,  
You are too gay we really fear,  
For with sport and dances gay  
All your time does pass away ;  
Better far I think 'twould be  
If more of lessons you would see."

I'll try no more  
When my heart is sore  
To hide my trials  
With forced smiles.

Whenever I'm blue,  
As often 'tis true,  
I'll tell them, too,  
You bet.

MILDRED WILSON '08.

ON TRIAL

Official looking note  
 I read the while ;  
 " Saturday—old Gym—three ",  
 Dramatics trial !

Long into Friday night  
 I sit and howl,  
 Before the glass I pose,  
 About I prow!.

My loving friends are *wild*,  
 Ophelia's song  
 Rings thro' the thin partitions  
 All night long.

Saturday dawns at last,  
 My head is hot,  
 My hands are cold as ice.  
 Smile can I not !

But everything I touch  
 Seems made of lead,  
 I spill my coffee—then  
 I drop my bread.

All through the morning  
 In a daze I walk,  
 Recitations I forget.  
 I cannot talk.

Thro' my tired mind there whirls  
 By starts and fits  
 Snatches of cues  
 And disconnected bits.

At last comes three o'clock ;  
 With brazen front  
 I trudge to the old Gym  
 To do my stunt.

About an ante-room  
 On benches grim  
 Sit would-be actors,  
 Shaking in every limb.

Four or five Hamlets,  
And a ghost or two,  
A stray Laertes—all  
In bloomers blue.

My turn comes presently.  
Up flights of stairs  
Into a spacious hall—  
A row of chairs

Filled with a formidable  
Array. I quake,  
My teeth they chatter,  
And my knees they shake.

A chair and table stand there,  
Up I go  
And scatter myrrh and rue  
All to and fro !

Beside a bubbling brook  
(In my mind's eye)  
I kneel. My words come hard,  
I don't know why.

I go quite mad ;  
As all Ophelias should,  
But somehow Hamlet scares me,  
Made of wood.

I fain would fall into  
His fond embrace,  
But I am chilled—a chair  
Can't have a face.

When I forget my lines  
A profile stern  
Of a bored-looking person  
Makes me squirm.

I gasp my last few lines,  
My hair I tear—  
As I had planned,  
And stare my final stare.

Now all is over ! Open  
Thou, oh floor !  
And take me in ! I  
Totter to the door !

KATHERINE GAGER '06.



It is, of course, well-known throughout the college that Mrs. John Storer Cobb, of Cambridge, has had her former residence on Paradise Road fitted up as a place of rest for the students. The house is ideally situ-

**Sunnyside** ated for such a purpose. It is at the end of Paradise Road, overlooking the river, with a wonderful view of Mt. Tom and the surrounding hills.

Under Mrs. Cobb's personal supervision the interior has been charmingly decorated and furnished. It is very dainty and homelike, with its softly tinted walls and comfortable chairs and couches. There are great open fire-places in many of the rooms and a number of exceedingly handsome pieces of old-fashioned furniture.

A corner room on the second floor has been furnished with particular care for the use of the members of the faculty. There are four rooms on the second floor, and four on the third floor which are more simply furnished and intended for cases of illness. The house, however, is meant for a place of rest rather than an Infirmary. It fills a need that the college has felt for a long time.

Professor A. G. Hopkins, of Amherst College, delivered a lecture on the "Earliest Alchemy" at the open meeting of the Colloquium, in Chemistry Hall, on December the fifth. He touched

**Lecture by Professor Hopkins** upon the romance and traditions surrounding this mystic science, and briefly described the methods used in the process of alchemy. Professor Hopkins justified its practice by explaining that when it was first invented, and for some time afterward, alchemy was employed in imitating gold, not to deceive the world concerning the true value of the imitation, but to produce the strikingly beautiful tints of purple and gold for decorative purposes. These tints, which were so deeply admired and sought after by the impressionable, color-loving people of that period, could not be obtained in any other way. It was not until a later time, when the attention of the alchemists was first attracted to the knowledge and practice of medicine, that they permitted their science to degenerate into merely a false and dishonorable, though alluring, means of securing wealth.

RUTH FORBES ELIOT '08.

On December 13 the German club presented "Das Recht der Frau", by Ludwig Fulda. The choice of the play was not a particularly fortunate one, because the plot was too complicated to be fol-

**The German Club Play** lowed easily by an audience not perfectly familiar with the language. For this reason, the humor of the situations was often lost and the exaggerated by-play became the life of the performance.

Most of the parts were well assigned. Florence Mann, as Paul Steinberg, the hero, showed her usual ease and freedom of stage bearing. It is always a pleasure to see her graceful self-possession. Helen Putnam, as Hans Kerner, acted well, her facial expression, gestures and general stage-presence contributing to an excellent interpretation of the part.

The clever by-play of Vardrine McBee as Hillner made her the life of the comedy. The rôle of Bruno Helbing, student, as played by Mary Noyes, was one of the best bits of amateur acting that it has been our good fortune to see. Her conception was well carried out and added much to the amusement of the performance.

Those who played the parts of women were not so successful. Helen Maxcy was charmingly pretty and well-costumed, but her acting lacked ease and finish. The part of Grethe by Margaret Curtis was overdone, but she showed possibilities of an excellent interpretation, as her acting displayed the spirit and assurance demanded by this difficult rôle.

Among the minor parts, Christine Hooper as Gottlieb was especially commendable. The servants in our plays are likely to be more or less neglected, and Miss Hooper's presentation was a great relief. Her make-up was excellent,—a noticeable contrast to most of the men's parts.

The costuming was not well-planned, but the good scenic effects showed the careful thought that appeared to be lacking in the other executive parts of the play. The cast was as follows:

Hans Kerner, Gutsbesitzer, .....	Helen Putnam
Erna, seine Tochter, .....	Helen Maxcy
Baron von Firnhofen, .....	Katherine Frankenstein
Paul Steinberg, Dramaturg eines grossen Theaters, ...	Florence Mann
Hillner, Professor der Litteraturgeschichte, ...	Vardrine McBee
Ludmilla, seine Frau, .....	Marjorie Allen
Dr. Woldemar Krauseneck, Journalist, .....	Alice Friend
Grethe, seine Frau, .....	Margaret Curtis
Bruno Helbing, Student, .....	Mary Noyes
Gottlieb, Bedienter bei Kerner, ...	Christine Hooper
Ein Photograph, .....	Dorothy Winslow

The first meeting of the Council was held October 2, 1905, Miss Dodd, the president, presiding. The following officers were elected for the year: Mason

Montgomery 1907, Secretary; Bess Parker 1908, Treasurer.

**Semi-Annual Report  
of the Smith College Council,  
Sept., 1905—Feb., 1906**

On account of the heavy expenses incurred in meeting the cost of running the Students' Building, it was decided to raise the council tax twenty-five cents, making it now seventy-five cents a person. It was voted that electric lights should be put in on the third floor of the Students' Building, and that new ones should be added to the stage lights. The Council thought it advisable to have brass door-plates on the doors of the rooms belonging to the different societies and departmental clubs. The Council suggested this to the presidents of the clubs, and in each club the vote was carried. The Council has had the Students' Building repaired in many ways, the most important being the recalcimining of the ceilings in the Alpha room and the reading room. It was decided that a piano should be bought for the Students' Building, as much as possible being paid this year, and the remainder as soon as the money could be raised. It was sug-

gested to the Council that it would be advisable to move the reading room from the Students' Building to Seelye Hall, to be used as a combination reading and study room in order to relieve the congestion in the library. The motion was not carried.

The Council learned that senior pins could be procured at a small price by those other than seniors: consequently measures were taken to prevent this. The Council took out a fourteen-year patent on the senior pins as made by Tiffany & Co.

The Council prohibits the speculation of tickets for concerts and dramatics, and the Council member who has charge of the bulletin board room will take down all signs concerning the sale of tickets.

The leaders of the Orangemen and A. O. H. Societies met with the Council, and decided that there should be no demonstration of either society in chapel, and that each should try not to have any disturbance which might bring the organizations into disrepute.

Although the Council form of government is quite different from that of Student government, the Council voted to send the president and one other representative to Bryn Mawr to the Student Government Conference held there in November. It was thought that hearing the problems of other colleges and seeing how they were met would be of benefit to all.

The Council considered the Conference meeting at the beginning of the year unsatisfactory not only in results, but also in the general discussion. The business under consideration was the question of whether a whole holiday should be given in response to a petition from the students asking for a Monday holiday with study hours in the evening, a free Saturday evening, and one other evening free for entertainments.

President Seelye gave the view of the faculty—namely, that a change would be quite impracticable with our present system of two and three-hour courses: that it would encourage the students to go away over Sunday; and that since all institutions as large as Smith have no holiday, it seemed unwise to change. The Council then asked for lectures on Monday instead of recitations, and the faculty decided in so far as it was possible to lecture on Monday.

The following plays have been assigned:

1906-7—Hatfield-Dewey, Albright, Haven-Wesley, Hubbard.

1907-8—Dickinson, Chapin, Washburn-Tenney.

1908-9—Wallace, Lawrence, Tyler, Morris.

MASON MONTGOMERY '07, Secretary.

Certain of the more important additions to the College Library will be published in the MONTHLY from time to time. A full list of

**New Books** the new books may be found on the bulletin board in Seelye Hall, and we hope to call attention to the rapid growth of

our library by the following list:

Ihne—History of Rome.

Dill—Roman Society.

Van Tyne—American Revolution.

Mombert—Charles the Great.

- La Rocheterie—Marie Antoinette.  
 Henderson—History of Germany.  
 Hanotaux—Contemporary France.  
 Putnam—William the Silent.  
 Freeman—Western Europe.  
 Stephen ed.—History of the English Church.  
 Fortescue—Subject Index of the Modern Works Added to the  
     British Museum in the Years 1881-1900.  
 Courtney—A Register of National Bibliography.  
 Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.  
 Cunningham—Western Civilization.  
 Ali—History of the Saracens.  
 Addis—Catholic Dictionary.  
 Hodgson—History of Venice.  
 Legg—Select Documents of the French Revolution.  
 Pollard—England under Protector Somerset.  
 Wright—Dialect Grammar.  
 Cervantes—Don Quixote, translated by Ormsby.  
 Henderson—Scottish Vernacular Literature.  
 Sidney—England and the English in the Eighteenth Century.  
 Facsimile of the Early Printed Works in the British Museum.  
 Haeckel—The Evolution of Man.  
 Weismann—The Evolution Theory.  
 Chapman—The Foraminifera.  
 Whibley—Companion to Greek Studies.  
 Hazlitt—Venetian Republic.  
 Monod—Bibliographie de l'histoire de France.  
 Lavissee and Rambaud—Histoire générale.  
 Gasquet—Précis des institutions politiques.  
 Aulard—Histoire politique de la révolution française.  
 Chatelain—Paléographie des classiques latins.  
 Boissier—L'opposition sous le Césars.  
 Boissier—La fin au paganisme.  
 Leyce—Science of Language.  
 Muirhead—Private Law of Rome.  
 Jourdan—Recueil générale des anciennes lois françaises.  
 Gros—Comité de salut public.  
 Columbia University studies in history, economics and public law.  
 Gasquet—Henry the Third and the Church.  
 Machiavelli—Il Principe, ed. by Burd.  
 Edward Fitzgerald—Works, ed. by G. Bentham.  
 Emerson—Works, Centenary ed.  
 Cowper—Correspondence, ed. by T. Wright.  
 Hazlitt—Works.  
 Harrissee—Discovery of North America.  
 Stephen—French Revolution.  
 Wallace—Russia.  
 Gasquet—Eve of the Reformation.



Thacher—Life of Columbus.

Markham—Life of Columbus.

Fournier—Napoleon.

Gregorovius—Rome in the Middle Ages.

Journal of Hellenic Studies, complete set.

Aristophanes Thesmophoriazusae.

Under the direction of the Italian department on February 3, Doctor Gustavo Tosti, Italian consul to Boston, lectured on "Settlement Work and the Problem of Immigration." Miss Bernardy intro-

**Lecture by Dr. Tosti** duced the lecturer and spoke of the desire of the government and press of Italy to have the Italian immigrant a credit to both countries and a good American citizen. Baron Tosti said that he wished to consider the aim and tendencies of the settlement movement, and the ever-increasing tide of immigration. In Italy there are no settlements. Taking it for granted that all were familiar with the origin of the settlement movement, attention was called to its distinctly religious character. The central idea of settlement work, that is, to contribute personally to the improvement of the poor, has steadily grown.

In the beginning the congregation of the wage-earning classes in the large city areas, and the growth of the East Side of London, forced upon the church the problem of working them into some natural physical life. The all-pervading influence of the church in English life is shown by the fact that it was regarded as the only suitable channel for putting such a movement into motion. If the movement had retained its original character, it is doubtful whether it would have been so successful and far-reaching. The importance of the economic factor in social life became evident. Social intercourse through the settlements is bound to bring about certain results, for classes which would otherwise remain far apart are brought into personal intercourse.

These methods of social reform bring us close to the problem of immigration. The question confronting statesmen is how the immigrants may be brought up to the moral and social standards. This problem of assimilation may be most easily solved by friendly intercourse between the new-comers and representatives of the cultured classes. In this the settlement can reach deeper than the public school in bringing the social life to where it can take hold of the soul.

It may be officially stated, said Doctor Tosti, that the Italian government favors immigration and sincerely desires to assist the United States. Through increased opportunities of intercourse between men of different nations, the national idea has lost its aggressiveness. The relation of citizens is only the relation of a man to a form of institutional law. "It becomes an optional, a selective relation, and does not shift the central interest from one country to another."

The immigration policy of the Italian government has thus inspired the organization of classes for the teaching of English. The Italians desire to have their immigrants become an active part of the working community. In this the Italian government is serving no selfish end. It desires the assimilation of Italian immigrants to be pursued to its extreme limits.

## CALENDAR

- February 13, 5 P. M., Lecture by M. Anatole Le Bras. Subject: "Originalité unique de la Bretagne parmi les provinces françaises : la vie bretonne."
- " 13, 8 P. M., Recital by Schubert String Quartette.
- " 17, Junior Frolic.
- " 22, Holiday.
- " 23, Open Meeting of the Spanish Club. Lecture by Señorita Carolina Marcial. Subject: "Domestic Life and Social Customs of Women in Spain."
- " 24, Tyler House Play.
- " 27, Song Recital by David Bispham.
- March 3, Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- " 10, Open Meeting of Telescopium. Lecture by Prof. Charles L. Poor of Columbia University. Subject: "The Life History of a Comet."
- " 12, Recital by Mr. Hamilton and Miss Loney of the Music Department of Wellesley College.
- " 14, Lawrence House Play.
- " 17, Open Meeting of the Alpha Society. Lecture by Miss Mary W. Calkins. Subject: "Scholarship in American Women's Colleges."

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

March - 1906.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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*No. 6*

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## ODE ON NATIONAL DESTINY\*

Eternal Spirit, Thou whose mighty plan  
In ages past hath been and still must be  
The great, unfathomable mystery—  
Oh hold us, while we cling a little space  
To this, Thy circling planet: in Thy grace,  
Reveal to us some vision of Thy face,  
Some glimmering of the destiny of man!

Midnight! Within the molten mass  
No rays from distant spheres of prior birth  
Cheers the blind germs of uncreated Earth.  
Unseen, unheard, the eyeless vapors pass,  
A flameless fire-mist they seethe and flow:  
They know not whence they come nor where they go,  
Yet gather ever 'round their midmost mass.

For there's a Consciousness that dimly dwells  
Within those groping cells!  
And through all and above  
The unutterable Love,  
O'er even that which most unlovely seems,  
In tenderness eternal broods and dreams.

---

\* Washington Ode, February 22, 1906.

A mountain washed by holy air,  
 A pathway worn by bleeding feet,  
 Transfigured souls that kneel in prayer  
 Where new-born love and reverence meet.  
 One sacred Book ; one burning name  
 That glows in capitals of flame  
 Through all eternity the same—  
 Jehovah ! — Father, King and God.

Radiant isles set in a sea of light,  
 And porticos of temples, dazzling white  
 Against the Attic sky. The rhythmic beat  
 Of music and of dryad-dancing feet.  
 Light hearts that leap like fountains to the spring,  
 Knowing no care and beating but to sing,—  
 Hailing their gods in woodland or in street  
 With joyous song. O, innocent and young,  
 Forever young and ever spirit-free,  
 The wisdom of the ages cannot grasp  
 The secret that inspires the soul of thee !  
 Knowledge and power other nations own—  
 But beauty shows her face to thee alone !

A stalwart form bestrides the Seven Hills :  
 Against the lofty parapet of night  
 Its burnished armor gleams with brazen light  
 And blood of battle tingles in its veins.  
 A brow of dread authority and might  
 Looks, broad and far, from out the metal helm  
 O'er all the templed city and the realm  
 To east and westward where deep silence reigns—  
 The silence of the conquered. Large and low  
 Upon the heavenly rampart, all aglow  
 With starry strife and blazing comet-pyres,  
 The blood-red planet hangs its martial fires !

In these deep woods eternal twilight sleeps :  
 Down winding aisles the ghostly shadow creeps  
 And vanishes in darkness ; dim-defined,  
 Vast tree-trunks stand, their naked roots entwined  
 In deathless clasp ; and sifting everywhere  
 Glimmers the limpid green of leafy air.  
 A lowly door stands open to the gloom,  
 Within the dusky covert of the room  
 The charmed circle of the fire-light lies  
 On length of sturdy limb stretched to the blaze,  
 On ruddy, unshorn locks and keen, blue eyes  
 That flash or soften as they meet the gaze  
 Of one who sits beside the hearth-stone there.

Only less mighty than her husband, she,  
The warrior's wife—herself a warrior's child !  
And firm and white her arms and bosom be  
As marble flesh of goddess. Stern, yet mild  
Her look—and all her radiant hair  
Surrounds her with an aureole of light.  
O miracle of women, strong, yet fair,  
Exulting in thy beauty and thy might !  
Routing the foeman in the battle-line,  
Prophetess, augur, being half-divine,  
Bearing a nation's toil in equal part  
With him who is the master of thy heart !  
For tenderness and strength that make us free,  
May womankind pay now its thanks to thee !

Far in the gateway of the west  
Thunders the trackless sea.  
The western billows never rest.  
The ceaseless heaving of their breast  
Calls everlastingly !  
Oh, and this the song the sailors sing,  
As o'er the foam their proud ships wing :—

“ Then let our bounding prow dip deep  
Where the swirling sunset waters leap  
As glad as we !  
The venturous gull long since has flown  
Below the line to lands unknown,—  
And we are free ! ”

Exultingly the sailors' cry  
Wafts o'er the waters—but to die.  
Another cry rings on the wave—  
From hearts more free, from souls more brave :—

“ Free ! Free ! Ah, shed we bitter tears !  
The tenderest idol trusting childhood rears  
At last has fallen. How we worshipped thee,  
Proud mother ! Thou wert gentle then ;  
We clung to thee throughout our early years,  
Trusting thine ear to hear, thine eye to see.  
It was thyself that banished all our fears  
To stand alone. If we are mighty men  
'Tis by thy guidance and thy teaching, thine !  
We are thy children whereso'er we roam,—  
Alas, too like thyself ! The lights that shine  
Across the waste of waters, following  
Our glimmering sails, may never call us home.  
For we are free,—free in our joy—and pain ! ”

So swept the teeming tide around the world,—  
 From morning shores where dreamy waters lave  
 The pearly sands, to where there floats unfurled  
 Above the rolling of the western wave,  
 A banner wrought of sunset-cloud and night—  
 The starry blue, the crimson, and the white,  
 Proud symbol of the youngest nation's might !

America ! the spirit of thy youth  
 Was Liberty ! — and reverence for truth  
 Held high that spotless goddess. Wise and pure  
 The master-soul that guarded her from shame !  
 No violence has tarnished her fair name !  
 The nation's blood surged in that hero's veins !  
 For her alone were all his toilsome pains ;  
 For her alone his courage through despair ;  
 His zealous thought, his passion, and his prayer.  
 His life flowed with his country's. Ne'er apart  
 From her emotions throbbed his anxious heart !  
 And when the new-born nation stood at last  
 Victorious, with all her dangers past,  
 'Twas all he asked—that he should teach her still  
 To rule herself with wisdom and with skill !

O Washington, our nation has grown old  
 In worldly knowledge — not in years, forsooth !  
 Oft has been blurred our vision of the truth,  
 In hoarding up of riches we are bold :  
 Simplicity a fallen watchword lies :  
 We dare not lift our faces to the skies,  
 Or run through sunny fields or hillsides climb,  
 As did our fathers. For remorseless Time  
 May snatch away a fortune in that day  
 When we have turned our eyes another way !

Child of the toiling-ages ! Thou endowed  
 By mighty nations ! Well may'st thou be proud  
 Of thine inheritance ! The pulsing life  
 That filled the noblest races of the past  
 Inspires thy breathing. 'Twas the ancient strife  
 For peoples yet unborn that now at last,  
 When war's alarms and din of battle cease,  
 Crowns thee with blessings and with well-won peace.  
 Yet thou in turn hast struggled to secure  
 Thy birthright. In thine hand it glows —  
 No glittering golden pile — but shining pure,  
 A radiant star alight with hope for those  
 Who grope in darkness and in bondage live —  
 Our gift to hold ! — but best, our gift to *give* !



Against the portal of the dawn we stand,  
 Scanning the northern night. A moan,  
 Borne on the wind from out the frozen zone.  
 Sweeps with a clank of chains across the land —  
 The clank of *broken* chains that drag the deep  
 And churn the tranquil waters into foam.

O drowsing East, no longer may'st thou sleep !  
 A mighty power calls thee to arise,  
 Before whose conquering feet the tyrant lies  
 Stripped of his grandeur, now a cringing form  
 Wrestling with darkness and unending storm !

Sprung from the old Samaurai — lo ! he stands ;  
 And pitying he gazes on his foe.  
 No boast is on his lips. His gracious hands  
 Are stretched to stanch the very drops that flow  
 From his opponent's wounds !

O righteous God !  
 If all great conflicts have fulfilled Thy will,  
 If Thou art with the victor, — ah, then still  
 Must we believe the side of Justice wins !  
 And by whatever name Thy children call  
 Upon Thee, praying, — Thine the cause must be  
 If that petition is " Humanity ! "

Great Father of the nations, *we* would pray ! —  
 Not that Thy chosen people we may be,  
 The crowning of the races ; — but that we  
 May join with Right wherever she be found,  
 May guard her dwelling-place as holy ground,  
 Seeking that Truth which, binding all with Thee,  
 Completes the oneness of Humanity !

MARION SAVAGE.

## TOLSTOI

Four great novelists appear upon the records of Russia. The only one living to-day stands forth as the most excellent. Liov Nikolaevich Tolstoi, nihilist, mystic, artist, preacher. Born in 1828 on his father's estate near Tula, he was reared like most Russian noblemen, receiving an education—half French, half German—such as was calculated to teach him how to bear himself in aristocratic circles. For Tolstoi, in spite of his

coarse peasant's garb and self-appointed task of cobbling shoes, is of noble birth, and looks back to a line of ancestors through whose veins the bluest of blood has coursed for two centuries. Leaving his studies, he entered upon a military career, spent some years in the Caucasus, and was later present at the siege of Sebastopol. Upon the conclusion of peace, he travelled for a time and met many illustrious men of the age. Then returning to Russia, he resided by turns at both capitals, moving in the highest circles and finding their atmosphere quite congenial, though he was never thoroughly in sympathy with their spirit. In 1860 he married, and soon after retired to his estate near Tula. On that estate he now lives, in a fashion peculiarly his own. From their frames, on the walls of his house, long lines of noble ancestors look down upon this eccentric member of the family, this noble peasant swinging the scythe and wielding the sickle, happy in the care of his bees, his sheep, and his garden, but happier far in the care of the forlorn mujiks, the down-trodden people of Russia.

Such in brief has been the life of Tolstoi. But the years thus passed have teemed with an energetic enthusiasm in literary and philanthropic work which has silhouetted this strange man against the background of Russian history so closely and with such power that the highest and best of his country's life seems to culminate in him. When he returned from the wars he was famous as a brilliant writer, having already written a number of stories, among which was "The Cossacks." Short novels held his attention for a period which appears like a preparation for his greater works. Tolstoi is above all else a painter on huge canvases and with vivid colors, but these first novels are painted with no less brilliant pigments and no less excellence in workmanship. His insight into the human heart is already indicated, and the great realist begins to show himself.

The highest fame waited for Tolstoi upon the completion of his two most remarkable works, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina". Tourguéniev has been called "the great architect in the art of fiction". Tolstoi is quite different. He is not wanting in a sense of beauty of form, nor yet in a sense of proportion, but there is little architectural regularity in his art, because its nature does not demand "rigid outline of form". His most impressive works are somewhat like panoramas. "War and Peace", for example, spreads before the reader a

kind of panorama of Russian life before and during the French invasion, in whose pictures we see the Little Corporal, that great leader of France, awaking a national consciousness in the peoples he is trying to conquer. The desperate resistance of Russia, the only hero of the book, is shown in a series of views so faithful in representation, so powerful in art, that one does not wonder at the ejaculation of a reader, "This is not a picture of life, but life itself." The fidelity of presentation is attained not so much by painting an event itself, as by depicting its effect; not by making the roar of the cannon tell of the battle, but the sight of the silent field, with the wounded, and the motionless dead. Such is the highest art, because it appeals not to the language in which nations differ, but to the universal spirit of all nations.

The soul of Russia is peculiarly incoherent, vague, and lacking in mental discipline. A better portrayal of it could hardly be found than in these two works of Tolstoi. "War and Peace" boasts of no hero except the great country itself; the book has no unity and very little plot. There is a thread which binds the story together, but it is only an excuse for introducing a variety of political and historical subjects. The characters come upon the scenes after such long absences that it is good exercise in memory to recognize them. A clever woman, upon being asked how she was occupying her time, said, "I have fallen to the bottom of a Russian novel and cannot get out." This might apply to both "War and Peace" and to "Anna Karénina", though the latter is not quite so extended as the former. "War and Peace" is a queer yet powerful combination of the epic and novel, while "Anna Karénina" subordinates the epic quality almost entirely. There is in the latter a more adequately developed character—some apparent sense of proportion. But here again we find material more suited to panorama than to regularity of form. Tolstoi is dealing with events which appear in groups and are not intertwined to form a single well-laid plot. The groups individually possess remarkable beauty; taken together they unfold before our eyes a canvas as vast as the Russian plains themselves, on which we may see the stream of life, grand and majestic in its flow, painted with such clearness and absolute impressions of truth, that we too exclaim, "This is life."

All that has been said is only one side of Tolstoi's activity.



He is now a world-renowned writer. He has climbed with even and unerring steps to the pinnacle of fame by means of these same works, and he pauses an instant to review the past, to look out into the future and see what it holds for him. Pleasure? Ambition? Fame? These are mere empty words to Tolstoi. Ambition has no further charm for him except as it applies to his insatiable desire to plunge, like Schiller's diver, into the nethermost depths of human nature and to come up again with treasures of truth. And what of the past? "Have you seen any of my later writings?" he asks of a visitor. "Oh, then you do not know me! We must then become acquainted." Whereupon he explains himself by boldly declaring all his art of the twenty years past to be a foolish waste of time. He breathes the same air, he lives the same life as when his literary genius was making him the man of his age in Russia, but he sees it all in a different light. His writings brought him wealth and praise, but what were they in the real meaning of life? And what then *is* the meaning of life?

Such questionings had hovered near him since early childhood, when as a little boy he was troubled by the mystery about him. His years of activity had kept these inquiries in the background. Now they burst forth afresh, and he cast about him for a solution. Perhaps it was wealth. That *might* bring satisfaction; but would not death come some day and steal it all away? There was fame! He might leave behind works more brilliant than Shakespeare's or Molière's. Yes, but may not death overtake even a language by reason of its constantly changing form? What was it for which he was living? Was life only a cruel joke played upon him by some demoniac power, defeating all his aims? If so he would a thousand times rather end his miserable existence. In vain he turned to science. It could only tell him how he got here, not why he was here. The Russian Church could not help him. It professed a religion of love, yet sent its soldiers forth to that wholesale murder which men called war, and persecuted those who did not share its belief. He tried like the Stoics to become so inured to suffering that he could not be affected by misfortunes. He scourged himself with a whip until the tears started, but that taught him nothing. He remembered that life is short, and like the Cyreniac he tried to seize the fleeting pleasures of the moment, because only the present is, the future



may never be. Thus he struggled over this problem which has vexed men for centuries, and all the while in his bright imagination he dreamed of love and happiness.

So at last there looms up before us Tolstoi the sceptic, the nihilist, for there seemed nothing to which he might fasten his drifting bark. He had held to purity and honesty in life, his writings had stood for the necessity of living within the moral law—why, he could not tell. Long ago he had turned his back upon aristocratic circles and had taken up a life as nearly as possible like the peasants. They were plain, honest, oppressed people, and he loved them. Now it occurred to him that they must know something of the meaning of life, else they would not continue their wretched existence. They were poor, ignorant, burdened with taxes, forced into the army, obliged to produce food not only for themselves but for their superiors, yet death found them tranquil and unresisting when it came to put an end to their hard lot. Moreover, he found that the ground was firm beneath their feet, and in spite of their humble place that they had something to which they could hold, as he had not. Henceforth he would follow the path of the peasant. Science, philosophy, everything had failed him, but down at the bottom of Russian society he found the long-sought meaning of life in the peasant's belief in God.

It would be impossible here to explore the queer and intricate growth of Tolstoi's theology. Suffice it to say that whatever strange notions he presents, they come from one who holds them in perfect sincerity, and who uses them to the best of his ability in the uplifting of mankind. It is more to the purpose to notice their effect upon his writings. From that period of searchings have come many strong productions, and the whole character of his art has changed. The question with him now, in dealing with events, is, what effect they have on the life of man, their moral worth, not their artistic value. Therefore he now paints more subjectively than objectively; he scans the underlying mind, not the matter. It was a sad day for his art when this change came, for now he looks with scorn at his great masterpieces; he calls them empty vanities, and "accuses himself of having speculated with the public in arousing evil passions and fanning the fires of sensuality". He still writes, but we have no masterful pages such as appear in "*Anna Karénina*" and "*War and Peace*". "He writes edifying apolo-

gies, Biblical parables, dedicated to the enlightenment of village folk ; exegeses and religious controversies, professions of faith and dramas for the people". But try as he may, he cannot suppress the beauty of his style, nor the elegance of his rhetoric. He cannot but combine his lofty aspiration with high artistic skill. For whether he will or not, he is inspired by the divine gift of genius, which no theory can completely cast out.

Thus the nineteenth century closes and the twentieth opens with this great figure upon the scene. A novelist of world-wide renown, he repudiates the novel. A radical Socialist, he aims not to instruct the ignorant nor to decrease pauperism, but to condemn all the arts and luxuries of life, even delicacy and refinement of culture, to build a society composed only of the poor living in the basest simplicity upon agriculture. He censures all existing customs, all legal institutions, and is in this sense a nihilist, an anarchist. Why ? Because believing himself a representative of Christian Socialism derived from theories about the Gospels, dear to men of the Middle Ages, he looks for the love manifested in the Gospels and finds only a feverish mysticism. Under the coarse tunic and rope girdle of the peasant, making shoes, drawing water, or following the plough, he tries to turn man back to nature, almost to make him an animal. Again, why ? Because he has an unbounded tenderness for the abject classes, for mere human nature, and whatever the faults in him or his works, he yet bends all the vigor of his passionate and enthusiastic mind upon what is to him the highest honesty. With William Dean Howells we may in truth say, that to read the pages of Tolstoi is feel the grasp of a strong hand, in which there beats the pulse of a sympathetic heart ; for he neither looks up to you from below, nor down from above, but meets you upon the common level of humanity.

MARY VARDRINE MCBEE.

## THE STAUBBACH

“From the snow-peak and glacier  
I come, I come ;  
From the heights without measure  
Where Nature is dumb,  
Falling in myriad glitter.  
The granite rocks under my waters,  
The trees drooping over my path,  
Wild nature's most beautiful daughters,  
The flowers—all silently laugh,  
As the sunshine, and rainbow, and cloud,  
Is reflected in each of my drops, light-bowed,  
Falling in myriad glitter.”

Under the arching wood-boughs,  
And over the mossy stone,  
Gurgles and bubbles and ripples  
The streamlet, now gliding along.  
Now whirling in myriad glitter.  
The valley is fertile and green,  
And the beasts of the woods and hills  
Yearn for the sparkling stream,  
Love this queen of the rills.  
The Staubbach, pure as the mountain air,  
And clear as crystal, down-whirling there,  
Whirling in myriad glitter.

HELEN FIELD COBB.

## PIERS PLOWMAN AS A SOCIOLOGICAL PAMPHLET

The author of *Piers Plowman* in his exposure of the evils of church and state in the middle fourteenth century, and in his protest at them, suggests no artificial remedy, no reorganization; yet he is in the truest sense a reformer. In defining the questions at issue, he lays a basis for the specific reforms of Wyklif in his own day; and he puts them in connection with the great social problems of all time.

Langland has a keen sense of the ills of his time. Himself a member of the clergy, he shares also the point of view of the common people. In the Vision is reflected all the misery of the land: the outgrowth of misgovernment, impoverishment through foreign wars, taxation, pestilence, and extortions of the clergy; and most of all, the corruption of the church, with a general lowering of morals. All this is told with painful accuracy, and most of it is fiercely denounced.

In his application of an old mediaeval fable, he shows the attitude of the commons toward the authorities whom they hate but cannot resist. The "small mees and the ratons" plan together to bell the cat who

"Cam when hym liked  
And overleep hem lightliche  
And laughte hem at his wille  
And pleide with him perilousli  
And passed aboute;"

And who, if they resist,

"Wol greven us alle  
Cracchen us or clawen us  
And in hise clouches holde  
That us lotheth the life  
Ere he let us passe."

When no one has courage to fasten the rope they reach the dreary conclusion that after all

"Though we had y-killed the cat  
Yet should there come another  
To cratchen us and all our kind  
Though we creep under benches."

And besides,

"There the cat nis but a kitten  
The court is full ailing.

Vae terrae ubi puer est rex!"

There is no hope, then, for any substantial redress.

The poverty of the people touches him deeply. He pictures with tenderness the woman who must toil early and late to keep her children from hunger.



" And woe in winter-time with waking a-nights  
 To rise to the ruel, to rock the cradle,  
 Both to card and to combe,  
 To clouten [patch] and to wash,  
 To run and to reel, rushes to peel  
 That ruth is to read or in ryme showe  
 The woe of these women that woneth in cots."

He pities them too in their dread of hunger :

" But I warn you werkmen, wynneth while ye mowe  
 For Hunger hideward hasteth hym faste  
 Swich famyn shall aryse  
 Through flodes and foule wedres  
 Fruytes shul faille . . . . . "

In the "fair field" where most of the scenes are depicted, the

" Parsons and parisshe preestes  
 Pleynd them to the bisshopes  
 That hire parissches weren provere [poor]  
 Sith the pestilence tyme,  
 To have a license and leve  
 At London to dwell."

If the sorrows of the people move him, much more is he affected by the weakness of their former helper, the Church. To him the worst of its evils is the spirit of greed, of self-indulgence, that possesses the clergy—and he lays it bare in all its ugliness. Their object in going to London, he says, is to "sing for simony," "for silver is swete." What the workers in the field earn, that the "mastours with gluttony destroyeth."

" Pilgrims and palmers plighthen hem togideres  
 For to seken Saint James and seintes at Rome

And hadden leve to lyen all hir life hereafter.

Heremytes on an heep with hooked staves  
 Wenten to Walsyngham and hir wenches after  
 Great lubbers and longe that loth were to swynke [work]  
 Shopen hem heremites hir ese to have."

These were pretended saint-seekers whose tongues were "tempered so lye more than to saye sooth;" friars

" Prechyng the peple for profit of hemselfes,  
 Glosed the gospel as hem good liked  
 For coveitise of capes construwed it as they wolde  
 Many of these maistre freres now clothen hem at likyng  
 For hire moneie and hire marchaundize marchen togedres."

The Pardoners, with their bulls pretending to absolve the people of all "falsheds, fastynge, vows y-broken," cajole them until "thei gyven him gold glotons to kepe." The bishops and the parish priests connive with these to get the silver which "the poraille of the parish should have if they ne were." Then there are those in London who, forgetting the sacred character of their office, are engaged in all kinds of worldly occupations: "Some serven the kyng and his silver tellen in Cheker and Chauncelrie," while some even do domestic service in the houses of rich nobles. Naturally these servants do "undevoutliche hire masse and hire matyns."

Yet unsparing as is this exposure of evils, the satire is strictly impersonal. Like John the Baptist, when first confronting conditions of political oppression, formalism in religion, and moral lethargy, Langland levels his indignation at the evil itself; with the vices of individuals or of systems he has no concern. He shows distinct disapproval of such revolutionary sentiment as manifested itself a few years later in the Peasants' Rebellion. When the discontented "ratons" declare of their tyrant, "Mighte we with any wit his will withstonde, *we* might be lords a-loft and lyen at our ese," the wise mouse suggests that rats themselves need to be kept in order; that if they should destroy the power which keeps them in check, "[We] mees wolde eat up many men's malt and the rats wolde wake them from their rest" i. e. would create unchecked confusion. Thus hope of improved conditions does not lie in the use of force, nor in any rearrangement of classes.

As in regard to government, so also in regard to religion, he condemns not existing forms, but the false spirit behind these. To the church forms Langland is entirely loyal, and he disputes on no point of theology. The unity of the Church is to be preserved against all attack. "Except Holy Church and the friars hold better together, the greatest trouble on earth will mount up fast." The place held by Mary in the mediaeval Church he approves without question, and he concedes the pope's power of indulgences. Even in the matter of the election of the pope he says,

"That power that Peter hadde impugne I nille  
For in love and in lettres the election bilongeth  
For-thi I kan and kan nought at court speke now."

No, Langland lays his axe to the root of the tree. The evil is in the hearts of men far beyond the reach of external measures. It can be driven out only by the power of new affections, new principles in the hearts of prince, priest, and peasant. Give up, he says, your search for earthly reward; be guided by reason and conscience; find the truth to which Holy Church will direct you, and yield to its teachings of love and duty.

“‘Ah, madam, merci,’ quoth I, ‘meliketh well your words.  
But the money of this world that men so fast keepeth,’  
Tell ye me now to whom that treasure belongeth.  
‘Go to the Gospel,’ quoth she, ‘and see what God said.’  
‘Reddite Caesari,’ said God, ‘that to Caesar befallerth,’  
Et quae sunt Dei Deo, or else ye don ill.  
For rightfully Reason should rule you all.  
And kind-wit be warden your wealth to kepe  
And tutor of your treasure.”

Meed [earthly reward] is but the bride of Falseness. Holy Church says, “I should be higher than she. My Father is the great God and ground of all graces . . . The man who loveth me and followeth me shall have a good end, but he who loves Meed shall lose a lap full of charity.” Meed, to be sure, makes one “beloved and for a man y-held,” but in the end she “letteth [men] from Heaven.” It is Meed that “hath empoisoned popes and peired [injured] Holy Church.” Let men search rather for the truth. For “when all treasures ben tried, Truth is the best.” And truth is

“to love thy Lord liefest of all  
And die rather than do any deadly sin.  
Truth telleth that love is triacle for sin  
And most sovereign salve for soul and for body.”

But where is truth to be found? There can be little question as to Langland’s meaning. Holy Church directs men to the truth. “And what is Holy Church?” asked the Dreamer. “Charity,” was the reply. Life and love and loyalty in one faith and law,—a love-knot of loyalty and leal belief. Jews, Gentiles and Saracens may believe differently, but the love of God and of their enemies joins them to the church. And this “Caritas” is sprung from the Tree of True Love, called Imago Dei, whose fruit is Holiness, Gentleness, Help-him-that-needeth. Thus it is in no outward organization, but in the realm of the spirit, that truth dwells. Langland, as has been said, reverences that church which is the outward symbol of the Church

universal, wherein is truth. But he says emphatically that her bulwark is the "cleanness of the people and the clean-living of clerks," and that her authority is not equal to that of conscience and reason. "For whoso contrarieth Truth, He telleth in His gospels that God knoweth hym nought, ne no saint of heven." Adherence to this church is efficacious in man's salvation, but is no substitute for obedience to the law written on the heart.

"Forthi I rede you rich have pity on the poor.

For James the gentle judes in his books

That faith without fait [works] is feebler than nought

And dead as a door nail but if the deeds follow.

Yet bath the pope power pardons to grant

As lettered men us lereth and law of Holy Church.

And so I believe loyally. Lords forbid else

That pardon and penance and prayers do save

Souls that have sinned seven times deadly.

But to trusten upon triennials truly me thinketh

Is not so sicker of the soul certes as is Do-Wel.

At the dreadful day of Doom when dead shullen rise

And comen alle before Christ accounts to yield,—

How we had our life here, and his law kept,

And how we did day by day,—the doom will rehearse.

A poke full of pardons there ne provincial letters

Though we be found in fraternity of all five orders

And have indulgences doublefold, but [unless] Do-Wel us help

I set by pardons not a pea nother a pye-heel.

Forthi I counsel all christians to cry God mercy,

And may his mother be our mene [mediator] to Hym

That God give us grace here ere we go hence

Such works to work while we ben here

That after our death-day Do-Wel will rehearse

At the day of doom we did as he taught. Amen."

The pardon issued by the Truth is simply "And these [the wicked] shall go away into eternal punishment; but the righteous into eternal life." It is here—in his installation of conscience and Reason, the servants of Truth, as the final rulers of conduct—that Langland helps to define the position of Wyklif. For Wyklif's proposition, "Dominion only through Grace", is but a fuller development of this principle. Langland says in an unusually bold stroke,

"And sithen he preide the pope have piti on holy church

And ere he gyve any grace governe first hymselfe."

Wyklif goes scarcely farther in challenging the actual right of the pope, or of any other man who has not this "grace", either to temporal or spiritual dominion. Langland's part in



the growth of this conception was certainly as great as Wyklif's. For though he did not possess Wyklif's genius for practical application of his principle and consequent elucidation of it, yet to the unlettered public—who confused the argument of the scholar Wyklif with his direct issue with the pope, or forgot it altogether—to these the teaching of their poet was presented in a form more comprehensible and more lasting.

And Langland's teaching was of even wider import than Wyklif's, since in making true Christianity the basis of reform, he has established a principle applicable to all the social problems that will ever arise. The function of even the lowest type of religion, says evolution, is to furnish society a motive for laboring under the conditions essential to progress, and to undermine the purely selfish policy of reason, leading men to sacrifice personal advantage to the common good. No religion has done this so completely as the religion of "*Piers Plowman*". The history of Western civilization is the history of Christianity, the working out of the principles of brotherhood and love into the practical life of the people. The growth of democracy, of humanitarian sentiment and effort, stands for the willing surrender of class privileges, whose real purpose is to give the excluded masses their just opportunity.

So, then, the effective impulse to reform must spring from a renewed striving after the ideal of Christianity. And in an age of rank materialism, when the church is losing power, when oppression and greed reign, when men in straining after riches forget to pray and to love, then is there a message to us from the Dreamer calling us back to the search for the things that are not seen but are eternal,—to love and duty and truth.

To obey the voice is not easy. Man has a long journey yet before him to the goal of truth. But the Plowman will some day be found, and the earnest pilgrims must keep on seeking. And in that day

.. Shall no more Mede be maistre as she is nouthe  
But love and lownesse and loyalty togedre  
These shall be maistres of earth Truth to save

And kynde-love shal come of it and conscience togeder  
And make of law a labour : such love shal arise  
And swich a pees amonge the peple and a parfit truthe  
That Jewes shall wene in their wit and waxen wonder glade  
That Moyses or Messie be come into this erth  
And have wonder in hire hertes that men beth so trewe."

MARY ARABELLA COALE.

## THE SEA

I thought I saw the sea beyond the cliffs,  
All blue and shining in the desert sun,  
Its waters promised strength again to me,  
A wanderer whose toil at last was done.  
I longed to bathe my aching form therein,  
And sought to touch the sea with outstretched hands !  
It vanished—for the goal was not yet won :  
'Twas but a dream, a phantom of the sands.

And when life's journey shall at last be done,  
And when the plains of duty have been passed,  
God grant beyond the rocks of pain there'll be,  
Stretching before, with wondrous light at last  
That rest from toil, His gleaming, longed-for sea.

HELEN LINCOLN APPLETON.

## MY DREAM-BOAT

Last night, upon the boundless sea of sleep,  
A little dream I set afloat :  
The precious boat  
Set gaily forth upon the tideless deep.

Ah, Love ! Could you but guess the freight it bore,—  
A hope, long cherished tenderly,  
For you and me,—  
You would be waiting gladly on the shore.

For once the dream was yours. One thing I know,  
My bark will reach you, soon or late.  
Till then I wait,  
And live again the days of long ago.

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS.

## CONCERNING THE DIME NOVEL

The words "dime novel" cause a chill to run down our spines—the same cold, disapproving chill which ran down the spines of our grandmothers when the word novel alone was mentioned. It is an inherited chill, and although it appears now in a different form, like the new varieties of the 1830 sleeves, it is the same species after all. It arises, as well, from the same cause, not from too much acquaintance with novels—"dime" or otherwise—but from too little knowledge or none at all. Our grandmothers did not read novels,—far be it from them so much as to glance over their tainted pages! We in our generation are wiser, in fact so wise that we confine ourselves to them almost entirely, but at one kind we firmly draw the line—the dime novel.

"Cheap, tawdy, blood-and-thunder things," we shudder. "How can people waste their time on them?" and when some one mildly inquires, "Have you ever read one?" we answer with pride, "No, and I never will!" To argue that one can never judge whether a thing is wrong or not without first trying it, would lead us into all kinds of fallacies. We do not need to kill a man in order to find out our views on the subject of murder, nor sign our name to another man's check to decide whether forgery is a penitentiary offence, but it does seem safe to say that in the case of the dime novel it is not fair to pass too severe a judgment upon it without first reading at least one. If, after reading this one in an unprejudiced spirit, you still feel that no good can come out of them, then leave them severely alone and allow the chills to go on coursing up and down your spine; but, on the other hand, if you do get a few thrills of pleasure, stand forth and acknowledge them boldly.

The effect of this act alone upon your character will go far towards justifying the dime novel. Far from showing a nature hardened to vice and to the opinions of the world, it indicates a moral courage rarely found in these days when martyrdom has gone out of fashion. It may require one kind of moral courage to wade through the standard works of fiction, the half-morocco,

eminently worth-while kind ; but all through the trial, if at no other time, there is a sense of virtue which is surely its own reward, while the satisfaction of being seen with a volume of Thackeray or Jane Austen is a just compensation for the pains. But with the dime novel, how different ! The red covers upon which the profile of the great detective is silhouetted in black seem unnecessarily obtrusive, the titles are hopelessly conspicuous, even the cheap paper and blotted print offend our moral sense ; and there is always a tendency to tear off the covers, to hide the volume under the cushions of the Morris chair, or if caught reading it, to make an apologetic remark about "having just seen it lying around and picking it up to see what trash is like". Now, could anything be more weakening to the character—to disapprove of something, yet secretly enjoy it, to lack the courage to let it alone and yet apologize for not doing so ? For whatever may be said, deep down in the human breast there lies a love for trash ; it is the primitive man asserting his admiration of the hero who always comes out ahead, who surpasses all his rivals no matter how great their prowess, and brings the adventure to a triumphant finish. Achilles, Beowulf, Siegfried, and Nick Carter, all are variations of the same theme. If, then, we admit that we like these books, and like them not in an amused, condescending manner, but because we are thrilled by the plot and enamoured of the hero, such a toughening of the moral fibre may in time result that we shall gain even the courage to admit that we never tasted caviare and never heard of Paquin !

This newly acquired honesty will also prevent us from hiding our innate love of the sensational behind that respectable hedge called modern fiction. The works which come under this head are bound in cloth, they have gilt lettering and boast colored illustrations by Christy—if the pictures are occasionally minus an arm or a leg, they still give what is called "tone"—while on the outside is inscribed the name of the author, who, the publishers assure us, is the modern George Eliot. Moreover, we say, everybody reads these books, one must know what the books of the hour are, perhaps some day they will be classics—oh, there is an endless list of excuses which would never apply to the humble dime novel ! And yet, if these smug, respectable covers were changed to scarlet paper, and the name of George Barr McCutcheon, for example, became Nick Carter, would the



same excuses for the subject-matter seem worth uttering? We fear not. The contents in many cases would call forth the same scorn, and the style would suffer the same ridicule, the cheap expressions and the ill-turned phrases which before had been referred to as the author's graphic, unconventional power of description would be damned with the word—vulgar. There is good modern fiction, of course, but there is a great deal which is bad and because of its pretensions and false claims to be literature, far worse than the dime novel which aspires to be nothing better than it is. At least it is not one of those things which is neither hot nor cold, and it is some satisfaction to escape from the ever-present lukewarm.

Aside from its honesty of purpose, and its stimulating effect upon the character, there is a pleasure in the dime novel which is purely esthetic. The plot, the style, and the characters all contribute to make it the keen joy that it is. There is a distinct thrill in finding a plot unhampered by any regard for probability, in entering into it thoroughly, not feeling sceptical about the detective's ability to carry three separate disguises about on his person, but simply accepting it as a fact that he did it and then following him eagerly to the end of the tale. How pleasant it is not to puzzle over the problem of social distinctions when the aristocratic heiress marries the grocery clerk who has heroically saved her life, but to take it for granted that they lived happy ever after! What a blessed relief not to become lost in subtleties, to find half the characters perfectly good with no blemish on their immaculate souls, the other half thoroughly bad with not the trace of a redeeming feature; and to relapse for a few comfortable minutes into this view of life, to forget the snarl of motives and impulses of the human mind, to feel for a while that the tangled threads are all neatly wound on spools and labelled "good" or "bad". Then the end of the novel—that is so satisfactory! no vague termination such as we often find in those within the pale. We do not read that the hero "looked at her retreating form and slowly crushed the rose in his hand", or that the heroine spends the last sentence in "gazing into the dying embers as the tears fall slowly on the blurred sheet"—ah, no! The hero marries the beautiful girl with her stern father's blessing, and the villain is hanged, whereby all the wrong he has committed is forever set right.

In setting forth these views the writer does not seek to justify the dime novel upon the various grounds which make the standard works valuable. The dime novel should have a place in the affection and esteem of educated people for one thing only—the value of sensation ; not sensationalism, that is different, but pure sensation. The shop girl who pores over the works of the Duchess, feeling that these wonderful adventures might some day befall *her*, is bewitched by sensationalism ; her course of action is affected by that of her favorite heroine, and needless to say the effect is baneful. On the other hand, the person who recognizes the utter impossibility of it all, and then goes in with his eyes open to enjoy for a brief space of time the beautiful poetic justice of the world of unreality—so different from that of his own experience—is prompted by a love of sensation just as much as when he shoots the shutes. He does it not because he considers it a particularly healthful exercise but because he enjoys that terrible hollow feeling, knowing the while that he will land safely in the end.

The straight and swift descent down the popular shutes illustrates also the directness and unity of the dime novel. Here is no subtle analysis, no useless digression ; it begins with a heroine and an event ; the event starts the heroine on her varied career, during which nothing can move her from the path which has been marked out. She may have trials and tribulations, but they prove in the end just so many cogs in the machinery to help her on to a triumphant finish. How different it all is from what we constantly see about us ! The undeserved affliction, the crooked and devious ways, the unhappy endings which so many lives show. Surely the world of unreality which the dime novel presents is occasionally a blessed relief to the mind wearied by facing the stern facts of life.

MARION CODDING CARR.

### IN WINTER SEASON

Heigh-ho, sing and go,  
Wind-blow and leaf-blow,  
All in winter season !  
Heart-glow and sky-glow  
Reasoned not with reason !

Turn of paths where green waves flow,—  
 Song of hearts that leap and go  
 Ever away at break of day  
 All in winter season !  
 Frosted branches lift and sway,  
 Shri11 winds whistle, "Away, away",  
 Answering vagabond hearts that say,  
 "Ever away,—why should we stay ?  
 Reason me no reason !  
 Winding high our pathways lie  
 Straight to the curve of the flame-tipped sky,  
 All in winter season !  
 Brother to winds that hurry by—  
 Kith of the frosted fields am I—  
 One with them all ! and I wonder why  
 Any should stay, day after day,  
 Close by the road that leads away  
 Over the hills, forever !"

## IN SCREVEN COUNTY

I's tired o' de winter, o' de col' win' an' de rain,  
 I wants to see de ole home place agin,  
 To hyah de water rustlin' in de marshes by de sho'  
 'Bout sundown when de tide's a-comin in.

I's tired o' de rumpus o' de cyahs an' trucks an' sich,—  
 I'd like to res' a minute mighty still  
 An' hyah de frogs an' katydids alongside o' de pond  
 A-sassin' at a lonesome whip-per-will.

An' Lor, I ain't seen possum-meat for forty yahrs o' mo',—  
 I ain't hearn tell o' nary piece o' coon.  
 It makes me think o' gittin' up afore de crack o' day,  
 De ole hyoun' dog's a-bayin' at de moon.

It's a long time since I took an' lef' de ole plantation home,—  
 I reckon I won't see de place no mo'. . . .  
 We's just fool niggers, nohow, for now I's gittin' ole.  
 It's thar I'd like de bes' of all to go.

Da's so, I's downright lonesome for de yaller fields o' corn  
 An' de cotton-patch off yonder from de sho',—  
 An' me a-sittin' smokin' on my corn-cob pipe,  
 By de big oak at de ole log-cabin do' !

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

## SKETCHES

### AN AWAKENING

"'Tis time, Mother Nature," the March wind was telling,  
" 'Tis time you were stirring. The spring is at hand.  
'Tis time for your children, the buds, to be swelling,  
'Tis time that your little brown wood brooks were welling  
From under the ice. All over the land,  
'Tis time, Mother Nature, to send your command."

" 'Tis time," Mother Nature went whispering, singing,  
" 'Tis time for you children to wake from your sleep.  
'Tis time for you little blue-bells to be ringing,  
'Tis time for you little blue-birds to be winging  
Your flight to this land. Ye brooks, laugh and leap,  
'Tis time you were running your race to the deep."

" 'Tis time," cried her children, "For us to be waking,  
'Tis time to be waking," her little ones sing.  
" 'Tis time for the little brown buds to be breaking,  
'Tis time for the little brown brooks to be taking  
Their course to the sea. Be it known, everything,  
'Tis time to be waking. 'Tis spring! O, 'tis Spring!"

HELEN MAHLON SPEAR.

Miss Saunders had skilfully superintended the distribution of valentines according to the directions she had received from the teachers, whose introduction into the institution of learning had long since become a matter of tradition. In the morning, the little boys and girls had entered the school-room, with an unusual air of excitement and pockets bulging or hands happily clasping the beloved envelopes, whose addresses had been considered and reconsidered so many times before the eventful day. One by one, they had deposited their packages in the prosaic old scrap-basket, which had become, for that day, an object



of almost hallowed interest. In the afternoon, the old basket had been emptied of Cupid's offerings. Bright eyes and blushing faces had bent over the gorgeous tokens of true love which had been admired so often in the window of the little store across the street.

In a few hours the excitement was all over, the door had closed upon the last merry young face, and Miss Saunders put on her hat and coat, drew on her gloves and gathered together the bulky white envelopes that had fallen to her lot as the dearly-loved new teacher.

Valentine's Day! How many years since that name had brought a thrill to her heart. But now, all her interest in its pretty ceremonies had been suddenly reawakened and Miss Saunders became conscious of a feeling of sorrow and disappointment that her valentines were nothing but so many cards and verses, unglorified by the slightest tinge of romance. She was not so old, she reflected, but that she had some right to expect to share in the joy and happiness of such a day. In spite of the cynics, Miss Saunders did not believe that sentiment had died out of the world. There might have been some comfort in the thought that the whole world was suffering with her, but she was far too sensible a person to try to console herself with any such indefinite generality. No, there *was* sentiment in the world. But it was not for her. She knew that romance had not died. It had only passed out of her life. And this day had made her long for it.

Well, there was no help for it. Only to-day, the thought of long uneventful years seemed harder to bear. At that moment the bright sunlight seemed part of the world to which she had no claim, and Miss Saunders was glad to hurry to her little room. She opened the door and suddenly breathed a wonderful scent of violets. It was as if some miracle had been performed. Just as she was endeavoring to reconcile herself to her dull and prosaic life, her thoughts had been arrested by the whiff of a romance that seemed to await her. There, on the table, Miss Saunders saw a violet-box and with trembling fingers she untied the string. The wax paper rattled nervously, as she drew out the wonderful flowers. She buried her face in their fragrance for a moment and then she wondered.

Who, who could have sent them? The whole world was changed now for Miss Saunders. The improbable became prob-

able. She felt that she knew. She remembered having once said how she loved violets more than all other flowers, and he had remembered. It was wonderful, wonderful. The sunlight stole into the room and now with her whole heart, she welcomed it. It was hers, too, she felt.

The next morning, the same sun shone and its brightness was reflected in the glowing face of Miss Saunders, as she hurried toward her little school-room. She looked down lovingly at the bunch of violets she was wearing. It was a long time since she had been so happy. There at the gate, the children were waiting for her, and her favorite, Bobby, ran up to meet her. When she saw his glance resting on the violets with an air of great interest, she blushed prettily and her eyes shone with a wonderful light.

Something was weighing on Bobby's mind. Something was trembling on Bobby's tongue and in another moment he stammered bashfully, "You got the violets, didn't you, Miss Saunders?"

Poor little Miss Saunders. Immediately she realized what Bobby's words meant, and she was quite pale and her voice trembled as she answered, "Why, why, Bobby dear, did you send me these lovely flowers? Thank you, dear, thank you." Bobby rushed ahead, his face beaming with satisfaction, and Miss Saunders stood quite still for a moment in the spot where she had seen her little romance die and then she buried it forever.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

#### SUNSET

After the hum of a busy day  
I steal for a time alone  
Down by my river, and watch the play  
Of the lingering beams of the sun.  
The soft gray shadows gently come  
To blanket the earth for the night,  
And the day-king calls his sunbeams home  
To rest till to-morrow's light.  
I hear the breath of the coming night  
Touch the trees with light caress;  
The sleepy twitter of tiny birds,  
And the river-waves' gentle splash.  
The little waves lisp, "Sleep, sleep",

The tall, dark pines breathe "Hush";  
 The wind in the rushes sings lullaby  
 To bird and flower and bush.  
 The wood ferns nod their sleepy heads;  
 As the light dies out, in the west,  
 A sweet dark calm broods over all,  
 And the wild-wood things are at rest.

MERTICE PARKER THRASHER.

The solitary little figure, trudging with unusual perseverance along a road that seemingly had no end, was the owner of a heart that was madly beating to

**The Rebellion of Keith** the tune of a thousand outraged feelings. It was wet and cold. It is easy to fight off depression when it is the former or the latter, but together, as was the case to-day, they filled the unwary traveler with gloom. The cleared path had ceased a half-mile back, and consequently his feet had, long since, lost all claims to dryness. But with an expression that plainly meant "Excelsior" the boy pushed on, each step the childish face growing harder and the childish lips closing more firmly, while the blue eyes flashed with suppressed feeling.

The road he was travelling was one of those interminable small town roads which describes a circle in its course. Unfortunately he had started in from the wrong end and the walk that should have taken ten minutes was taking an hour and a half.

The street was unfamiliar and his loneliness became intense. Not that he was accustomed to much companionship, for the father he seldom saw had little time to give his boy. But there was Aunt Fanny, his "nigger mammy", and Jake, and the rest of the servants in the rambling old Southern home, and here there was nothing but cold and lessons and misunderstandings. The firm little lips trembled slightly, while the blue eyes suddenly winked hard.

A burly postman passing gave him a friendly smile, which he tried hard to return, and the numbers of the street began to near those of his destination. At last, cold and weary, he swung toward a pleasant house and asked at the door for Miss Alice White. Soon a woman of about thirty was listening with

interest, and her beautiful eyes showed a sympathy he had not met in the North before.

Though he did not know how it was, this boy of fifteen found himself telling of his failure in a Latin examination and of the necessity of tutoring. His voice broke pitifully and his eyes filled with tears he strove hard to keep back.

She had treated him like a man all through, had told him that he must make a good fight for it, and had shaken his hand at the end and sworn to help him. The tutor lessons had gone on "swimmingly", in the boy's own phraseology, and the examination had been atoned for long ago, but the friendship still continued.

"Father seems quite interested, Miss White," said the boy one day, "and he suggested that if I thought it would help me I should come once a week for lessons. And he asked me all about you."

Keith would have been surprised if he had seen a portion of a letter his father received a few days later.

"You have treated him shamefully, Donald. He is a brilliant, lovable little chap, with all your virtues and few of your faults. But he has been driven into a corner by lack of sympathy and confidence. If my wishes have any weight you will be kinder to him in the future. I don't mean by that an advance in his allowance. He has more than he needs now. For a while my rooms looked like a hot-house until I made it clear to him that an official tutor did not have time to care for flowers. Above all, show interest in him."

Their friendship increased as the winter months passed and the coming of summer made Keith sad with the thought of separation.

On parting he had said wistfully, "I wish you would come South, Miss White," and she had answered gaily,

"Perhaps I will, who knows?"

A few days later he was met at the old Virginia station by a solitary groom and buckboard.

"Where's father, Al?" asked the boy eagerly.

Al looked mysterious.

"Dar's done gwine to be great doin's to-day, Massa Keith," answered Al, and that was all he would say.

Keith found his home a fairyland of flowers and dainty decorations. In an instant the boy's heart grasped the situation



and he turned to Al, who was taking his trunk from the buck-board.

"Take me back to the station," he commanded in a low, angry voice.

The man jumped dazedly to the seat.

"You done lose something, Massa Keefe?"

"No questions and drive fast," snapped the boy. His one thought was to leave the place where not even his confidence was desired. He would go back to the North, to Miss White, and tell her of his father, to whom he meant less than the least of that father's possessions.

As the light gig whirled along the boy did not notice the high dogcart that bore down upon them with a handsome man driving, and by his side a woman with beautiful eyes.

"Whoa," came the sharp command, and both teams halted. Two faces met squarely and father and son measured swords with glances of steel.

"Where are you going, son?" demanded the man.

"I am going back to the station, sir," replied the boy, without deigning to notice the woman, who had drawn back so that she was hidden behind the man. "This is your wedding day, I find. May I wish you all happiness. Drive on, Al!"

Of course it was all very dramatic, yet the man and woman both felt the hurt the boy so bravely concealed.

"And won't you wish me happiness, too?" came a familiar voice which made Keith start as he met two laughing eyes, in whose depths he read something truer and deeper than the laugh.

For a moment the boy sat motionless. Then he said with a smile, "I'll join you presently, father. I had forgotten something and was returning for it. Drive on, Al."

"To de station, Massa Keife?" questioned Al.

"Al! you're dense!" stormed the boy. "To the florist's first, and then to the confectioner's and jeweler's."

On the way home Keith confided in Al.

"She once told me she liked lilies best of all—and you just ought to see her eat chocolates, and say, Al, don't you think that she's a stunner?"

ETHEL BELLE KENYON.

## NIGHT

A row of pine trees on a hill ;  
 One lonely star above ;  
 Below, a silver river still,  
 And in the world, God's love.

EMILIE VICTORINE PIOLLET.

## MY LADY'S EYES

Dappled brown the water flashes  
 Where the sunbeams fall,  
 Into gold its surface flashes  
 At their merry call ;  
 Far below the still stream flows,  
 Unfathomed, hid from all.

So the rippling laughter dances  
 In my lady's eyes,  
 Through their brown the sunlight glances  
 In a quick surprise ;  
 Yet beneath, in depths unstirred,  
 Infinite mystery lies.

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

Jack had seen but fourteen summers, Charlotte twelve, and she was the absolute slave and bondwoman of this red-haired, freckled-faced little boy. He gave his lordly commands, and she obeyed without a murmur. She was a meek-eyed, colorless child, and regarded her lord and master as the embodiment of all that was good and great. Both children attended the little red school-house which was about a mile distant from their respective homes. Among some of the other lads there existed a spirit of chivalry, and often on winter days one would see Woolen Comforter gallantly dragging Red Hood to and fro on a gorgeous sled. In summer, Straw Hat, walking beside Pink Sunbonnet and devotedly carrying her books, was not an uncommon sight. But not so with Jack and Charlotte. Jack invariably trudged ahead, followed by his faithful bondwoman carrying the books. There was something ludicrously primitive and savage about it. A hundred or

more years ago they might have been Indian brave and squaw walking through that fertile valley of the Connecticut. Finally, however, the change came. That spirit of equality and justice which for so long had been lying dormant in Charlotte's soul, slowly began to assert itself.

It was a very hot day when the two started out from the school-house in the usual manner. Suddenly Jack missed the trudging steps behind him and turning, saw his former bondwoman standing stock still in the road, the satchel of books on the grass beside her. There was something in the child's appearance that made him falter for a moment, but he put on a bold front and called out gruffly, "Come on, Charlotte, what yer waitin' for?"

She did not answer, and actuated by some strange and unwonted motive, Jack walked slowly back to where she stood.

"They're too heavy," announced Charlotte, firm but trembling, "and I won't carry them any more!"

The woman in the child had conquered at last! She was merely doing what generations of her kind had done before her. She had been given a little more than she considered her due, and—she revolted! As for Jack, he appeared as one dazed. It was his first experience in witnessing the turning of the worm. He had never seen much of girls, poor lad, except Charlotte, and she had always appealed to him more as a useful piece of machinery than anything else, but somewhere, hidden away beneath his gruff exterior, he had the instincts of a gentleman, which told him what to do under these trying circumstances.

"'Tis hot," he said slowly, "and I s'pose I *might* carry 'em to-day!"

It was in this wise that they proceeded the rest of the way home, Jack trudging ahead with the satchel of books, and Charlotte following, trembling but triumphant, and with an uplifted expression upon her meek little face.

That afternoon marked an epoch in the children's lives. They had received their first inkling of what their true positions were in life. Charlotte already knew well the sweetness of serving, but how infinitely sweeter did she find it to be served! While Jack, much to his surprise, felt a peculiar thrill of pleasure in doing the work of his former bondwoman.

"Grandfather," said Charlotte's mother, the next morning, as she watched the pair go down the road, "Charlotte is a-

growin' up a little, ain't she? She used to be willin' enough to foller behind that red-headed Jones boy a'carryin' his books fer him, but this mornin' he seems ter be a-walkin' beside her and a'carryin' her'n! We'll hev' ter see about gettin' her a new hat. I see some real pretty red straw ones down ter the store t'other day!"

A great change had indeed taken place, for that morning, Jack, a little sheepish, but with his emotions well in hand, had suddenly appeared at the side door just as Charlotte was starting out.

"Comin' ter school?" he inquired a trifle stiffly. "Here, give me them books," he added, as Charlotte, out of sheer force of habit, was following at her usual pace behind him. "Why don't yer walk beside a feller," he demanded sharply, and then indeed Charlotte felt her transformation complete, but at the price of being slightly bullied.

MAY HALSEY AVERILL.

#### THE MAYFLOWER

The woods still wear their wintry shades of brown.  
 The trees are cold and bare, and at their feet  
 Lie dark and wet the leaves that fluttered gay.  
 And here, sad witness to the storm-wind's force,  
 A prostrate oak stretches its helpless length.  
 Yet spring has come, for 'neath the sodden mass  
 There shows a glimpse of green, up-springing life.  
 Our eager fingers part the guardian stems,  
 And joy! Deep hidden, rosy, in their midst  
 The mayflower lifts its fragrant, starry cup.

KATHERINE DIXON FRANKENSTEIN.

#### THE JOURNEY

Lo, here am I with a journey to go,  
 A journey scarce begun!—  
 And yonder, beyond wide plains of snow,  
 Burn the fires of the setting sun.  
 Between us stretches the misty road,  
 Its shadowy turning and winding  
     Quite unknown  
     Save to those alone  
 Who the sunset glow are finding.



Along that road my journey lies,  
Through windings I cannot know —  
But I banish fear as I turn my eyes  
Ahead to the distant glow.

ETHEL ADELAIDE WILLARD.

Once upon a time a long while ago there lived a king in a far off country. He ruled peaceably over his small domain and his people loved him passionately. This king

**Prince Valentine** had a son named Valentine whom he loved with all his heart. He loved him so much that he never wanted him to marry, for he thought that with a wife the prince would forget his old father, the king. In order to keep the prince from seeing any maidens, he commanded the best architects in the land to build a palace surrounded by beautiful grounds and all enclosed by a wall forty feet high. The palace was very beautiful, made of pure white marble that shone in the sunlight. Fountains trickled and played among the trees and soft-eyed fawns drank of their waters. Here the king kept his son away from the world and its people. He did allow him, however, to have about him young men of noble birth who were bound by an oath never to mention the name or existence of any woman.

Prince Valentine lived here happily till he was twenty-two years of age, coming out of his beautiful prison only one day of the year. On this day he went to his father's palace and ate, drank and made merry with him, but always in the company of men.

One year, the day before his annual visit to the palace of his father, Prince Valentine was walking in the park surrounding his palace when he came upon a poor wounded carrier pigeon. To the bird's foot was tied a little three-cornered note and this at once attracted the attention of the prince. He took the note and read it: "If you who find this note be one with a heart for pity and kindness toward a poor, unfortunate woman, lend her aid and follow these directions. South from the king's palace lies a lonely hut. Here in this house am I held against my will and made to work from morning till night for an old woman who imprisons me here to help her, I think in the hope that some day she will reap a reward for my return. She is so cruel, I know I shall die if help does not come.

Signed, P. Eugene."

That was all there was of the note and this the prince read again and again. He dimly remembered his mother who had died when he was very young and thought of her beautiful face and imagined it full of grief and pain as the face of the one who wrote the note must be now. "I will escape from this prison in which until now I have lived contentedly and I will help this girl who has called to me from the great world." He looked very handsome as he said this and with a determined face he went in search of his bosom friend, Carl, who had lived with him in his castle from boyhood. He found him and showed him the note.

After reading it, Carl exclaimed, "Why prince, what would your father say if he knew of this? I should be blamed for letting you wander off by yourself. Destroy it and think no more of it."

"Never!" said Valentine, "I am a man now and it is my duty to help this maiden. If you will not help me I shall have to find some one who will, Carl." His tone softened and he drew nearer to his friend. "This is my plan. To-morrow I go to the palace to make merry with my father. Now as we are about the same size, let us change clothes and you go in my stead and I can slip unobserved to your horse and ride south to the lonely house, rescue the maiden and be back before my father discovers the subterfuge."

"Prince, you know I would do anything for you even at the risk of my life. I will come to your room early to-morrow and we will change. May heaven grant you a safe return, for the king, your father, would die of grief if you were to be killed."

They embraced each other and each went to his own room, the prince to toss restlessly waiting for the morrow, and Carl to lie anxiously thinking of the consequences if anything should happen to Valentine.

On the morrow all was rejoicing, for this day Prince Valentine came to make his yearly visit to the king, his father. Carl, dressed as the prince and surrounded by a host of guards, rode to the palace, while Valentine sped away to the lonely hut.

When he reached it, all was silent, but while he listened he heard a soft sobbing and he went cautiously to the window and looked in. There, clothed in rags, sat a girl crying as though her heart would break. Prince Valentine rapped gently at the

door and a voice from within said, "Who is there ? I cannot open the door as it is locked from the outside."

Prince Valentine went to the window and with one blow of his sword tore it entirely out. The girl stood up frightened and Valentine saw before him a woman more beautiful than the sun, with golden hair, and brown eyes that looked at him with a frightened wonder.

The prince fell passionately in love with her and when she asked who he was and what he was going to do, he replied, "I am Prince Valentine, come to save you and take you away from the woman who has locked you up here and made you work so hard. Come with me now and we will go to my father and when he sees you he will love you as I do."

The girl came forward and said, "I am really a princess and this old woman used to be my nurse, but long ago she ran away and took me with her across seas and countries where they have never found me. As time went on and she had used up all the money obtained by selling the few jewels I had, she has treated me most cruelly and has kept me here a prisoner and made me work till I have almost died. I used to feed the pigeons from the window and they became so tame that one day I tied a note to one of them hoping that it would bring me aid." As she finished the prince took her and put her on his horse behind him and rode to his father.

The king was at first very angry, but on seeing the great beauty of the princess he forgave Prince Valentine and they were married that very day. As Prince Valentine said, it had always been the happiest day of every year to him, therefore he wanted it to be his wedding day. He celebrated it ever after with banquets and feasting and invited the whole kingdom to come. After his death it was ever a holiday and called "Valentine's Day."

Alice Rebecca Kilburn.

## EDITORIAL

If our goal were melodrama, we might invent all manner of startling titles, but since this is meant to be a straightforward statement of a plain case, we will call it "a plea for English."

Like Lord Ullin's daughter she has, at least in Smith College, but one fair arm above the wave and sometimes our paternal eyes can see only a hideous vacuity. The menace to our heroine is two-fold, and manifests itself in the rocks and whirlpools of slang and the almost irresistible current of carelessness. We would wish it understood at the outset that we are not among the cryers-down of slang. Picturesque, forceful slang is necessary to the vigorous expression of American enthusiasm and also to the evolution of our language. But there is slang and slang.

There is that of the street, and we admit a certain admiration for the scope and reach of a street boy's imagination mirrored in the outburst of slang which he hurls after his "pardner" who makes off, leaving the vision of a large bundle, a bright face, and a small boy. On second thought we are inclined to believe it is the small boy we admire and his language that we forgive—but we may be wrong. At all events, we are not small boys, and what may be proper and appropriate for them is far from necessarily becoming and pleasing in ourselves.

Another type is the so-called breezy western slang. There are few of us who will not admire its appeal, especially that of the plains — the cowboy's slang — some of which has become legitimate idiom. For the most part, sombreros, spurs, and carbines are responsible for their atmosphere of romance, and the cowboys' debt to Mr. Remington is almost incalculable. But we do not sport sombreros, wear the spur, or wield the carbine; in fact we are not cowboys, and what, in dealing with the idiosyncracies of a bucking bronco may be pardonable and necessary, as spontaneous expression of primitive emotion, sits



oddly in the outbursts of our own enthusiasm. The heart of one who, in trying moments of his life, has realized the utter inadequacy of pommel, mane, and muscle, must go out in sympathy to the cowboy, and if in such moments his language has been the cowboy's we could find it in ourselves to forgive.

Football is responsible for another set of expressions, and though aspersion of its vocabulary partakes of the nature of a breach of faith, it is nevertheless a case not to be omitted. The force and vigor of some of its locutions is borne in upon us, as those will testify who have "bucked the line", nay, rather the surging mob in the vestibule of the Bulletin room.

Lastly, there is the perfectly inexplicable slang of colleges, male and female. Were our life wagered on the result, it would scarcely be possible to invent terms more fantastic, unexpected and startling than some of those current at home and abroad. In fact here as elsewhere Young America shows characteristic ingenuity, originality, and traditional independence. We can only hope that the type of sluggish brain and vulgar taste implied in some of our expressions has no relation to our national character.

Sometimes, be it said in praise, our slang shows quick wit and discriminating humour. It is a fine thing to be original, and the strongest plea for slang, in our mind, is that for hundreds of poor expressions that totter to their doom, we have always one that goes straight to the mark. But we are like the rest of the world, and having found a good thing it is the old story of a willing horse. So much for slang.

The second menace to our heroine is carelessness, we might almost say, shiftlessness. In language, shiftless expression plays the part of the shiftless member of society who replaces buttons with pins and hopes through the blindness of the observer to pass unnoticed. In cold blood we are asked to assist at the murder of case, tense, and mood. "There will be no one else, just you and me." "Tickets have been given to my sister and I." We feel that the distinction of "doesn't and don't", "will and shall", "can and may", "different from", and "different than", ought surely to be familiar to college ears, but the assumption is not borne out by the facts.

This appears in communications of all sorts, we regret to say, even among college alumnae, and often among others. Be it said with great emphasis that the "others" are especially open

to criticism, for in the midst of self-congratulation that this does not apply to themselves they stumble in the special pitfall of ignorance. Pray do not fall into the error of thinking the writer unaware of the personal application of both charges. We are conscious of this and trembling at the thought of the example we may be furnishing of the shortcomings against which we plead.

But after the manner of some worthy and prolix writers we have wandered far afield. Our heroine still struggles in the flood, and the real value of this whole preamble lies in the introduction which it furnishes to the question, "Who will join the life-savers"?

## EDITOR'S TABLE

At the Academy of Music, February 6, William Gillette, in "Clarice".

The play was one which impressed people very differently, for the decidedly melodramatic turn in the end seems to have spoiled it for some, while others came away with unqualified praise for the whole performance. We are inclined to think that these latter were influenced by the acting rather than by the play. Gillette's interpretation of the part of Dr. Carrington was simple and convincing, in spite of the many mannerisms which theoretically should have marred the effect, but which in reality seemed to add to it. Clancy, the old servant, was one of the successes of the play, and Clarice herself worked into her part after the first scene, where her acting seemed inadequate. The other characters were on the whole insignificant, and the scene between Dr. Denbeigh and Mrs. Trent was markedly in contrast with the interesting characters of the rest of the play.

On February 9, Viola Allen, in "The Toast of the Town".

To those who saw the play it is hardly necessary to explain that it was written by Clyde Fitch. The marks of his hand were strong upon it. Elaborate scenery, beautiful costumes, and appropriate music formed the setting for an embarrassing marital situation where characters and their relations to each other were alike impossible. We have little sympathy for such characters, though perhaps some indulgence for the erring husband, and no belief in situations which bear all the marks of labored construction. There was nothing convincing in the play.

Miss Allen's interpretation of her part was intellectually successful. She attempted earnestly to portray the actress who, on leaving the stage, finds her hopes unfulfilled, and craves the admiration which was formerly hers. The fault to be found

was that nowhere in the play, except perhaps in the last act, did she forget that it was Viola Allen we must admire, not Betty Singleton. Some of her mannerisms might be dropped to advantage. But, as has been said, a beautiful setting made it a pretty play, without causing us to forget for one minute that it was just a play.

The support was good throughout, some of the character parts being exceptionally well done.

F. M.

At the Academy of Music, February 23, Frances Wilson, in "The Mountain Climber".

Mr. Wilson is a very successful comedian, and throughout the entire play interested and amused his audience. His whimsical humor and the rapid changes of his facial expression created much merriment among the spectators. In the last act, where as Montague Sibsey, he promised with apparent agony of regret to abandon mountain climbing—a pastime in which he had never willingly indulged—Mr. Wilson's skill rose to its height. The close of the first act also, in which a progressive photographer attempted to take Mr. Sibsey's picture on an improvised mountain of tables covered with a snowy sheet, was exceedingly amusing. Mr. Wilson's support was very good. Miss May Robson as Mrs. Montague Sibsey served as an excellent parody of the ridiculously fond and adoring wife.

J. C. B.

#### SCOTCH SONG

The smallest twig has gi'en a bud,  
 The smallest bird a sang :  
 Will ye gie nae a throb, my heart.  
 To help the Spring alang ?  
 Will ye gie nae a single throb  
 To help the Spring alang ?

On every side the roses blaw  
 And honeysuckles climb :  
 My heart ha' ye nae flower o' hope  
 To swell the simmer-time ;  
 Nae single flower o' hope, my heart,  
 To swell the simmer-time ?



The sickle swirls amid the bear,  
The wind amid the shaw :  
And heart, oh heart ! ha' ye nae thing  
To reap and store at a',  
To reap and store at a', my heart,  
To reap and store at a' ?

Safe is the stream beneath the ice,  
The airth beneath the snaw :  
And heart, oh heart ! ha' ye nae beild  
Against the winter's flaw ?  
Against the winter's cauld, my heart  
Ha' ye nae beild at a' ?

*Vassar Literary Magazine.*

#### THE HEART

Swing low, my Heart, to catch the note  
Far-flung from sorrow's throat ;  
Hark to grizzled hunger's cry  
And Death's last fitful sigh ;  
Hear softly dropping through the years  
The rain of mother's tears,  
And hear the sobs of wild regret  
From souls that would forget.  
So hearing these my Heart will know  
The bravery of woe.  
Oh Heart, my Heart, swing low.

*Columbia Monthly*

#### PARADISE

Down the rich glory of the afterglow,  
While in the west the molten silver dies,  
Dust drenched in gold our tired horses go—  
O'er the long highway into Paradise.

Shade after shade the wonder fades and glows,  
A soft breeze whispers, and a breeze replies.  
Orange and saffron, violet and rose,  
The Master's palette shines in Paradise.

On cloudland's turrets crimson pennants fly,  
The shadows lengthen as we crest the rise.  
Beneath in sapphire flashes back the sky,  
Deep mirrored in the bay of Paradise.

But one short breath of nectar from the sea—  
But one short dazzled glance from Memory's eyes—  
Anon the weary world flits back to me,  
To lock the golden gate of Paradise.

Ah, comrade ! Dream you while the fire leaps high ?  
Give me your hand ! Your health ! Old Chronos flies.  
Youth—Life—and we have lost it—you and I—  
There on the hazy hills of Paradise.

—*Yale Courant.*

#### THE LOON

A silent, winding stream, that wanders slow  
Through tall marsh grasses, whispering in the night;  
Far down within its shadow depths, the light  
Of many twinkling stars, that faintly glow,  
While over them come, drifting aimlessly  
The pale, light wreaths of mist, the night breeze brings,  
Like gentle ghosts of timid woodland things  
From out the forest's shrouded mystery.  
Low in the sky, hangs the dim crescent moon.  
But hark ! Across the marsh, a wavering note,  
Unutterably lonely, wild, remote,  
The melancholy night call of the loon !  
A quavering voice, it rises from the dark,  
A wild complaint, a cry primordial, rare,  
The very soul of heartbreak and despair  
Since the dim days that did creation mark.  
Too lost for hope, too terrible for tears,  
Seeming to hold within its throbbing breath  
The old world's thousand griefs, the chill of death,  
The bitter mockery of the flying years.

—*Wellesley Magazine.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

It is a relief to the traveller in California to come upon the Santa Clara Valley. There is found, not the newness of so many towns on that Pacific coast, nor the loneliness of so many of

**On the Way to Lick Observatory** the ranches, nor yet the picturesque, tumble-down dwellings of Spanish-

Mexican Monterey, but the simple old houses that seem a connecting link with the East. Up from this peaceful, law-abiding valley, on the last Saturday afternoon of last April, two big lumbering stages of the Mount Hamilton Transportation Company had been slowly winding their way from the Hotel Vendome in San Jose towards Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, a total distance of twenty-seven miles. It was a sunny California afternoon, and from the rear seat of the stage I had been dreamily counting the settlements in the orderly valley below or revelling in the sweet odors and bright wild flowers, as the stage took us around some sudden turn in that open mountain road, or looking up at the calm, impassive observatory ever and anon in sight. It was all so peaceful, so suggestive of an eternal serenity, that for an hour or two I scarcely noticed my fellow passengers. Like me they were all bound for the look through the big telescope which the staff of Lick Observatory offers to all who come to its doors on Saturday night. Unlike me, however, they were not to spend Sunday under the shadow of that famous observatory, but must return by stage that night, yet I had become aware that they were not the usual tourists.

On the seat with me sat a young man who for some eighteen years, I should say, had lived in the home he had pointed out to me below in the valley; this was his first trip to the observatory. In front were a man and his sister, who had been spending the winter in San Diego and were on their first visit to the observatory. Then there was a foreigner, eager for the trip and almost impatient of its tameness. There were also a mother and daughter from a near-by city, taking the long stage-ride with all the interest of a first experience. In the other stage were some children, likewise Californians, racing now and then past the stages for exercise.

We had been travelling since noon, and were therefore nothing loathe when about half-past four a halt was made for refreshments at a little group of houses known as Smith's Creek. Rested by this brief stop, we were soon again on our way up the mountain, the other stage leading the stage that I was in and behind, a private surrey. Our driver, Jameson, who had been on this stage line eleven years, declared that we had as many miles before us as

there are days in the week, and as many curves as there are days in the year—and I am sure he was right about the curves.

It was a little after five, the shadows were lengthening, the country growing even more beautiful, and we were thinking of the sunset we should see from that mountain top, when suddenly the stage in front stopped, our stage stopped, the surrey stopped. The passengers in the front stage began to alight, and an ominous silence stole over us as the approaching shadow of an eclipse of the sun stole over the noonday landscape.

Startled, I looked and beheld a tall, thin man emerging from the front of the other stage. He wore a slouch hat and a coarse sacking over his face, through which blue eyes shifted from one to another of us. A huge blanket fell from his shoulders to his feet, and over his shoes were drawn stockings. His right hand grasped a shotgun slung from his left shoulder, his left hand held a pistol, and he was dreadfully calm. He said, "Get out". We stared at him in silence until he repeated this polite request. Then the mother and daughter from the lofty driver's seat found voice to remark that they could not get down from their seats. He nonchalantly replied, "Then I guess I'll have to pop one of you", whereupon the mother and daughter did "get out" most speedily, as did the rest of us, but not before my young neighbor from the valley had hidden his purse under the seat and my small hand-bag under the stage carpet.

Out into the dusty road in appalling silence we stepped, I, in my confusion, still holding carelessly in my hand the opera glass I had been using on wayside birds. For a moment we stood still, completely dazed. The drivers, unarmed and provokingly calm, remained with their horses. The children trembled. The few men among the passengers had no arms, and did not know the country. The tall, menacing figure looked at us with cool superiority. Presently, pointing to the side of the road guarded by a high bluff, he bade us in a quiet tone of authority to "line up". Obediently in the awesome silence we ranged ourselves, men, women and children, against the bluff, awaiting his further word, as meek as little children await a dreaded recitation.

Opposite us the country fell away down a cañon, and we could look across miles of open mountain, but the curves of the road hid Smith's Creek below and the observatory above. Quietly our suave highwayman took up his position against the view of open sky and mountain. Pointing to a spot on the road, he commanded us to throw our purses there. One by one the offerings were laid down, some emptying their purses, some endeavoring to keep back part. As for me, I had a little change purse, and in it a shining five-dollar gold-piece, some car fares, and two keys. The loss of the keys would have been annoying, the loss of the gold-piece still more so, and therefore I played a game. Deliberately tumbling out the change into my gloved hand, I shook the nickels on the ground, keeping a finger on the gold-piece and my purse over that. The blue eyes directly opposite me saw the emptying of the purse, as I felt they would, and the gentle voice of their owner demanded the purse. Again with deliberation I opened the purse, the gold-piece still under my finger, showing him the two keys and pointing to the change on the ground.



"Humph," said he, "throw down your opera glasses." This was a new idea to me, and not a nice one.

"No," replied I, "I do not wish to."

"Humph," said he, and his blue eyes shifted to another. You see he was a polite highwayman!

What the others were doing during this episode I do not know, but the oppressive silence, broken only by the highwayman's quiet voice, continued like a pall over us. When the blue eyes had momentarily shifted to the end of the line I slipped the gold-piece up my glove, and then I counted my offering. It was just thirty-six cents! Yet for me the game was not over, for I had more money in hidden pockets, the opera glasses, and a watch. Then began the second ordeal. We were ordered to face up the road, thus standing one behind another. Then he began to search us, one by one, beginning at the rear and sending each person to the stages in front as he finished with him, thus keeping himself always in the rear. The searching was not pleasant; with one hand he felt the person while the other held the pistol, and the shotgun dangled from his shoulder. The search, however, was more inconvenient to the nineteen passengers than lucrative to him, for the gold he yearned for was not forthcoming. He did capture a large gold watch from a lady. He also found some crackers, a flask of whiskey, and some railway tickets, all of which he confiscated amid the protests of the owners. Late in the search he found a flask of brandy, which he exchanged for the whiskey, much to the latter owner's annoyance. When my turn came I was very impassive, being absorbed in contemplation of the beautiful landscape; I dared not move, lest the silver in hidden pockets should reveal itself. He did not feel my little watch under my jacket and fur, nor did he examine my gloves. I condescended to open my purse at his urgent request, and explain to him how I needed the keys and how I had paid my fare, having no further use for money, as I was to visit on the mountain. He asked twice for my opera glasses, without touching them, but I assured him that I did not wish him to have them, and like a true gentleman he did not insist. Then he dismissed me to the stage with the remark that we were a lot of cheap eastern tourists, a humiliating remark to as many Californians as were looking at him that moment.

Presently we were again in the stage, which he could not search alone and which contained most of our money. He kept us there some ten minutes longer, holding out the watch he had taken and offering to return it for twenty-five dollars. No one produced the money. He came down to twelve dollars, but again we were unable to supply the cash. At last he gave it back to the owner. At this juncture one of our ladies became faint. Instantly our kind highwayman took out the brandy and offered it. She accepted a drink from it and then, with the utmost courtesy, he handed it to every one in turn. In silent appreciation was this attention received, and when the bottle had made its rounds it was duly returned to him. Then he quietly turned to the drivers with orders for them to go ahead. For a couple of curves the silence remained unbroken. Then, with one accord, we burst into laughter. Our best accounting brought the sum secured to only thirty dollars, while nearly two hundred was in the party. One lady had slipped

her purse, containing twenty-five dollars, under the stage boot, where it reposed on some ice until rescued by her later. Then she put it in the driver's pockets where it lay among crumbs. Now it is useful only as a memento of the only time the Mount Hamilton stage was ever "held up." We had a distant view of our highwayman from a sudden curve in the road. His disguise was off and in a neat, black suit he was searching the road for the money we had thrown there. He was not seen again. Two passengers hurried up the steep mountain slope and gave the alarm at the observatory an hour later, but too late to capture the man, who could easily hide away in those cañons in the growing dusk. Three pennies were found in the road later by a search party, but no other trace of the man appeared. There is still a yearning in my heart to talk over the affair with our highwayman of blue eyes and gentle voice, but I fear the chance may never come.

We suppose the sunset that afternoon was a beautiful sight, though we did not see it. We suppose the big telescope to be a fine instrument, but we scarcely know what we saw by its aid. The majestic calmness of that great observatory failed to quiet the excited passengers that Saturday night, and for once the serenity of that lonely mountain had been broken. For days there was a stir in the little colony of Lick Observatory on the mountain top and a stir in the peaceful valley below. California delights the traveller by its unexpectedness, and if one inquires, the resident of the Santa Clara valley will stoutly maintain that a highwayman in their county belongs to that class of phenomena.

LUCY STODDARD '97.

Dan had a hobby, a chronic difficulty, and an abhorrence. His hobby was engines, his difficulty grammar, his abhorrence, which was, in reality, rather in the nature of a patronizing scorn, was fairies.

**Natural Magic** and fairy-tales. Fairies were useless and foolish, even if there ever were such creatures, a possibility extremely doubtful at best. What did they ever do that was at all interesting or worth while? Providing party-dresses and glass slippers and delusive "three wishes"; spinning a remarkably large amount of wool in a remarkably short time;—all this was not to Dan's taste. If some fairy would show him how to be dressed each morning without dressing, or better still, transform his aunt's parlor-organ into an engine for his personal use and investigation, or, best of all, do his grammar lessons for him, that would be worth while.

In the light of recent experience, however, this frame of mind appears unsophisticated in the extreme. Dan has been reconciled, even favorably disposed, to fairies in general, since the advent of his Fairy in particular. When he first saw her, she was dancing around with lots of other little girls in stiff white dresses that stuck out like the tops of old-fashioned smokestacks, only upside down. Dan had never been in the opera-house before, but on the afternoon of the "Carnival for India's Hungry Millions," Aunt Henrietta had said, "I don't believe in young children going out nights in general, but I got an extra ticket for the sake of the cause, and it sort of seems as if it oughtn't to go to waste."

Dan, the cynical, traced this happy issue to two causes: first, the fact that

his uncle had asthma and couldn't go out evenings; secondly, the persuasive loveliness of the Fairy, who came to the house to sell tickets. (This second reason was evolved the day after the carnival.) So Dan wore his dark blue suit,—it felt like Sunday not to have his sweater on,—and sat by Aunt Henrietta in the dress circle watching and wondering at the white spangled fairies who hopped back and forth behind the foot-lights. By-and-by he watched only the queen and forgot the rest. She was better than engines. He didn't see why he hadn't ever noticed before that she had yellow fluffy hair and red cheeks, when she lived right on his street, too: besides, she was in his room at school, and he could have passed her arithmetic papers back to her when the teacher asked for volunteers. He could have played with her every day at recess, and now he had lost all that time. What a fool he'd been! Now the fairies had gone and a tall man with a black moustache was doing tricks. They were good tricks too. He pulled a live white rabbit out of his sleeve and made queer changes in red and yellow handkerchiefs by shooting a pistol. Once Dan felt attracted toward a shut-in place up at the right. He looked; there was the queen leaning on the railing, excitedly waving her wand with the gilt star on the end. Her cheeks looked strangely red. She was very interesting.

Aunt Henrietta pushed Dan through the crowd and home to bed: on the way he tried shutting his eyes and letting Aunt Henrietta lead him. When he was in his room taking off his shoes he swore that he would waste no more of his life. He would speak to the Fairy to-morrow; he could begin by asking her if she knew how the man pulled the rabbit out of his sleeve.

The next day was Tuesday. Dan started to school very early, but the Fairy didn't come at all. He might have known. Of course she had been up too late last night to come to school this morning; girls have to sleep. With the assistance of a clandestine hour at the station to watch the trains, Dan lived through the afternoon.

Aunt Henrietta said to Uncle Mark at supper that she couldn't understand why that boy didn't care about anything but engines. He was pretty good in arithmetic, she would say that for him; but language! "The teacher told me the other day that your work in language has been unsatisfactory, Daniel," she continued sternly, scooping out a baked potato with vicious digs. "I've talked and talked, and it doesn't do any good. I told her so too."

Dan was uncomfortable. He didn't like to have his teacher think his work unsatisfactory, and it was worse still for her to know that Aunt Henrietta had talked and talked, but he hated all apostrophes and modifiers. Uncle Mark finished his cup of coffee and leaned back in his chair. Dan looked at him and felt better; his uncle was surely going to say something nice; he listened. "Well, it seems as if there might be some better way than talking. Now how would it be to offer a reward? I'll tell you what, son, if you stand above eighty in your next examination in grammar, you can have the engine down at Barnum's. How's that?"

Dan had known that Uncle Mark would suggest something nice. It seemed as if he had longed for that engine for years. It didn't run around, but it had a dandy piston rod and a whistle that worked. It was just as good as if it went on a track, and it would last longer than that kind.



Eighty was pretty high, but—well, it was worth it. He'd begin that night.

He began, with his book and papers spread out on the dining-room table, and the lamp pulled down low on its rattly chains. He diagrammed two sentences. They were hard sentences, with lots of phrases and possessives. He thought that was enough for one evening. He'd draw some engines and then go to bed.

The next morning just before school Dan was playing marbles with a big boy that had some slick agates. He had just earned one of them, when he saw the Fairy herself coming up the walk. Dan liked to play for keeps, another point on which he and his Aunt Henrietta disagreed, but he thought he'd stop for a while. He sauntered up to her of the yellow hair; it was just as yellow as ever, though less fluffy. "Hello," he remarked, "do you know where the man got the rabbit from?"

Yes,—she didn't quite see how, but her father had told her that the man must have had the rabbit right there all the time, only hidden under his coat. Most girls, and any of the fellows, would have asked a lemon-drop at least for this precious information. Truly, this girl was worth talking to. Dan wondered if she liked engines, but didn't dare ask; it would be too disappointing to hear her say no.

The Fairy changed the subject abruptly. "Done your diagrams?"

Dan said, "Yes." It must be all right to say yes, because he had done two; that was a third of his lesson. The Fairy had been less studious, and was about to cry, Dan thought, probably because she was afraid that the teacher might say things. She must not cry; he would show her. So they went into the girl's cloak room together, where it was good and quiet and alone, sitting on the floor in the corner, and Dan showed her. He even did the other two-thirds, to show her.

This was the beginning of many like sessions in the cloak room before the last bell, and the direct forerunner of many lonely evening sessions in the dining-room, where Dan labored in solitude, and did the whole lesson with care and precision,—so that he could show her. He knew that Uncle Mark, in the sitting room, was looking over his newspaper at him, and smiling as he thought of the engine. But was it the engine that nerved Dan to this endurance, this nightly chewing of pencil and rumpling of hair, when he might have been cataloguing his collection of two hundred and seven time-tables? Not much! What was an engine, even Barnum's stationery engine, in comparison with her, her yellow pig tails with fluffy ends, her blinking blue eyes, her enchanting way of chewing the rubber end of her pencil? Still, the engine was quite worth while; he was glad that the Fairy's weak point happened to be grammar.

And now the examinations were perilously near, but Dan was in high spirits, full of valor. The teacher had smiled on him approvingly for three successive days when he had raised his hand to volunteer missing principal parts. Thursday was the decisive day. On Wednesday Dan walked home from school with the Fairy. He was resolved to put the great question to-day; he would ask her if she liked engines. The Fairy was all things to all men; she just loved engines. This was ideal!

In the afternoon Dan sauntered past the window where he had kept his eye



for many weeks on the object of his hopes and dreams. It may have been the fresh mental image of the glorious piston rod and boiler; it may have been the proximity of the Fairy that inspired him the next day. When Dan received his report card and violently pulled it out of its immaculate envelope, he saw a 95 in the little square devoted to grammar.

He ran home, not even waiting for the Fairy. He must show the 95 to Aunt Henrietta and Uncle Mark. He must get the three dollars and hurry up about it or the engine might be gone. He thought he'd get some alcohol to run it with, while he was down town. He thought there was probably a funnel at home; he remembered a little one on the pantry shelf.

Aunt Henrietta was duly pleased. She said that she always knew Dan wasn't stupid. He could do just as well as anybody if he only wanted to. "But where's Uncle Mark?" Dan asked in hot haste, not wishing to discuss the point just then. Why, Uncle Mark wouldn't be home till supper-time, of course. But the engine would be gone, — somebody would buy it. He hurried down town, cold with the fear of not seeing the shiny nickel thing in the window. But it was there, as usual, standing on a "Little Artists' Favorite Painting Book" with a stiff, foolish doll on each side. Dan waited. Uncle Mark almost always came home that way. The Fairy passed with her mother. When she saw Dan sitting on a hydrant, his eye on the shop window, the Fairy giggled. Never mind, pretty soon she'd know and understand.

Uncle Mark didn't come. It grew dark, and it was rather cold sitting on the hydrant. So Dan hurried home, in perplexity. When he reached the sitting-room he was more perplexed, for a shiny nickel thing was in the middle of the floor, among strewn wrappings. Uncle Mark was on his knees, pouring alcohol through a small funnel, while Aunt Henrietta watched from the heights. Dan stopped and looked. How could the engine be here when it was in the window down town? How could Uncle Mark be here when he was really at business?

Dan saw it all in time. Uncle Mark, coming home early, and passing the school, had met Dan's teacher. Dan's teacher had mentioned the ambitious nephew to the proud uncle, who had straightway gone into Barnum's and purchased an engine like that in the window on the painting book between the dolls. It was something of a shock, at first, to know that there could be more than one like his favorite. But all else was soon forgotten in the joy of the sputtering piston-rod and the mighty whistle.

The next day, with a feeling of great pride, Dan invited the Fairy to come over and help him run his engine. The result was all that he could have hoped. This satisfying Fairy accepted with rapture and really came, and asked questions that he could answer, and held her ruffly white apron away from the leaky places, as they sat on the floor together with the warm, good-smelling engine working faster and faster on a "Daily Messenger" spread out to save the carpet.

So the fullness of Dan's joy was reached in pleasing the Fairy. For while Uncle Mark patted the head of his promising nephew and talked of "industry and perseverance" and "the making of a man", Dan well knew that, in his case at least, "industry and perseverance" counted for little, and that if

the Fairy had not wanted help in her grammar, his manhood and his engine would have been long in coming.

CHARLOTTE G. CHASE '05.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's Office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows :

'02.	Ethel L. Osgood,	.	.	.	Feb.	2
'03.	Marion Conant Damon,	.	.	.	"	3
ex-'96.	Emeline C. Smith,	.	.	.	"	3-7
'05.	Ruth Johnson,	.	.	.	"	5
'05.	Florence Lord,	.	.	.	"	5
'05.	Helen Hunter Norwell,	.	.	.	"	5
'05.	Grace Acheson Smucker,	.	.	.	"	5
'97.	Lucy Stoddard,	.	.	.	"	6-19
'05.	Helen L. Colby,	.	.	.	"	9-12
'05.	Sue M. Rambo,	.	.	.	"	9-12
'01.	Helen H. Rice,	.	.	.	"	12-14
'03.	Helen W. Davidson,	.	.	.	"	12-14
'03.	Anna C. Holden,	.	.	.	"	13
'04.	Emma H. Dill,	.	.	.	"	19-23
ex-'05.	Helen B. Dill,	.	.	.	"	19-23
'05.	Marian E. Rumsey,	.	.	.	"	19-25
'05.	Helen Clarke,	.	.	.	"	20-23
'04.	Elizabeth Biddlecome,	.	.	.	"	20-25
'05.	Ruth R. Blodgett,	.	.	.	"	20-25
'02.	Clara Gerrish Barstow,	.	.	.	Feb. 20-Mar.	3
'01.	Edith L. Hurlburt,	.	.	.	Feb.	21-22
'05.	Helen L. Colby,	.	.	.	"	21-22
'01.	Martha Howey,	.	.	.	"	21-23
'04.	Helen C. Marble,	.	.	.	"	21-24
'05.	Hilda G. Clark,	.	.	.	"	21-24
'04.	Mabel Barkley,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'04.	Mary S. Dutcher,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'05.	Helen B. Abbot,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'05.	Ruth E. Coney,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'05.	Bertha Hackett,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'05.	Susea B. Tower,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'03.	Alice G. Fessenden,	.	.	.	"	21-26
'05.	Joan D. Brumley,	.	.	.	"	21-26
'05.	Katherine M. Wing,	.	.	.	"	21-26
'90.	Caroline L. Sumner,	.	.	.	"	22
'97.	Jessie A. Judd,	.	.	.	"	22
'00.	Mary A. Read,	.	.	.	"	22
'01.	Jennie S. Shipman,	.	.	.	"	22
'04.	Bertha Davenport,	.	.	.	"	22
'04.	Ruby E. Hendrick,	.	.	.	"	22
'04.	Louise Partenheimer,	.	.	.	"	22

'04.	Hazel Day Pike,	.	.	.	.	Feb.	22
'04.	Edna Cushing,	.	.	.	.	"	22-23
'05.	Emma P. Hirth,	.	.	.	.	"	23
'05.	Kathryn L. Irwin,	.	.	.	.	"	22-25
'05.	Evelyn R. Hooker,	.	.	.	.	"	24-27
'05.	Bessie W. Ripley,	.	.	.	.	"	24-27

The Alumnae Association of St. Louis has recently contributed \$135 to the Alumnae Fund of the Students' Aid Society. This gift is the result of a successful play given by the Association in December.

All communications for the business manager should be addressed to Mary Comfort Chapin, 12 Arnold Avenue.

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the first of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Jessie C. Barclay, 12 Arnold Avenue.

'93. Elizabeth Williston was married, February 14, to Judge Herbert Spencer Bullard of Hartford, Connecticut. The wedding took place at her home on Round Hill, Northampton.

'95. Eloise C. Carpenter was married to Mr. Robert Sloane Wickham of New York City, October 10, 1905. Address, 1467 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn.

Margaret E. Hyde is teaching in the New York public schools of Richmond Borough.

Dorothy Reed was married to Mr. Charles Elwood Mendenhall, on February 14. After November 1, address, Madison, Wisconsin.

'96. Mrs. Spencer Ewing (Lena Ulrich) and her husband were in New York City for two days last fall.

'97. N. Gertrude Dyar is teaching at the Curtis High School, St. George, Staten Island.

Clara H. Phillips is travelling in Italy.

Jennie T. Vermilye is spending two months in California this winter. She has been at the head of the Junior Department of the sewing school established by the Civic League of Englewood at the Neighborhood House in that city, and will continue the work upon her return.

'99. Katherine Seward DeHart is continuing her vocal studies. She sang recently at a musical given by Mrs. William S. Nelson for Perry Lee Atherton of Boston.

Adeline R. Ross is in the junior class at the Church Training and Deaconess House of the Episcopal Church, 708 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

'00. Mrs. Booth Tarkington (Louise Fletcher) and her husband are spending the winter in Rome, Italy.

- '01. Félice M. Bowns took a course in millinery at Pratt Institute, 1903-4. In 1904-5 she visited Central America, chiefly San José, Costa Rica, and is in Brooklyn this winter.

Florence Byles of Titusville, Pennsylvania, has gone to California with her family for a visit.

Constance Charnley has classes in literature at the Brily School and is teaching singing in New York City and Englewood, New Jersey.

Agnes C. Childs has announced her engagement to Mr. Benjamin B. Hinckley, Yale '97, of Northampton, Massachusetts.

Mrs. George Hawley (Ruth Wilson) is living in Geneva, New York.

Bertha Richardson occupies the position of room assistant at the Brily School, New York City. Her engagement to Mr. Charnley was announced last fall. They are to be married this year.

- '02. Ethel Barnes was married in November, 1905, to Mr. Edward Burns of Brooklyn, and they are living in New York at the Riverview Apartment House on Broadway.

Ethel A. Green has announced her engagement to Mr. J. Byron Dixon.

- '03. Marion Conant was married to Mr. I. Newton Damon June 21, 1905.

Helen Flora McAfee sailed for Naples with Helen Richards '00, January 9. They will spend the winter in Italy, more particularly in Sicily and Florence. They also plan to study in Munich, and during the summer they will travel in Switzerland, France, England and Scotland, returning home via Glasgow in September. Address for the winter, Care French, Lemon & Co., 4 Via Tornabuoni, Florence, Italy.

Elizabeth Strong has announced her engagement to Mr. Warren S. Hayden.

- ex-'03. Mary Harriman is in the Church Training and Deaconess House of the Episcopal Church, 708 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She is planning to work later among the mountaineers of North Carolina.

- '04. Ella J. Casey will spend the spring in Europe, studying languages.

Bertha A. Irving is at home in Brighton, New York. She is taking two courses in History at Columbia University.

Florence E. Lovett was married to Mr. Walter F. Bathricle last December. Address, 1200 Commonwealth Avenue, Allston, Massachusetts.

Margaret Nash is teaching at St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon.

Elinor K. Purves is living at home in Princeton, New Jersey. She has had several poems published in *The Presbyterian*.

Brooke Van Dyke is at home in Princeton, New Jersey. She wrote the introduction to the "Van Dyke Reader", published in 1905 by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Alice B. Wright has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank Henry Teagle. The wedding will take place in June.



ex'04. Harriet Ryder Blumenthal was married, February 7, to Mr. Jacob Schoenfeld of Hartford, Connecticut. Address, 98 Edwards Street, Hartford.

Mary A. Kinney has announced her engagement to Mr. C. O. Swain of Buffalo.

'05. Alma Bradley has resigned her position at Miss Brown's school in New York.

Alice F. Danforth is teaching history in the Technical High School of Springfield. Address, 163 Westminster Street, Springfield.

Alice Ober is studying Domestic Science at Teacher's College, New York.

## BIRTHS

'94. Mrs. A. B. Thompson (Jean J. Lockwood), a daughter, born July 5, 1905.

'95. Mrs. Seaver Buck (Annie K. Allen), a daughter, Caroline, born February 12.

'97. Mrs. H. R. Hulse (Frances B. Seymour), a son, Frederic Seymour, born February 11.

Mrs. Clyde Washburn Broomell (Grace Ethelwyn Browne), a son, born in Boston, February 27.

'99. Mrs. Charles J. Warren (Louise Chamberlain), a son, born November 12, 1905.

01. Mrs. Harsham (Frances Pauline Lips), a daughter, born in May, 1905.

Mrs. John S. Watterson (Agnes H. Gilchrist), a son, David, born in November, 1905.

ex-'03. Mrs. Charles Harlow Raymond (Jeannette McPherson), a daughter. Jean Raymond, born December 17, 1905.

## DEATH

'91. Katherine Lois Mead died at her home in New York, February 5.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

### THE EARLY BIRDS

I do not like the Early Birds,  
I find them most annoying ;  
They're always catching little worms  
That I might be enjoying.

The Reference Books are never there,  
No matter when I go,  
For Early Birds are very quick  
And I am very slow.

They take the front row Chapel seats  
And sit there in delight ;  
And, when you think you've come in time,  
They're not a pleasant sight.

No, I don't like these Early Birds,  
I find them most annoying ;  
They're always catching little worms  
That I might be enjoying.

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

### BALLAD OF PROM TIME

All needful things lie at my hand,  
I've planned each one one, full carefully.  
The milliner at my command  
Has fashioned a smart hat for me ;  
The dressmaker most modishly  
Has costumed me from wreath to fan.  
What more preparing need there be ?  
I've everything—except a man.

A dinner's ordered, rather grand,  
The K. K.'s at its best for me ;  
The horses in their stables stand  
Ready to speed forth merrily.  
Beneath the budding apple-tree  
There waits a well-chilled ice-cream can.  
My program's filled. In fact you see  
I've everything—except a man.

## L'ENVOI

Prince, if your dates for May are free,  
Come Hampward quickly as you can,  
And I shall greet you joyfully:  
I've everything—except a man.

JANET DE WITT MASON '06.

## THE LAMENT OF THE WOULD-BE GENIUS

I knew that I had one somewhere,  
So I hunted all about  
And found it at last in my ink-well,  
But it simply won't come out.  
This inky black solution  
I intend to keep corked tight,  
For may be I've found an epic,  
If I only can make it *write*!

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS '07.

Many's the time, in rash moments, I have sworn solemnly that I would never, never return to this, my Alma Mater, after she had once sent me from her doors, sheepskin in one hand and—what—

The Return of the Native in the other? This state of mind has been caused by the advent of various specimens of a bygone age, who have strayed into these halls now and then, looking like lost sheep, and, I imagine, feeling more so. Why do they come? Whence? Who knows, who knows!! Perchance they have friends here and there who see to it that they are escorted to Boyden's or to the "K. K." or to Miss Dickinson's for a fugitive sandwich once or twice.

Along with this aspect, there is another side, of course. A fair member returns. She is of a class of one, two or three years ago. Mayhap she was one of those favored creatures whom the uninitiated called "popular". (She knew better, doubtless.) You meet her on the street. Her suit is of elegant cut and stylish hue. She wears a veil, and lo! Oh, wonder of wonders! her hair is beautified by an unparalleled Marcelle wave. You grasp her tightly gloved hand and murmur a few incoherences upon her left cheek.

"When can you dine with me, my dear?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, but I haven't *one* night left!"

"Dear, dear! Well, can you lunch with me to-morrow noon?"

"Why, I'm going with Marion, and then to the matinee."

"Well, can you come to Phi Kappa on Saturday?"

"Oh, dear! I've already promised Penelope."

You gasp and retire. Subsequent inquiries prove that her engagement list has been filled by letter during the past fortnight. So here is the other extreme. Both set you thinking, and you long to learn what your fate might be if you should take the leap and venture back into the fold. After all's said and done, it seems to fall back to this: Am I popular, or am I not! Ye gods preserve us from the agonies of indecision and help us when we are "has beens"!

KATHERINE GAGER '06.

## THE HOUSE PRESIDENT

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
My purpose is the very best,  
May soothing slumber o'er me creep  
And bring to me my needed rest.

But muffled voices greet my ear!  
To go to sleep I vainly try.  
Resounding giggles I can hear;  
They are awake, and so am I.

It is my task to quell this noise,  
My reputation to sustain;  
My heart is robbed of all its joys,  
It grieves me so to give them pain.

Along the hall I wend my way,  
My blue bath-robe I do not tie;  
I ope their door, and sad to say,  
A pillow greets me in the eye.

So after this when noise I hear  
I cling me to my downy cot;  
For verily it doth appear  
Indifference does what words do not.

LEOLA BAIRD LEONARD '09.

Young Mrs. Sheldon entered the dining-room, and after a beaming glance meant to include her husband and brother, she busied herself with an orange.

To the brother, however, she soon directed all her

**The Hairdresser** attention.

"Ralph," she said, "please do an errand for me this morning. John," looking pityingly at her husband, "has to go to the city on the early train, and you have nothing to do but lounge around and smoke. I should never ask you to do it, you are such a snob, but Larry went to a wake last night, and of course will not return until too late, so you will have to drive to the station and meet my hairdresser."

"Meet your hairdresser! Wouldn't I cut a figure!" Ralph sniffed contemptuously and glanced at his brother-in-law's newspaper, which was shaking convulsively.

"Ralph, dear," coaxed Mrs. Sheldon, "she's a treasure. You must treat her with due respect. You will know her by the little leather bag she carries. Just ask her if she is Mrs. Bane. She will never notice you, but will get right into the carriage, and inside of ten minutes you will be at the house. Why, Ralph, she will not bother her head about you, and—"

Ralph squared his shoulders. Not notice him, eh? Well, he *had* been noticed, at times. However, his only reply to his sister was, "All right, Gert, if it has to be done. What time?"



Mrs. Sheldon smiled charmingly at her big brother. "Nine-fifty. Now drive Jack to his train. The two of you can harness Billy, and then Ralph can let him stand until time for Mrs. Bane's train."

A few hours later Mr. Ralph Landor, in cool, fresh duck, a briar pipe in his mouth, could be seen at the station, lounging on the front seat of the Sheldon surrey. A warning whistle made him straighten up, and as a puff of white smoke appeared around the bend, he left the surrey and sauntered to the front of the station. As passengers poured off the train, Ralph scanned them. Oh! there she was, with her brown leather bag. Ralph approached the hairdresser, but—"The deuce!" thought he. "I've forgotten her name!" But he must go on now—the hairdresser had remarkable eyes.

"Are—are—I beg your pardon—but are you Mrs. Sheldon's hairdresser?"

He realized that his question could hardly have been ruder or more awkward, and his face burned as he raised his eyes to meet the serene smile of the hairdresser.

"Why, yes, I am the hairdresser. Are you to take me to Mrs. Sheldon's house?"

"Yes, yes, of course," stammered Ralph. "Please let me carry your bag. Around this way—I have the carriage here. I'll put your bag on the front seat." He turned to assist the hairdresser, but she was sitting on the back seat, her face quite calm except for a dimple that trembled more on one cheek than on the other.

Ralph picked up the lines. As they drove through the shady streets he recovered his self-possession and began to puzzle over some way of entering into conversation with the hairdresser. It was hardly the thing to do, but Jove! those eyes, that hair—she must have some story behind her of a proud family, hopelessly impoverished—she looked so refined. Hairdressing! hairdressing! Well, it was an honest vocation. He remembered now, "Mrs. Bane" was her name, so he turned around and addressed her.

"Mrs. Bane," he began, "no doubt you are glad to get into the country on a hot day like this."

Mrs. Bane laughed amusedly. "Oh, yes," she said. "I am very fond of the country. My husband and I prefer it to the city."

Ralph wandered hurriedly through a discussion of country, trees, shade, heat, dust, sprinkling carts, and reservoirs, but through his head the words kept ringing, "My husband and I: my husband and I." So she had a husband; there was no reason why she shouldn't; hairdressers were entitled to husbands. It should be a matter of perfect indifference to him, he told himself. His reflections ran on the theme—a pretty little wife like that!

But they had reached the house, and, as Mrs. Bane started up the front steps, Ralph drove around to the stable. Then the door opened, and with a happy cry the hairdresser hurled herself into Mrs. Sheldon's arms.

"You dear old thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheldon. "How did you get here? How long can you stay with me? Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"Oh, I'm on my way home from a visit with Harriet, and I arrived in Cincinnati this morning. I found I could take an evening train, so I came out to spend the day with you."

"Blessed child!" Mrs. Sheldon gave her friend another hug and started upstairs with her. "Pat" Jannison had been her dearest friend at college, and for a year they had not met.

"Gerty, dear!" exclaimed "Pat", "let me tell you about your ridiculous brother! I recognized him from that picture of him you had at college. Well, there he was at the station, and he asked me if I were your hairdresser!"

"There! that woman has disappointed me again!" Mrs. Sheldon interrupted.

"Anyhow, I told him I was, and he called me 'Mrs. Bane', my dear, so I carried out the joke as well as I could. You should have seen his face when I spoke of my husband," and "Pat" grinned maliciously at the remembrance. "But I'll do your hair. I am an expert—remember how I earned all my Lenten money Junior year."

Mrs. Sheldon demurred, but "Pat" insisted and as usual, "Pat" had her way, so it was no wonder that as Ralph Laudor walked towards the house, he should have seen the hairdresser standing in an open window brushing his sister's hair in the sun. He turned and walked across the lawn and over to the Country Club. There he played tennis long and hard, and went to luncheon with his chum who, in the absence of his mother, was keeping bachelor's hall, and entertaining lavishly all of his intimate friends.

But somehow, though the friends were the wittiest possible, the afternoon wore dully away, and Ralph at last picked up his hat, lit his pipe and started home. The day had been hot, but now, towards evening, everything looked cool and green, and strive as he would to keep it out of his head, the thought would come to him that the little hairdresser would be a most desirable companion on an afternoon stroll.

As he entered the driveway, Ralph saw a slender figure reclining in a porch-chair. He came nearer, and just as he discovered that he was not approaching his sister Gertrude, he recognized the hairdresser! She arose from her chair, when he came up the steps staring at her as if she were a dream, for indeed she might have been one, dressed in a filmy, flowered dress, her soft curls trying to hide her pink face, her attitude that of preparing for instant flight. Fortunately, Mrs. Sheldon appeared at the moment. "Ralph," she said, "where have you been all day? I wanted you to meet my college chum, Miss Patricia Jannison. Ralph, dear, I have coaxed 'Pat' to visit me for awhile, and she will want to see how pretty it is here. Take her for a little walk, won't you?"

Ralph looked down at "Pat", and his big, boyish heart felt suddenly light. "Miss Patricia Jannison," he said slowly, "I wish I could tell you how glad I am to meet you," and he never changed his opinion on this subject.

LUCY STEARNS '08.

Mr. Tyler is publishing, through Ginn and Company, a revised edition of his "Selections from the Greek Lyric Poets", with historical introduction and explanatory notes.

Faculty Notes, January-February, 1906 Mr. Gardiner has published a review of Sollier's "*Mécanisme des émotions*" in the Psychological Bulletin, January 15; an article on the

definition of 'Feeling' in the *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods*, February 1.

Miss Byrd and Miss Bigelow have made, during the past three months, about twenty sets of micrometer observations of comet b 1905 (Schaer), comet c 1905 (Giacobini), and comet a 1906 (Brooks).

Mr. Wood published a review of Holtzmann's "*Der Christliche Gottesglaube, seine Vorgeschichte und Urgeschichte*" in the *American Journal of Theology* for January, 1906. He gave a course of eight lectures on "Types of New Testament Literature and Thought" at the Congregational Theological College of Montreal, in January.

Miss Hanscom gave an address before the Smith Alumnae at Boston on February 27.

Miss Scott has completed the revision of a work in medicine entitled, "*Walter Reed and Yellow Fever*", to be published by McClure, Phillips & Co. Dr. Walter Reed was a graduate of the University of Virginia, who served eighteen years as an army surgeon on the plains. He then asked for military detail to study bacteriology in the Johns Hopkins Medical School, with the object originally of learning a better control of typhoid fever among soldiers in camp. At the close of the Spanish war, the government sent Dr. Reed to Cuba at the head of the Yellow Fever Commission, and there he planned and carried out the investigations which prove conclusively that yellow fever is propagated by the mosquito. Dr. Reed died in 1902. His life has been written by his friend, Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins University, and Miss Scott has edited the book.

Mrs. Lee published a short novel, "*One Way of Love*", in *Lippincott's Magazine*, February, 1906. Her novel, "*Uncle William*", to be published by the Century Company, will appear on March 21.

The following articles by Miss Bernardy have been published in the *Boston Evening Transcript*: "*Fleecing Our Italians: Light on Banking in the North End*"; "*Italy's Care for Her Own*"; and "*Farming for the World*". Miss Bernardy is one of the charter members of the University Extension for Italians, in Boston, recently incorporated.

Miss Bourland's thesis, "*Boccaccio and the Decameron in Castilian and Catalan Literature*", has been published in the *Revue Hispanique*, v. 12, 1905.

Miss Bigelow's thesis presented to the faculty of the University of Michigan for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, has been published in the "*Proceedings of the Washington Academy of Sciences*", v. 7, 1905. It is entitled "*Declination of Certain North Polar Stars Determined with the Meridian Circle*".

Miss Elliott gave a recital of miscellaneous readings in the First Congregational Church, Amherst, on January 23.

What sort of day would it be? Would the sun shine and make the whole world glad or would grey skies and the dreary fall of rain dampen not only our happy spirits, but what was of far greater importance,

**Rally Day** the white dresses that were to form the usual background for Rally Day? And this was a question that not even the sharks could answer beforehand, and when the great day came there was no need of



asking them. For no twenty-second of February ever promised a brighter day or kept its promise so well.

Yes, the twenty-second of February is Washington's birthday, and very greatly indeed do we all feel our gratitude to him, but that is not the only thing we do on Rally Day. We see the American flag waving above College Hall and we think, too, of the crimson and the purple, and the yellow and the green banners that are hanging in the Gym. We listen to speeches that testify to the glory of our country, but we think too of the songs that will herald the glory of our class. This Rally Day was like all Rally Days. Long before the doors were opened the alumnae arrived at the entrance that was kept for the guests of the college, and on their way to their own proper entrance they met anxious brothers, sisters and friends who had been turned away from the door that was being preserved for friends of the Faculty. But all misunderstandings were soon adjusted and at ten o'clock the four classes were marshalled to their seats. Assembly Hall was divided into four great patches of color, the white of the seniors, the green and yellow of the juniors, the purple of the sophomores and then again, the yellow and green of the freshman class. The speaker of the day was the Honorable Frederick H. Gillett, who delivered an interesting address on his experience in the Philipines with the Taft party. But of even greater interest to the college was the Washington Ode, written by Marion Savage '07 and delivered by Ethel Curry of the same class.

After the chapel exercises there was the usual rush to the Gym, in spite of the announcement that there would be a wait of ten minutes at the doors. And then the doors were opened, and in a few moments the four corners of the Gym blossomed into life and color, the sunflower corner of 1909 melting into the green and yellow of the juniors, mingling with the violet of the sophomores and turning straight toward the glowing dignity of the seniors' red caps and gowns. Now came the singing, and eagerly the visitors leaned over the railing above to hear the words of praise that each class received in turn. After the lion's final roar, followed the play given by the Council, "The Shakespeare Water Cure", which was varied by local touches and topical songs. The cast was as follows :—

Hamlet, .....	Virginia Elliot
Shylock, .....	Katherine Dauchy
Macbeth, .....	Harriet Berry
Othello, .....	Mildred Wilson
Romeo, .....	Laura Geddes
Ophelia, .....	Margaret Stone
Portia, .....	Janet Mason
Lady Macbeth, .....	Ruth Woodward
Juliet, .....	Alice Barker

In the afternoon, as usual, came the great basket-ball games between the seniors and juniors, and sophomores and freshmen. The first game was won by 1906, the score being 34-16. The freshman team, after electing Edna True as their captain, and choosing Morley Sanborn, Jeannette Welch and Eva Baker as their coaches, played their first great game. The score was 35-9 in



favor of 1908. Then, "The Classes, Odd and Even", once more sang their songs, and finally, as in the morning, all joined together, and

The echoes, loudly ringing,  
Echoes, softly singing,  
Told to all our love for Alma Mater,  
And our college friends, so tried and true.

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

### Recital by the Schubert String Quartet

On February 13th, 1906, the Schubert String Quartet, of Boston, presented the following program in College Hall :

Quartet in C major.....	Joseph Hayden
Aria (for violin).....	John Sebastian Bach
Allegretto.....	Jennie M. Peers
Lento (for violincello).....	Chopin
Quartet in E minor.....	Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

The rendering of the entire program was marked by a perfect balance of the intellectual and emotional aspects of the music. This is probably the reason that the more classical portions of the program were so interesting, even to those not particularly familiar with heavy music. Mr. Blair's performance of Chopin's Lento was exquisite; his interpretation of it ranks among the best work done by the Quartet that evening. The Allegretto by Miss Peers, Smith 1905, was enthusiastically received, for its intrinsic merit, as well as because of the pride of the college in the productions of its Music School.

AGATHA E. GRUBER '07.

On Saturday evening, February 24, the Tyler House presented "Merely Mary Ann". For the first few minutes the play threatened to be dull, but from the moment that Mary Ann appeared on the

**Tyler House Play** stage the interest of the audience was held. Their enjoyment was shown by close attention to a rather long performance and by enthusiastic applause. General opinion characterizes "Merely Mary Ann" as the best play of the year. Nearly all of the parts were done well, and several of them displayed far better acting than we usually see in our house plays.

The success of the play was due largely to the personality of Barbara Kauffman, in the title rôle, who interpreted her part with consistency and delicacy. The emotional close of the third act was particularly praiseworthy, and "Mary Ann" and "Marion" were contrasted with great skill. The transformation of the forlorn little servant-maid into the graceful woman of the fourth act was altogether charming.

Amy Gallagher, as Mrs. Leadbatter, gave us a most finished bit of acting. The part could scarcely have been improved upon. Miss Gallagher caught the cockney accent remarkably well, and maintained it throughout the performance. Her daughter Rosie, played by Helen Hinkley, furnished a constant source of amusement to the audience. Her exaggerated manner of walking and of speaking was deliciously funny. Both Miss Gallagher and

Miss Hinkley gave excellently sustained interpretations of very difficult parts.

Ethel Baine, as Lancelot, was one of the handsomest heroes we have had upon our college boards. Her acting lacked conviction, and she let slip many opportunities for dramatic effects, but she looked her part, which is much more than we can say for most of our college heroes.

Marie Vincent, as Peter, played her part with ease and conviction, and Lord Foxwell afforded much amusement to the audience.

On the whole, the cast and the committee are to be congratulated for their success.

Lancelot, . . . . .	Ethel Baine
Peter, . . . . .	Marie Vincent
Herr Brahmsen, . . . . .	Alice McElroy
Rev. Mr. Smedge, . . . . .	Dorothy Schauflier
Lord Valentine Foxwell, . . . . .	Lola Bishop
O'Gorman, . . . . .	Edith Furbush
Howard, . . . . .	Margaret Bridges
Mary Ann, . . . . .	Barbara Kauffmann
Mrs. Leadbatter, . . . . .	Amy Gallagher
Rosie, her daughter, . . . . .	Helen Hinkley
The Trippit Sisters, . . . . .	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">}</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Marguerite Woodruff</div> </div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">}</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Maybelle Kingsbury</div> </div> </div>
Lady Chelmer, . . . . .	Edith Walters
Countess of Foxwell, . . . . .	Sophia Oppen
Lady Gladys Foxwell, . . . . .	Florence Boyle
Lady Glynn, . . . . .	Agnes McCord
The Hon. Mrs. Fitzgeorge, . . . . .	Martha Weed
Miss Rowena Fitzgeorge, . . . . .	Marion McLennan

On Tuesday afternoon, February 13, M. Anatole Le Braz gave an illustrated lecture in French on the "Unique Originality of Brittany." M. Le Braz is himself a native of Brittany and has

**Lecture by M. Anatole Le Braz** made a special study of his country. He spoke with such clearness and enthusiasm that the audience were able to understand him without difficulty. In beginning, M. Le Braz warned us that he was going to break the traditions of his predecessors by praising, not Paris, the "brain of France", but "the great heart of France, the Provinces." Of these the most interesting is Brittany, a peninsula surrounded by the sea, so that it has remained distinct and isolated from the rest of France. The people of Brittany are of another race. They are descendants of the Celts who, crowded out of Great Britain by the Saxons in the sixth century, crossed the sea in search of new homes. They found in Brittany a Gallo-Roman civilization; but, as they became masters, they established their own customs and language, which have remained to this day,—a remarkable proof of vitality.

The distinctive feature of Brittany is its primitiveness, evident in the physical aspect of the country and in the customs of the people. It is said that a trip through Brittany is like a journey through the centuries, for there

may be found all forms of civilization, existing side by side. Although willing to learn, the Bretons have never been willing to forget.

The glory which literature gives to a country has not been lacking in Brittany. In the middle ages the influence of the province was felt in the Legend of the Round Table. Then for a long time it was ignored, or regarded with scorn. Even La Fontaine failed to appreciate its beauty and charm and the people themselves tried to lose their provincialism. A reaction was brought about by Macpherson's *Ossian*, which aroused great interest in the Celtic element in literature.

The first study of Brittany was made by a commissioner who was sent by the Directory to inspect the revolutionary movement, and who remained to study the province itself. His book on Brittany aroused much curiosity. It was, however, Chateaubriand who gave Brittany its literary eminence. From his time it has remained the country of poetry. Brittany was also revealed to France by the works of Michelet, who made a complete study of the country and the people and found in both the same feature of primitiveness. Immediately it became a Mecca for all true poets and writers. Among these pilgrims were Sully Prudhomme, J. M. de Hérédia, and Flaubert, who was too much of a realist to appreciate the poetry of the country. But none of these pilgrims were more famous than Pierre Loti, who found there the exotism both of time and of place which he had searched for as far as Polynesia.

At the present time Brittany holds a more important place in the world of literature than Paris herself. The only danger is that, through contact with the outside world, it may lose its primitiveness,—its most characteristic feature and its greatest charm.

One of the most interesting lectures we have heard this year was given in Chemistry Hall, Friday evening, February twenty-third, by Señorita Carolina Marcial. The subject, "Spain and Its

**Lecture on** Women," delightful in itself, was made doubly  
**Spain and its Women** attractive by the charming personality of the speaker. Señorita Marcial is one of those fortunate Spanish girls of the upper class who have been educated in the school in Madrid which prepares girls for the university. A rather curious fact of the Spanish educational system is, that, while the university has always been open to women as well as to men, it is only recently that any place has existed in which girls could be prepared for the higher education; for all such schools were crowded with boys. The only school which has come to the rescue of the Spanish girls, was founded by an American woman, a Protestant missionary to a Catholic country. Señorita Marcial is giving her lectures in America in order to excite a keener interest in the higher education of her countrywomen.

Miss Bourland, of the Spanish department, introduced Señorita Marcial as "a true daughter of Spain who will arouse the interest which every American feels in that country." Her words were true; for as the Señorita stepped forward in her picturesque Spanish costume, the eyes of everyone in the



audience brightened with interest and admiration. She wore a beautiful white lace mantilla gracefully draped over head and shoulders, a scarlet rosette at her neck, a black velvet waist, and a red silk petticoat. She was altogether charming with her vivacity, her pretty, broken English, and her dramatic fire and intensity. She spoke of Spain as "a land of narrow streets, high Roman walls, magnificent cathedrals, beautiful castles, and gentle, romantic people," finishing her picture with the question, "Is it not a place in which to dream?"

"At night," she said, "the Spanish town is most picturesque. At night, when the little shops are lighted and the watchmen call out the hour and the state of the weather, while the sweet music of guitars and the singing of low, melodious voices fills the air."

Every Spanish province has its own traditions, costumes, dances, and shades of language. The people in the Northeast have a queer style of dress, speak very slowly, with careless accent, are melancholy and musical. Those in the South are noted for their beauty and grace.

The Americans, she said, always speak of the sparkling eyes, or picturesque dress of the Spanish woman, but never of her education. It is only too true, alas, that few of them have any to speak of. Not many go to school after they are twelve. They leave the convent knowing a little arithmetic, spelling, Spanish history, and enough geography to name the continents. Their one accomplishment is embroidery. After this the poorer girls learn housekeeping and the rich go into society. They have little opportunity to enjoy life; for the inevitable duenna accompanies them everywhere. Their main aim is to get married. "How much happier they would be," said she, "if they knew more of God, the blue sky, the stars, of love, and of mankind." It is very sad to see the Spanish woman, with her sensitive soul and warm nature, limited to so small a share in life's pleasures.

HARRIET SMITH '07.

On Tuesday evening, March 6, a lecture was given by F. Hopkinson Smith, under the auspices of the Southern Club. It consisted of readings taken from his well-known book, "Colonel Carter

Lecture by F. Hopkinson Smith of Cartersville". In beginning Mr. Smith said that the Colonel was a study of his own father. Mr. Smith threw himself into the reading with great enthusiasm and sympathy. He read distinctly and easily, changing his impersonations with a rapidity and accuracy which showed him to be a finished actor as well as successful writer.

His rendering of Colonel Carter's true Southern hospitality, boundless conceit of Southern customs, loving courtesy to Nancy and unswerving trust in his great railroad scheme, was given with much care and feeling.

His impersonation of Chad, with his continual chuckle, was particularly happy. We saw the loyal, well-trained negro servant, and felt the deep pathos of his desire to maintain the dignity of the family.

Aunt Nancy with her curls and gown of forty years ago, her quiet, retiring nature and tactful appreciation of her brother's pride, was given an almost emotional treatment by Mr. Smith.



"Fitz," the lawyer, a warm-hearted and blunt Northerner, whose sympathy we rather doubt at first, proved by his heartfelt interest and by sleepless nights spent in planning for his client's welfare, that even a Northerner under the proper circumstances could behave like a Southern gentleman.

Mr. Smith moved his audience both to tears and to laughter many times. Although the reading was long the interest did not seem to decrease, probably because Mr. Smith was intensely in earnest and tried to make these creations of his as real and appealing to his hearers as to himself.

ETHEL B. KENYON '07.

## SOCIETY ELECTIONS

### ALPHA

President, Anna Mary Wilson 1906  
 Vice-President, Ethel Mildred Baine 1907  
 Secretary, Sophie Emeline Wilds 1907  
 Treasurer, Margaret Hallock Steen 1908  
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### BIOLOGICAL

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 Secretary, Alice Goodman 1907  
 Treasurer, Muriel Robinson 1907

## CALENDAR

March 15, Piano Recital by Miss Jennie Peers.

“ 17, Basket-Ball Game.

Open Meeting of the Alpha Society, 7.30 P. M.

Subject : The Dilettanteism of Educated Women.

“ 21, Glee Club Concert.

“ 23, Open Meeting of the Physics Club. Lecture by  
Professor Wallace C. Sabine of Harvard University. Subject : The Ultra-Violet Microscope.

“ 24, Gymnastic Drill.

Open Meeting of la Société Française.

“ 28, Beginning of the Spring Vacation.

April 12, Opening of the Spring Term.

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

April - 1906.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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*No. 7*

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## THE SOCRATIC METHOD

The Socratic method did not arise in the consciousness of Socrates as formal method, and therefore in abstraction from every concrete case; it grew up spontaneously, with the very mode and manner of his philosophizing, which did not aim at the communication of a system, but at the schooling of the individual himself in philosophical thought and life. This method was only the "subjective art he applied in his pedagogical procedure," only the manner that was peculiar to him in his philosophical intercourse in actual life.

This method of Socrates has two sides, the one negative, the other positive. The former is known as the Socratic irony. In practical use of this method, Socrates pretended that he was ignorant, and, seeming to seek information from those with whom he conversed, he would unexpectedly turn the tables on his erstwhile instructors and confound their supposed knowledge, both by the unlooked-for conclusions which he deduced by his incessant questions, and by the contradictions in which they found themselves at the realization of their own admissions.

In general, it was not mere ignorance with which Socrates had to contend, but with "ignorance mistaking itself for knowl-

edge", or "false conceit of wisdom"—a more stubborn and formidable foe, who, safe so long as he remained in his entrenchments, must be drawn from them, circumvented and surprised. Accordingly, taking his departure from some remote principle or proposition to which the respondent assented, Socrates brought his interlocutor to pass judgment upon himself, and reduced him to a state of "doubt" or "perplexity" (*ἀπορία*). "Before I met you," says Meno in the dialogue which Plato called by his name (79 E), "I was told that you spent your time in doubting and leading others to doubt; and it is a fact that your witcheries and spells have brought me to that condition; you are like the torpedo—as it benumbs anyone who approaches and touches it, so do you. For myself, my soul and my tongue are benumbed, so that I have no answer to give you."

"What we know has refuted itself,"—this is the refrain of most of the dialogues. For example, a certain Glauco, brother of Plato, had tried to address the public assembly, when only twenty years old and quite unfitted to do so. In accord with Athenian custom, he had been removed several times from the bema by the police, because he had nothing to say which was worth hearing; and finally, Socrates tried to persuade him to refrain, after the vain attempt of his friends. After a few compliments on his ambition, it was agreed that Glauco's first object should be to benefit his country, which could be done by increasing its wealth, either by augmenting the receipts or diminishing the expenditures. Glauco, when asked, cannot tell what the present revenue of Athens is, and has no retrenchments to propose, but he thinks the state might be enriched at the expense of its enemies. "A good idea, if we can only beat them!" We must know the military resources of the enemy as compared with our own, so as not to attack some one stronger than ourselves. Can Glauco tell how many ships and soldiers Athens has at her disposal? No, he does not remember. Then perhaps he has it written down somewhere? No, he must confess not. So the conversation continues until Socrates has convinced his hearer that he has no accurate information about political matters.

Although the respondent usually retired disgusted and baffled from the inquiry, it was not without some gain, Socrates said; for whereas formerly, being ignorant, he had supposed himself to have some knowledge, now, being ignorant, he was in some degree conscious of his ignorance, and in the future would be

more circumspect in action. Were this all, the outcome of the Socratic method would be only to know that one does not know; indeed, both in Xenophon and in Plato, a great many of the dialogues do end with only this negative result. There is, however, another moment by means of which the irony loses its merely negative value.

This positive side of the Socratic method is the "maieutic" or "dialectical." Socrates likened himself to his mother, Phaenarete, who was a midwife, because if he himself could not give birth to wise thoughts, he was at least able to help others to bear them, as well as to distinguish those that were sound from those that were unsound. The nature of this spiritual midwifery will be more distinctly seen if one considers that the philosopher, by his "incessant questioning and the resultant disentanglement of ideas," possessed the art of eliciting a newborn thought from the one with whom he conversed. A chief means here was the method of induction. For example, starting from a concrete case, and at the same time aiding himself by connections with the most usual conceptions, the "most trivial and commonplace facts of sense, the philosopher contrives, ever comparing particular with particular, and so gradually separating and casting out what was contingent and accidental, to bring to consciousness a universal truth, a universal discernment—that is, to form adequate and precise or defining notions (universals)." To find, for instance, the real nature of justice or of fortitude, several examples of justice or of fortitude were considered, and from them the universal nature, or as Hegel would say, the "notion" of these virtues was abstracted. Thus we see the aim of Socratic induction, namely, logical definition. To define a thing is to tell its what, its nature, its tenor, import, or contained meaning. We define the nature of justice when we show the logical unity of its different forms, and what is common to all of them. This was the object of Socrates. "To investigate the nature of virtue," says Aristotle, "appeared to Socrates to be the problem of philosophy, and for this end he inquired what is justice, what fortitude, for all virtue was to him knowledge." By definition, he enabled the thinker to separate the particular thought which he wished to express from the myriad of other thoughts which clouded it. By definition, he enabled a man to contemplate the "essence" of a thing, because he admitted with the definition nothing

which was not essential. It is easy to infer the connection between his method of definition, or the formation of notions, and his practical object. He sought the notion of each separate virtue, only because he was convinced that the knowledge of this notion, a clear perception of it, was the surest guide for every concrete case, for every particular moral relation. All moral action, he believed, must proceed from the notion, as something consciously known and understood.

To the question, What were the positive conclusions of Socrates, and how were they obtained? an answer is found in Xenophon. First, the recorded conversations deal with political, moral, and artistic matter; second, in general there is a "process from the known to the unknown through a generalization expressed or implied"; third, the generalizations are sometimes rules of conduct, justified by examinations of known instances, sometimes definitions similarly established. For example, in the *Memorabilia* (p. 1, 3), Socrates argues from the known instances of horses and dogs that the best natures stand most in need of training, and then applies the generalization to men—a process which Aristotle would describe as "example" (*παράδειγμα*) and a modern philosopher as "induction of an uncritical sort." In another instance, his interlocutor is led to define the "good citizen," and then uses the definition in deciding the superiorities of one citizen over another. Here, the generalization is a definition, and the conclusion is a provisional assurance that the one with whom he is conversing may apply it to a particular person or act without inconsistency. By means of a definition, and the reference to it of the act or person in question, Socrates hoped to secure consistency of thought and action. Accordingly, he spent his life in seeking and helping others to find "the what (*ὅτι*) of the various words by which the moral quality of actions is described," considering the results as means to right action in the various relations of life.

To sum up, then, the Socratic method may be described as the "art of finding, by means of induction, in a certain sum of given particular cases, their underlying and supporting or fundamental universal, their logical unity." It rests upon the presupposition that the true nature of objects in the world lies in thought, and can be discovered by thought; that the notion is the true being of things.

From the fact that Socrates used induction, many inferences



have been made that he anticipated Bacon's inductive method. In many instances their language was similar, their reform analogous, but the aim of each was different. The one endeavored to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of nature, to seek the truth inwardly, and the other exhorted men to study the phenomena of nature. Their conceptions of induction are not alike. With Socrates, according to Lewes, it is little more than *inductio per enumerationem simplicem* or "reasoning by analogy," while the force of the *Novum Organum* is directed against this. Mr. Grote has quoted several striking passages from Bacon to show the parallel between the spirit and purpose of the Baconian and Socratic method. Probably most scholars agree with him that Socrates "sought to test the fundamental notions and generalizations respecting men and society in the same spirit in which Bacon approached those of physics,—he suspected the unconscious process of the growing intellect and desired to revise it by comparison with particulars, and from particulars, too, the most clean and certain, but which, from being of regular occurrence, were least attended to; and that which Socrates described in his language as the 'conceit of knowledge without the reality', is identical with what Bacon designated as the primary notions,—the aberration of the intellect left to itself."

What is the real value to us of this method of Socrates? The custom of obtaining definitions by question and answer is still very common. Every true science is inductive in that it is a searching of nature for facts. Senator Hoar has told us what induction was to him: "I think I got some capacity for cross-examining witnesses, which was very useful to me afterwards, from reading Plato's dialogues and getting familiar with Socrates' method of reducing a Sophist *ad absurdum*." Editorials on modern politics have been based upon this method. For example, a dialogue\* between Socrates and Gorgias, in which Socrates wishes an explanation for a statement made by Gorgias which the latter is determined to uphold, namely, that it "was due to Mr. Bryan, more than to any other man," that the treaty of Paris was not defeated, or at least amended so as to put the Philippines on the same basis as Cuba. After many questions, usually answered by yes and no, the dialogue closes as follows:—Socrates: "Then must you not admit that Bryan

\* The Nation, Vol. 71.

and his friends wanted to end the war, and save the republic, and that McKinley and his friends were really the ones who prolonged the war, and threaten now to convert our state into an empire?" Gorgias: "No, Socrates, I do not admit it. I never will admit that!" Socrates: "But why not, if truth and argument compel you?" Gorgias: "Because I am a Republican, Socrates." Socrates: "Exactly. I merely wanted to know if it was the truth you were in search of, or an excuse for supporting your party. Well, good-by, Gorgias. Send me word if the entrails indicate that you will be chosen speaker again."

Socrates possessed a quality which is emphasized by his method—a force which education most prizes—that which draws one and lifts up the whole human quality. No aim is so practical as the endeavor to attain to earnestness and depth of character. Nothing is so important in education as that a man should be seized by an idea of manliness which possesses him entirely. Socrates felt that he had a work for the rich and poor alike, and he was determined to bring his message where it could be received by all people. "There is an element of vigor, the energy of enlarged and heightened vitality," in the words of Professor H. M. Tyler, "which education finds it most difficult to impart. It was just here that Socrates brought his message to teachers. Lay hold of the broad and simple truths of life, and learn everywhere to enforce them. Teach men to struggle, for it is only by effort we grow strong. Fill the mind with high ideals, and let all be quickened by contact with noble men. The pruning-knife is dangerous in the hands of a man who cannot stimulate. So the Socratic method can still prove its value."

RUTH COLBURN HOLMAN.

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- Andover Review, Vol. 19.
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## EXAMINATIONS FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW

In the Outlook's advertising columns appears this notice: "National Park Seminary for young women, Washington, D. C. (suburbs.) Twelve buildings. Beautiful grounds. No examinations. \$500-\$600. Sight-seeing every Monday. Universal social attractions", etc. This advertisement seems like hundreds of others setting forth location, price, and special attractions. One item is unusual—"No examinations." It must be considered a drawing card or it would not appear here. If we look through current educational magazines we shall find it a prominent subject. Certainly no subject is of greater interest to the student than examinations, their aim and proper management, the benefits and evils of the present system. Ninety per cent. of all students come from the ordeal nervously exhausted and embittered against the world. With the last "finals" still in my own mind, I may be pardoned for choosing this subject—for attempting to set forth some of the opinions of the learned and thoughts of the learners on the subject.

Professors differ greatly among themselves both as to the value of examinations and as to the correct method of examining. Many do not seem at all certain in regard to that aim, although President Hadley states definitely what it should be. He writes: "Examinations should measure proficiency in past work and power for what is unlearned." He goes on to acknowledge a difficulty. In case of the older subjects, like mathematics, work done does show power to go on, but in case of newer subjects this is not so true. The frequently quoted incident in President Eliot's life shows that he recognized this principle. A student had failed to pass certain elementary questions in botany, but wished to continue the study. This the examiners refused to allow. The trouble finally came to the president's knowledge and he vehemently exclaimed, "If that young man wishes to study botany, he shall study it."

In order to meet the changed conditions made by the enlarged courses of study, the questions have been made broader to show what has been done, and have really become a test of the mem-

ory. This gives the "bluffer" an excellent chance. He can shirk through the whole semester,—if the professor is willing,—cram an hour or two before the examination, then put his few thoughts together. If he can give the "literary flavor" he stands a good chance of coming out better than the plodding student who, conscientiously trying to cover the increased amount of work, becomes nervous and hands in a confused, incoherent paper. Some wiseacre will say the student had no business to get nervous. How can he help it when "human nature is as it is"? Again, these broad questions enable the official tutor to hurry the laggard through in a short time so he may "pass" with only a superficial knowledge of the subject.

It seems to me that still another objection to present-day examinations is that twice as much work is generally given as can be done in the prescribed time. To illustrate from my own experience, a history class is asked to give within two hours the lives of four men; the territorial growth of England, including treaties and the conditions of each; the governments of India and Australia, and recent relations between England and these colonies; the foreign and home policies of several statesmen and situations confronting them; the steps in the development of religious equality from the rise of Independence to 1829; to explain the working of the English Cabinet Government to-day. In such a case, I think the instructor is asking too much, and a good memory is one's only hope; reasoning and ability to think are of no use, for there is no time to think. This memory has been called the "coffee-pot memory, as it is no better after emptying than before." President Hadley thinks that memory is the greatest help, for, as he says, in examinations in language the student who remembers vocabulary can guess at construction much better than the one who knows construction can guess at vocabulary. He advocates fewer examinations, which shall show the pupil's power. This many oppose, as it reduces the pupil's chances. Yale's president would not do away with examinations because, first, his best students are those who have taken examinations all through the preparatory course, and second, because the examination system keeps schools up to the standard by introducing competition.

Edgar H. Nichols of Cambridge believes that examinations as now conducted "invite cramming" and lead students to think that "passing is the end and aim of study. If they could be so



managed as to encourage thoroughness and occasional self-examination they would be a blessing." They would then have a practical value, as they would prepare for the emergencies of life. One educator goes still further and thinks examinations should be given unexpectedly, thus becoming a more complete preparation for the sudden vicissitudes of life. In conclusion Nichols says, "Examinations ought to be most efficient means of forming right habits of study." That they do not accomplish this end is shown by the experience and personal opinion of Thomas Huxley. He wrote as follows: "Experienced friends of mine do not hesitate to say that students whose career they watch appear to them to become deteriorated by the constant effort to pass this or that examination, just as we hear of men's brains becoming affected by the daily necessity of catching a train. They work to pass, not to know, and outraged science takes her revenge. They do pass and don't know. I have passed sundry examinations in my time, not without credit, and I confess I am ashamed to think how very little real knowledge underlay the torrent of stuff which I was able to pour out on paper."

Lucy W. Salmon, a history teacher of Poughkeepsie, believes that examinations are a relic of birch-rod days, or "the last survival of inquiry by torture," this idea being strengthened by some instructors who hold that the examination is a measure of knowledge by which the pupil must stand or fall. Others claim that the examination sums up and clinches the term's work, and that it should be anticipated with as much zest as the view from a mountain top is anticipated from the bottom. Evidently the author of that statement is not very fond of scenery. Miss Salmon is convinced that better results would be obtained at less expense of nerve energy if instructors would avoid certain types of questions which have already been condemned by the official examining board. The tabooed types are:

1. Questions which are not questions; as "French Revolution."
2. Those answerable by yes or no; e. g., "Is the Albany capitol finished?"
3. Questions in which the answer is implied; e. g., "Was the age of Pericles the Golden Age? If so, why?"
4. Questions to be answered by a lucky guess; e. g., "When did the Reign of Terror end?"

5. Indefinite questions ; e. g., "Give some facts in the life of Burns."

6. Questions involving unrelated points ; e. g., "State some of the important provisions of the Magna Charta."

7. Those involving generalizations based upon insufficient command of facts ; e. g., "Effects of Alexander's conquest upon civilization."

8. Questions beyond the reasoning power of the candidate ; e. g., "Give an estimate of Athenian democracy."

9. Questions which encourage undue confidence in the candidate's own judgment ; e. g., "What are possible annexations of this country ?"

10. Those not belonging primarily to the subject ; e. g. (suppose the subject of the examination to be history), "What is the philosophic basis of asceticism ?" [A veteran teacher suggests in this connection, "No boy wants to be hanged twice from the same tree."]

11. Questions suitable for an oral quiz ; e. g., "Name five generals of the Cuban war."

12. The drag-net question ; e. g., "Write a page on the Crowfoot family."

13. Ethical questions ; e. g., "Did Cæsar deserve his death ?"

14. Historical (or any other) puzzles ; e. g., "What happened in 405 ?"

15. Questions in the potential subjunctive ; e. g., "Had Athens been in her old position, would she have agreed to the peace of Antalcidas ?"

James E. Russell of the University of Colorado opposes the present system of examinations on the ground that they give practice in veneering. He thinks that they may be beneficial in taking the conceit out of a boy on the same principle that "a reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog ; they keep him from broodin' on bein' a dog." He is sure that it must strain the moral fibre of a student when he sees success obtained by the dishonest. Mr. Jacobs thinks that the average student feels that he has a right to cheat, first, because the teacher "has him on the hip," and second, because he knows that the value of the examination is overestimated. The examiner may sit and watch him ; then he reasons, "I am suspected, and may as well have the 'game as the reputation'," or the examiner may never look at the candidate, thus giving him the opportunity to cheat if he so wishes.

The object of all this is to find out whether the student is to be 85 or 90—a fact which the teacher knew perfectly well before. Balfour, though not an educator in the popular sense of the word, has expressed himself forcefully on this question in much the same way. He says, “Examinations are an aid, not to knowing, but to making others know (or think) that you know. It is an art more conducive to success than to knowledge. Henry Sabin of Des Moines, when interviewed, asked this question: “If one object of examinations is to find out what a pupil knows, do ten questions do it? If a second object is to see if the subject is properly taught, will not the teacher keep that fact in mind and will not all true teaching be at an end?” On this last point Mr. Jacobs of Brown says, “Examinations as a test of teachers are bad for good teachers and good for bad teachers, therefore they are an unscientific test which in regular doses will make a good teacher into a bad one.” I should like to add a question to Mr. Sabin’s. If a third object of examinations is to sum up and clinch the term work, will not reasonable questions answer the purpose as well as unreasonable ones? Thring, in his “Theory and Practice of Teaching,” defines examinations as “an exceedingly rough method of deciding whether ignorance is before you.” He continues by quoting R. H. Quick on the subject, and condemns the system as follows: First, the ready writer wins where the better thinker fails; second, many questions are asked about unimportant details, since important points will be known *a fortiori*. This clearly encourages the wrong methods of study. “It is the height of folly to cram totally uninteresting and lifeless information.” Mr. Jacobs bears Mr. Quick out in this when he says, “What we learn stays with us not a day longer than we have an interest that it should.” Third, pupils will study for marks. This is bad, as such an incentive has no staying power. “It is better never to go inside of a school than to believe 80 per cent. is success and 79 per cent. failure.” Fourth, demerits are emphasized more than merits.

C. F. Wheelock brings testimony in statistics dealing with Cornell for the past six years. Of the students admitted on examination, 18.53 per cent. were dropped; of those entering on certificate other than regents’, 11.14 per cent. were dropped, and of those entering on regents’ certificate, 6.46 per cent. were dropped. From this it would seem that the examinations had



been valuable, since those bearing regents' certificates did twice as well as those with other certificates, and three times as well as those without certificates. The regent system may be "the most complete though most elastic system in the world," yet even the best examining system is not necessary to good scholarship. There were many scholars before 1158, when, at Bologna, examinations were first instituted. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and many others who never even heard of an examination, lived and taught with unquestionable success.

The painful ordeal of examinations is dreaded by all students, whether they be faithful or fickle. To them such tests seem unnecessary, as the teacher ought to know what they can do. If he does not, such a method seems unfair. The student may not be feeling well, the questions may be obscure, or concerned with a trivial point, or with a subject of which he never heard; and in none of these cases does the examination paper show what the pupil can really do. Invariably the thoughtful student will be righteously indignant before the period is over. What does it amount to? Perhaps half a dozen in the class may go over the work, supplementing and correcting mistakes; but the majority will either forget the matter entirely, or worry for fear that they have not passed.

The student body joins President Hadley in believing that the ideal system has not been found. To some one of them, a victim of the present, may be allowed the privilege of instituting a system thorough, just, and reasonable, which shall encourage right methods of teaching and of study. Mr. Jacobs sets forth a remedy which is in most particulars a reality at Smith: "Not that examinations be abolished, but that they be put in their proper place in the eyes of scholars and the eyes of the public, that we have faith in the judgment of the teacher and the teacher have faith in his own; that the classes be small enough for the teacher to know his pupils and the teachers good enough to make it worth while for their scholars to know them; that there be an abundance of written work, for much writing makes the accurate man, and that the end of education before our eyes be not knowledge merely, but greater and higher than that,—strong, vigorous, moral manhood."

BERNICE WALKER DEARBORN.



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## SCOTLAND

Mother of men! O Scotland grave and tender,  
 Stern Spartan mother, with the laughing eyes!  
 With silent lips thy sons shall ever render  
 Homage to thee,—a love that deeper lies  
 Than spoken words—eternal as the skies.

Fury and tempest beating 'round thy headlands,  
 'Gainst rocky cliffs the thunder of the sea,  
 The cold, gray mist that chilled their hearts with terror—  
 Through these thy sons have heard a voice from thee,  
 Bidding them fight as strong men, brave and free.

The golden sunlight on thy still lakes sparkling,  
 The purple of the slopes in heather drest,  
 The grandeur of the hills when night is darkling—  
 They lie enshrined in every Scottish breast,  
 Teaching their hands to war, their hearts to rest.

Mother of men! O Scotland rich in history!  
 Afar from thee, we long to see thy face!  
 Thy children, unabashed, we love the mystery  
 Of thy dark moods, the witchery of thy grace;  
 And with glad hearts we own us of thy race.

Afar from thee thy children still bear witness  
 To the stern breeding of their Scottish sires;  
 Afar from thee thy spirit wakes within us  
 To high endeavor and to pure desires;  
 And many a nation's altars are lighted from thy fires.

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

## CRABBE'S TALES

George Crabbe has suffered great injustice at the hands of the reading public in past years. Very popular among his contemporaries, in the early part of the nineteenth century, he is now astonishingly forgotten. In searching for his "Tales" in a college library of medium size, the writer was amazed to discover that she was the first in ten years to withdraw the yellowed volumes. Even in the principal library of the educational city of Northampton, the only copy of the same work bares no mark of withdrawal for over three years. The very mention of Crabbe's Tales is apt to bring vague or somewhat lost expressions to the faces of certain zealous students of literature, and too probably zoölogical associations to their minds. What is the explanation of this almost universal unfamiliarity with works of such value? About the heads of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb there is a certain halo which entitles them to a place in the affections of many, as favorites accepted though infrequently read. That Crabbe, lacking this glamor of general report, remains unknown and unread, we consider the injustice of time. If this paper may serve to indicate that the "Tales" are worth reading, once read they will speak for themselves.

The purpose of the "Tales," Crabbe himself tells us, is simply to entertain. "I must allow that the effect of poetry should be to lift the mind from the painful realities of actual experience, from its every-day concerns, and its perpetually occurring vexations; and to give it repose by substituting objects in their place, which it may contemplate with some degree of interest and satisfaction." This end, in his opinion, may be accomplished by "faithful delineation" of these same painful realities, provided they are not the individual concerns and anxieties of the reader. For so they will possess the reality necessary to the creation of interest, while not sufficiently personal to arouse the reader's pain. Accordingly, he portrays in the "Tales" the simple experiences and customs of every-day men; he infuses a

vital epic into a subject or a situation in which one would ordinarily be interested.

The "Tales" are twenty-one in number; they are all short, averaging about five hundred lines each, and are written in heroic couplets. There is no attempt at unity in arrangement of subjects. The majority deal with the emotions and their psychological effects; but in the words of the author, the tales are "connected by no other circumstance than their being productions of the same author and written for the same object—the entertainment of his readers". For want of unity, however, compensation is made by greater variety of incident, and more minute display of character.

The narratives are first of all remarkable for keen insight, which is evidenced sometimes in the chief situation, or in the moral of a "Tale", sometimes in occasional expressions. A striking instance of the former is the "Dumb Orators." The "moral" of this tale is that man's courage and oratorical powers are largely dependent upon the support of his audience. Justice Bolt, a pompous bombastic orator, is caught at a Jacobite dinner, and forced to hear his country's institutions denounced; while to his chagrin his ready eloquence recedes, and he is struck dumb.

"Now here was Justice Bolt compelled to sit.  
To hear the deist's scorn, the rebel's wit;  
The fact misstated, the envenomed lie,  
And staring spell-bound, made not one reply."

The Justice, after this embarrassing experience, becomes somewhat gentler in his harangues for some years, until one day he espies the Jacobite orator alone and unprotected at a dinner of parsons. Now is the Justice's chance, and with loud-swelling eloquence he drives the "rebel" out.

"Exulting now he gained new strength of fame,  
And lost all feeling of defeat and shame."

The exquisite irony of situation is managed with great skill, accentuating the self-centered, obtuse personality of the Justice, upon whom, of course, the humor is quite lost.

In bringing about this double point of view—the man as he appears to himself, and as he appears to a superior intelligence—Crabbe employs with even greater skill a certain practical antithesis of phrase. For example, When the gentleman

farmer, Gwyn, in the tale of that name, proudly scornful and imperiously self-sufficient, is brought beneath the sway of his gentle, dependent Rebecca and her crafty assistants, Crabbe observes,

“Free and happy soul!  
He scorned submission, and a man’s control;  
But where such friends in every care unite  
All for his good, obedience is delight.”

Or when Gwyn is vexed at his neighbor’s criticism of his radical views,—

“Yet strange that anger in a man so wise  
Should from the notions of these fools arise;  
Can they so vex us, whom we so despise?”

Again, in the “Wages,” two friends have married women of totally unlike disposition,—the one, Clubb, a self-reliant domineering woman, who rules him with an iron hand; the other, Counter, “a weeping-willow” sort of maiden, whom he bends to his every wish. The latter, boasting of his freedom, dares his friend to ride with him to Newmarket, disregarding any objection which his wife may raise. However—and here appears the irony of which Crabbe is so fond—while Clubb is applauded for his daring, Counter finds himself prevented from carrying out the wager, by the hysterical protestations of his gentle wife.

“For now he saw that those who were obey’d,  
Could, like the most subservient, feel afraid;  
And tho’ a wife might not dispute the will  
Of her liege lord, she could prevent it still.”

Whereupon he writes a withdrawal to Clubb, observing with truly masculine magnanimity,

“What if I could my gentle spouse command?  
Is that a cause I should her tears withstand?

Be it agreed that all contentions cease,  
And no such follies vex our future peace.  
Let each keep guard against domestic strife,  
And find nor slave nor tyrant in his wife.”

The realistic quality of the “Tales,” which was to serve the purpose of arousing the reader’s interest, is largely due to very



clear and accurate descriptive power. How distinctly the sitting-room of "Procrastination" rises before our eyes ;

"Around the room an Indian paper blazed  
With lively tints, and figures boldly raised ;  
Silky and soft, upon the floor below  
Th' elastic carpet rose with crimson glow.

Within a costly case of varnish'd wood,  
In even rows, her polish'd volumes stood,  
Shown as a favor to the chosen few  
To prove what beauty for a book could do.

Above her head, all gorgeous to behold,  
A time-piece stood on feet of varnish'd gold ;  
A stag's-head crest adorned the pictured case ;  
Thro' the pure crystal shone th' enamelled face ;  
And, while on brilliants mov'd the hands of steel,  
It click'd from pray'r to pray'r, from meal to meal."

What an insight into the character of the owner of the apartment are its books, adorned with artificial beauty, and the gilded clock that ticks the meaningless hours away !

In "Arabella" we find a prophetic shadow of the much-dreaded "new woman" of some years ago :

This reasoning maid, above her sex's dread,  
Had dared to read, and *dared to say she'd read*  
(Not the last novel, or the new-born play ;  
Not the mere trash and scandal of the day)  
But (tho' her young companions felt the shock)  
She studied Berkely, Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke !"

Most of us, I think, have experienced the jar of a similar shock, and most of us can point to one among our many acquaintances as the lass of "mild, subdued, expiring air," though it has been left to George Crabbe to describe her in just that way.

There is a simplicity and even nobility about Crabbe's best characters, and a typical value in the others, which is a strong feature of their reality. Can you wish a more gentle, unselfish, altogether sweet-spirited acquaintance than the rejected hero of "Procrastination" ? How simply and fearlessly Crabbe has pictured him for us, but with what telling strokes, side by side with former love, when

"At prayers he sees  
 The pious Dinah dropped upon her knees  
 Thence as she walks the street with stately air  
 As chance directs, oft meet the parted pair ;  
 When he, with thick-set coat of badgeman's blue,  
 Moves near her shaded silk of changeful hue,  
 When his thin locks of gray approach her braid,  
 A costly purchase made in beauty's aid ;  
 When his frank air, and his unstudied pace,  
 Are seen with her soft manner, air and grace,  
 And his plain artless look, with her sharp meaning face ;  
 It might some wonder in a stranger move,  
 How these together could have talked of love."

Finally, in the characterization of the "Tales," we find a charming freshness—like the first cool sniffs of salt air which the breezes waft to us from the sea. Sometimes this appears in a turn of situation or plot, as in the unexpected denouement of the "Learned Boy," when the pious youth, who

"Could rehearse  
 Which were the middle chapter, word, and verse,  
 The very letter in the middle placed,  
 And so employed the hours that others waste",

comes to a reckless young manhood, not uncommon to a prodigious piety of that sort, and becomes a professing atheist. Puffed up with vanity, he strives to instruct his old-fashioned (orthodox) family in his radical views, criticising the Bible, but condescendingly admitting that

"The book has things that are not much amiss."

But he is cut short in his pedagogical career by his father, who remarks,

"Teachers men honor, learners they allure ;  
 But learners teaching, of contempt are sure ;  
 Scorn is their certain meed, and smart their only cure !"

And promptly administers an emphatic flogging

"Till every doubt to due respect gave place—  
 Such cures are done when doctors know the case !"

If there were more such penetrating doctors in the world, perhaps there would be less complaint of the dissatisfaction engendered by college education.

Certainly very startling is the dialogue between the gay light-hearted Sybil and her solemn Quaker-like suitor in the "Frank Courtship"—

"Sybil—' Proceed, good doctor, if so great my need,  
What is thy fee? Good doctor, pray proceed.'

" 'Large is my fee, fair lady, but I take  
None till some progress in my cure I make.  
Thou hast disease, fair maiden, thou art vain ;  
Within that face sit insult and disdain,  
Thou art enamored of thyself.'"

A frank method of proposal, which may rival that of a knight, or even a Mr. Darcy, in freshness and originality !

Again in a father's letter to his son, whose head has become somewhat turned by association with high society ("The Patron"), appears the following common-sense advice :

" In silent ease, at least in silence dine,  
Nor one opinion start of food or wine.  
Thou know'st that all the science thou canst boast  
Is of thy father's simple boil'd and roast ;  
Nor always these ; he sometimes saved his cash  
By interlinear days of frugal hash."

It is the abundance of such spicy comment as this last that leads Mr. Jaffrey to say of Crabbe : " By far the most remarkable thing in his writings is the prodigious mass of original observations and reflections they everywhere exhibit".

MARIE MURKLAND.

## CHIVALRY AND FEUDALISM.

In studying the middle ages, two institutions immediately attract the attention of those interested in the origin and effects of the main features of that time. These two are so closely related, to all appearance at least, that the question is often asked, "What is the exact relation of chivalry to feudalism?" After a good deal of close study the conclusion reached is that chivalry was not necessarily the offspring of feudalism, as some hold ; but rather a peculiarity of the times, a great moral force, which had its effect on feudalism from without and which tended to soften and beautify the coarser phases of that system.

If chivalry were the outcome of feudalism, surely customs and practices of chivalry would not be found among tribes and nations who had absolutely no feudal system. And yet, far back among the ancient Germans, there was a certain ceremony

observed in giving arms to the young men, which was undoubtedly the source of the ceremony of knightly investiture so characteristic of chivalry. Even before the day of Charlemagne, in fact in old Roman times, the horseman or knight was always considered as belonging to an entirely different class from that of the common foot-soldier. Many of the strange combinations of vice and virtue so peculiar to chivalry are found in the far East. Consider the Saracen. In him we find the same pride and arrogance, coupled with punctilious dignity, the same fanaticism, in company with the sternest discipline, and the same feeling of personal honor, which are all supposed to be characteristics of the knight alone. In fact, in the Saracen the dignity is deeper, the discipline greater, and the feeling of honor more exact and truer than in the knight. But who would attempt to prove that the Saracen was ever the victim of a feudal system in any form?

There are, however, several close points of contact between chivalry and feudalism. The most important of these is their relation in regard to time. By no means does chivalry start with or from feudalism. It is true that both showed signs of future prominence about the end of the eighth century, just after the reign of Charlemagne. From this time forward they grew great together, strengthening each other; and when the feudal system finally decayed and disappeared during the fifteenth century, chivalry seemed to lose its former vigor and degenerated at last into mere empty show, more suited to amuse a frivolous people than to satisfy the aesthetic needs of an age.

Another point of resemblance, where at first sight all seems to be most distinct, is found in the outward forms and ceremonies of the two systems, so much alike that in reality it is most difficult to trace the relations of chivalry and feudalism. Fealty and investiture required service on horseback, the education of the young man at the castle of his feudal superior and the final dubbing of a knight by his chief,—these, when studied in detail, seem to form a hopeless maze out of which exit is impossible. But compare the principles of both. Balance the fierce, unjust, selfish, all's-fair-in-love-and-war attitude of the feudal baron with the gentle, honorable, generous, valiant ideal of the knight. Chaucer in his usual terse fashion has pictured this ideal in the well-known passage:—



"A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,  
That fro the time that he firste began  
To riden out, he loved chivalrie,  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.

He never yet no vilanie ne sayde  
In all his lif, unto no manere wight.  
He was a veray parfit gentil knight."

Not for a moment did all knights have these fine qualities, nor were all barons brutes; but the motto of feudalism might easily have been "the survival of the fittest"—to-day we would say "grab"—and the motto of chivalry was "noblesse oblige."

Feudalism was a system of military land tenure. It was clearly defined in principle even if not put perfectly into practice. Chivalry, on the other hand, was a subtle something not so easily explained. Outwardly, it was an order of men chosen under certain conditions with certain qualifications. Inwardly,—which is more important, for it is only the spirit of chivalry that counts to-day,—it was a great moral force, contending with the brute forces in man as embodied in the system of feudalism through all western Europe, in fact throughout all of the then known world. Because this force had never before been so prominent, because at that time it was one of the leading motives of daily life, because in giving the ideal of the perfect gentleman to the world it has played its part and no longer needs to receive attention, chivalry is called a peculiarity of the middle ages. It holds in many minds a place co-ordinate with that of monasticism and the crusades, both of which had strong influence on chivalry and were greatly affected in their turn by chivalry.

The ideal feudal system had a place for every man. From king to lowest sub-vassal no man was without his master. In this way all classes were reached by the arms of the government. So feudalism easily became an almost universal system, while chivalry was extremely limited in its scope. In the first place, there was a strict requirement in regard to military accouterment. This was by no means easily satisfied, for no little wealth was required to support a knight and his horse. Then, as a usual thing, noble lineage or at least good birth, was required. Finally a period of service in a great lord's household was absolutely necessary. All of these requirements tended to keep the lower classes from attaining to knighthood,

and so chivalry embraced within its rules and regulations only the rich and the noble.

Chivalry produced its effect upon feudalism as an outside force. This force was the result of the contact of church and barbarian, of luxurious East and hardy West. It was exactly what was most needed to fill out the character of the middle ages. Charlemagne and the warlike kings who preceded and directly followed him had laid the foundation of mediaeval society. It remained for chivalry to complete the vast structure and to animate the form of the middle ages by becoming the soul of the times.

Chivalry was above all an enormous corrective power. Most of its strength was used to soften the harsh methods then employed by feudal lords. The merciless, unjust actions of the barons against their tenants were modified by the spirit of mercy and justice which they felt as Christian knights. Temperance and valor became more esteemed than wantonness and deceit. The Christian knight was the ideal of rich and poor alike, and even though this knight more often was proved to be ideal than found to be real, his virtues were ever before the public eye. "Valiant knight" and "worthy gentleman" came to be telling phrases in summing up a man's character.

The age of chivalry was essentially imaginative; and one of the strongest reasons for the hold of chivalry upon feudalism and upon the people, was that it appealed to the imagination of all. This appeal accomplished two great ends,—by putting the hardships of the poor in an unreal light, it made them more easily endured; and it furnished something which satisfied the craving of the aesthetic senses of the nations in general. All the hardship and misery which could be suggested by the word "crusade" meant nothing to the poor man who followed his lord to battle, content to do anything for his God and for the knight whose valor and honor so inspired him. What man could think of privation with all the pomp and pageantry of a feudal army before his eyes? What man could possibly remember his own poor clothes, the cold, his need even of food, when his aesthetic senses were reveling in the marvelous display of color, the glitter, and the glory of a tournament or of the king's court. Once in a while he might wake from his living dream, decide that he really was a little cold and hungry; but lo! one blast of the herald's trumpet, the slightest mention of a great knight's name, and he was off again into fairy land.

This blinding of the common people to their wrongs did much to keep feudalism alive for a longer time than it might otherwise have lasted. By it, those people who were laden with the heavy burdens of the feudal system were kept amused and busy and in a continually expectant frame of mind, for it was constantly planning some new scheme to make life as a whole more pleasant. People had no chance to complain or to seek redress for their troubles, and so feudalism lived on and on until its end which, strange to say, was caused by one of the direct results of chivalry, namely, reverence for the aristocracy.

This reverence for aristocracies and the beautifying effect of chivalry upon feudalism is, of course, the strongest bond of relationship between the two. Without chivalry, feudalism could not have lasted so long; and without feudalism and its support to the crusades, chivalry could never have reached the heights of glory to which it attained. Each was largely dependent upon the other. The softening, beautifying influence of chivalry was by far the most important bond during the active life of both; but that which caused in part the fall of one, and shortly after, the decadence of the other was that which contributed largely to the great motive power of the next era. Reverence for aristocracies, leading gradually up to a belief in the divine right of kings, was the keynote of the next centuries until it in turn was replaced by something more suited to the growing needs of a still later day.

PHYLLIS FALDING.

## THE TARN

Surrounded by the gray-green marish grass  
A sullen pool of stagnant water sleeps,  
So sunk in twilight that no sunbeam sweeps  
Across its margin, as the slow days pass.

Around it stand the dead and dying pines,  
Whose gaunt limbs gleam through mosses silvery gray,  
Death always broods here, plotting to decay,  
Beside the mute mere's iridescent lines.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE.

## EVENING

The sun-flushed sails stand in from sea  
On the flood-tide's shoreward setting flow,  
And a hum throbs up from the sheltered quay,  
Where the white-capped fishermen go.

Sink sun,  
And give the mild moon place,  
Day's done ;  
We'll rest us for a space.

The boats lie anchored by the hill ;  
The low wind whispers a lullaby ;  
There's not a sound save the whip-poor-will,  
There's not a light but the lamps of the sky.

Rise, rise !  
Moon, give us of thy light !  
Day dies ;  
We'll rest us through the night.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE.

## "LITTLE SISTER"

Miss Gardiner knocked at the dressing-room door. "Evelyn, a letter for you."

"Oh, thank you ; the mail hadn't come when we were downstairs. Isabella, I'd like to have you meet my sister. Catherine, this is Miss Gardiner."

The dashing girl in the doorway came into the room, and extended a welcoming hand. She looked sharply from one to the other, the tall, commanding woman and the shy girl. "So this is little sister. Mercy, there's the half-hour call. I've been out all day tramping in the snow, and I didn't want to come to this dirty hole to-night. But I suppose I'll have to earn my salary. Well, little sister, come and pay me a visit when Evelyn is on. I'm next door." She smiled pleasantly, slammed the door, strode into the next room, and shut that door with equal vigor.



"She's very pleasant, isn't she?" commented the "little sister".

"Yes, she's warm-hearted under it all."

"Under what?" asked the girl.

"That jolly-good-fellow style," answered Evelyn Ripley, and started her make-up, while the girl watched curiously. Except for Miss Ripley's extra height, the two sisters were much alike, and probably Miss Ripley had been, ten years ago, what "little sister" was now. But ten years of fending for herself had robbed the older girl of the gentle, tender look of "little sister". Whatever storms had threatened, "little sister's" life had passed serenely. She stood there, slight and golden-haired, her black dress contrasting with the gorgeous many-colored costumes on the wall.

"Jolly-good-fellow style! What do you mean, Evelyn?"

Miss Ripley looked up to explain, but a knock on the door of the next room interrupted, and a masculine voice called, "I say, Miss Gardiner, will you toss me out a cigarette? I left mine up at the hotel. Oh yes, thanks awfully."

The older girl turned and watched the expression of astonishment on "little sister's" face change to one of horror. "How dreadful!"

"Oh yes, Isabelle smokes. That's part of the jolly-good-fellow style. They don't teach that at the convent, do they?"

"No, they don't!" said the girl decidedly.

"Don't you ever try to be smart that way," said the older girl almost fiercely.

"No danger," responded Catherine. Then, in a moment, "O, let me do your hair for you! I love to fix hair. There's such a lot of yours, only I wish you wouldn't curl it. It's so much prettier plain and smooth."

"That's all right for a schoolgirl like you, Catherine, but I'm not a simple flower that wants to blush unseen in this play. Now I'm convinced that the Hon. Mrs. Wainwaring would have curls, not to say frizzes, and a tiara. This is really very mild."

When the elaborate arrangement was complete and Miss Ripley had donned the brilliant evening gown, Catherine surveyed the work of her hands with pride. The older girl laid her hand on Catherine's shoulder. "I'm so glad you're here. It's been such a long time."

"Ready yet?" called a gay voice, and Miss Gardiner entered.

"Will little sister keep my purse for me while I'm on?" Catherine followed them down the hall to the long mirror, where they paused for a final inspection.

"Well, sister Anne, if you'll stay in the watch-tower and guard the purses, we'll be much obliged," and the two passed down the stairs, where the Hon. Mrs. Wainwaring and Lady Gwendolin were soon in the midst of a stage dance.

Lady Gwendolin's part consisted largely in filling in the picture, so she was at liberty to converse freely. "Bill, have you seen Miss Ripley's little sister? Sweetest thing you ever saw. She's been in a convent the last three years while Miss Ripley was in Australia, and I feel like confessing all my sins whenever I look at her."

"Hope I don't see her," replied Lord Geoffrey.

"Yes you do too, Bill. She's as pretty as a picture. 'You left your fan in the music room, Lady Rodney. Don't bother about it. I'll go fetch it immediately. Come along, Geoffrey.'" Miss Gardiner's work in that act was done, so, followed by Mr. Sumner, she mounted the stairs.

*"Ouvre moi la porte  
Pour l'amour de Dieu",*

she sang, and Catherine came out. "Many thanks sister Anne. It's too near the end of the week to lose one's purse, although I'm dead broke already. Oh you little fudge girl," and she flung her arms around Catherine's neck.

Mr. Sumner had followed Miss Gardiner up the stairs, and now stood watching the proceedings with a cynical smile. Catherine blushed and returned quickly to the dressing-room.

"I say, she is pretty. Let's introduce Walton to her. He'd be crazy about her."

"No, you don't. You wouldn't have her meet that old tank, would you?"

"Why not? It would be rather amusing. Sweet sixteen and a man of forty."

"Bill Sumner, if you do, I'll never speak to you again!" and a very irate Miss Gardiner flung into her room to dress for the next act. Soon she knocked on the partition. "Won't you come in and keep me company till Evelyn comes, little sister?"

Little sister gasped, remembering the cigarettes. But she only said, "Why, that would be very nice." She slipped into

the next room, leaving the door ajar so she could see Evelyn when she came. Some minutes later, steps were heard on the stairs.

"Oh, there she is!" cried Catherine.

Miss Gardiner looked out. "No, it's Mr. Walton," and she shut the door quickly. "Evelyn isn't off until the end of the act."

When the play was over Miss Ripley and Catherine stood waiting for Miss Gardiner. "It's much pleasanter to walk to the hotel together," Evelyn explained.

"I suppose so," Catherine responded doubtfully.

"Did it shock you dreadfully?"

"What?" the girl inquired.

"The cigarettes."

"Oh, be careful. Some one will hear you."

"Why, they all know it," Evelyn answered. A man walked down the hall to the stairs.

"Good evening, Miss Ripley," he said, and then looked at Catherine.

"Catherine, won't you go and see what's keeping Miss Gardiner? Good evening, Mr. Walton. Wasn't it a splendid house this evening? I hadn't supposed the play would draw as well as this."

"Yes, good house; the management ought to be pleased," he answered, but stood looking up the hall. "You looked awfully well this evening, Miss Ripley. By Jove, you've the prettiest hair I ever saw."

"Thank you a lot. It's straight as a string, no particular color, and there isn't much of it, but otherwise it's very handsome hair."

"Heavens, you're fierce to-night. I'd better run before you eat me," and he went down the stairs.

The next evening passed pleasantly enough until the end of the second act, when, in taking off the lace robe she wore in that and the fourth acts, Miss Ripley caught it, and tore it badly.

"Oh Catherine, can you pin it up so that it won't show? I've got to wear it in the last act. What shall I do?"

"I'll sew it up for you. Sister Margaret taught me how to do that kind of lace."

"You blessed child ! I don't care how you do it, if it's only done in time. Here, I must get dressed."

Both her sister and Miss Gardiner were downstairs during all of the third act, and Catherine was glad to have something to do. She had often done such lace work in the convent, but never by one dim light. She looked out into the hall. It was empty, and there was the big mirror with large lights all around it. She took her work down there, and continued the mending more swiftly. She sewed on, intent upon the work, and was startled to hear some one say,

"So you are Miss Ripley's sister from the convent ?"

She looked up. It was a man with a deeply hued face which twitched when he spoke. If he had been a young man like Mr. Sumner, she would have been timid, but this man was not young, and his voice was very pleasant.

"Yes, I'm Miss Ripley's sister."

"And you are at a convent ?"

"Yes, I was at school there when Evelyn went to Australia, three years ago."

"Do you like it ?"

"I love it. The sisters are so lovely."

"Has it ever occurred to you that you are like a nun yourself ?"

"Oh no. I'm not half good enough. You don't know how good they are."

"No, I don't believe I do. What are you going to do when you finish there ?"

She looked up timidly. "You won't laugh ? I want to go on studying music. Sister Elizabeth says I have talent, and now that Evelyn is home again I want to stay with her and study. She'll be in New York all next winter, and not on the road."

"Do you come along with us to-morrow ?"

"No ; I'm going back in the morning."

"So you'll leave the wicked theater and go back to the convent."

"I don't think the theater is wicked. I like it. Everyone is so nice to me. At first the mother didn't want me to come, but she knew I hadn't seen Evelyn for such a long time, and at last she said I might. If the mother only knew how nice everyone was—"



"Then everyone is nice?"

"That is, almost everyone."

"Why don't you go on the stage?"

"O, I haven't any talent! No manager would want me," Catherine laughed.

"I'm sure if I were a manager I'd want you."

"Really, I haven't any talent, and I like music so much better," she insisted earnestly.

"That is a pretty good reason," he admitted.

She shook out the lace. "Do you think it will show where I've mended it? Evelyn has to wear it in the last act."

He reached and took both her hands and held the lace to the light. "No, that won't show." There was a step on the stairs and he dropped her hands. Miss Gardiner stopped in surprise, but Catherine ran forward.

"See, it's all mended now. Is that good enough?"

"Bless you, yes. Mr. Walton, you'll be wanted in a minute."

"Thank you," he answered, and went away.

"You poor child! Isn't he a handsome specimen?" said Miss Gardiner.

"He doesn't look very well. What makes his face jerk so? Is he ill?"

"You little fudge girl, he's soaked all the way through!"

"Why, is it raining?" she asked.

Miss Gardiner stared at the girl, and then drew her close and kissed her. "Yes, dear, it *is* raining hard."

That night, when the play was over, Catherine said good-bye to them all. They were late, and Miss Gardiner had gone ahead while Catherine waited outside the door for Evelyn, who needed all of the small room to fold the elaborate costumes.

The man with the white-hued face came down the hall. A swift glance told him that the place was empty. He stepped forward, "Oh, Miss Ripley, you aren't going away without saying good-bye to me," he murmured.

"Of course not," she smiled, and held out her hand. "Good-bye."

He took her hand. "And next winter, when you are down in New York studying, you'll come and play for me."

"Why, yes, if you'd like to have me."

"Then you will." He bent towards her, but stopped as he heard the trunk lid in the dressing-room close.

"Good-bye," he repeated, "till next year."

On the way to the hotel, Evelyn remarked, "I'm glad you liked the company. There was one person I didn't want you to meet."

"Oh, Evelyn, it didn't matter!"

"No, as things turned out. But it was a close call that first evening." Catherine nodded, thinking of Miss Gardiner. "I had to do something almost rude to avoid him," Miss Ripley continued, but the rattle of a passing cart drowned her words.

Back in the convent, Catherine told all her friends about the visit. "Yes, the people were lovely to me."

"The actors and actresses?" questioned the awe-struck group.

"Yes, they were so nice."

"I supposed they were awfully bad," said the youngest girl.

"No, they were all very kind. But I'll tell you something if you'll *promise* not to tell."

"Word of honor," they whispered.

"Well—one of the women *smoked*," said little sister.

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

## THE BUBBLE AND THE SEA

The bubble sang to the sea,  
"Oh, would I were mighty as thee,  
With green waves that roar  
From shore to far shore,  
Old as eternity."

To the bubble answered the sea,  
"Oh, would I were tiny as thee,  
To leap in the spray,  
To laugh, live a day,  
Then part of the sunlight to be."

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN.

## SKETCHES

### THE LAND OF DREAMS

Oh the land of dreams is a wonderful place !  
Red poppies brushing across your face  
Swing their full pleasure cups down to your lips  
As you lie in the grass. And one of the white cloud-ships  
Sails straight from the sun or the sky-waves of blue  
Bearing your dearest dream-treasure come true,  
Your lady of dreams, with her dream-perfect face.  
Oh the land of dreams is a wonderful place !

MARY COMFORT CHAPIN.

John and I have been married thirty-five years and we have been very happy together. John is a model husband. He gives me an allowance and does not ask me

**Sic Semper Tyrannis** to keep accounts, and when through some slight error in arithmetic I draw more money out of the bank than he has put in, he pays the difference and smiles with indulgent resignation. These supreme virtues, however, cannot blind me to the fact that he is not different from the rest of his sex in that he is hopelessly illogical and inconsistent, and conceives himself to be exactly the opposite. As long as he shows these qualities only in ordering things to eat at hotels which he would scorn at home, and such little eccentricities, I say and do nothing, but there comes a time in every woman's life when she feels that in some way she must bring her feminine reason to bear upon her husband's course of action, and then if she is wise she acts but speaks not. I had reached that time.

The crisis in the family affairs concerns Eleanor, my only daughter and youngest child, who, however, is not exactly a child, as I must continually remind myself and John, too, since she has graduated from college and celebrated her twenty-

second birthday. Now Eleanor has always known a good many boys ever since she first toddled off to kindergarten and dancing school, and she has had her share of attention. I am glad she has, though the antics of chaperone have sometimes become a trifle wearisome, and John—he has always been absurdly fond of her and is sure she is the most popular girl in town, which she is not. This was all very well until suddenly the idea dawned upon him that one young man whom he singled out was serious. He was the suitor who had come oftenest and longest—when I was a girl we called them young gentlemen to our friends and beaux to the other girls, I have just mastered the word “suitor” from hearing Eleanor and her friends discuss their affairs. Patterson Hough, for that is his name, had been coming to see Eleanor ever since she was fifteen years old, but as he had been away at college the first three years and she had been away the last four, they really had not been together a great deal. In fact, he was a rather passive actor in the play until Eleanor’s last year at college, when he somehow got wind of it that there was another who was very devoted, and then—well, he seemed to become awakened to the situation.

We were at dinner one evening when the telephone rang and Eleanor with rather unnecessary haste, left the table to answer it.

“Yes, to-night will be all right,” floated in from the hall, and soon Eleanor returned, trying to look blasé and succeeding only in looking very much pleased.

“Who called you up?” asked her father, looking at her over his glasses.

“Only Patterson Hough,” she answered indifferently. “He’s coming out to-night.”

“What does *he* want?” continued that stupid man, regardless of the frown I sent across the table.

“Perhaps he wants to talk about the iron business with you,” she answered sweetly.

John subsided, remembering the time when he had kept Patterson engaged on that subject a whole hour while Eleanor was ready to cry with vexation. I fear my remarks afterwards were a trifle severe, for he is still sensitive on the subject.

“Did he say whether his mother is better now?” I inquired, in order to put the conversation on a safer basis.

“Yes, she is some better, but the doctor wants her to be in



the country, so they are coming out to the club to stay during July," and even I must admit that my daughter looked a trifle conscious.

"Oh," I said, and gave John a look which sealed his lips for the rest of the meal.

"Well," he burst out, when we had gone up to our room, "I suppose you think Patterson Hough isn't serious now! Coming out to the club for July! I suppose there is no other place on the lake for his mother to go! I suppose—"

"I never said he wasn't serious," I broke in calmly. "I think he is, and I don't see why he shouldn't be."

"Cornelia!" he gasped with an "et tu Brute" gesture, "why, Eleanor is nothing but a child!"

"Nonsense, John. I was the mother of John Junior when I was her age. Besides, as you said when John Junior was married, 'They all do it—you must get used to this idea.'"

"The cases are entirely different," he replied, and preserved a dignified silence until time to say "good-night".

Patterson Hough and his mother came out to the club as they had planned just a few days after we had arrived, and then began a period of storm and stress for Eleanor and me, yes, and for John, too, such as I never in my life hope to go through again. Patterson was openly devoted; Eleanor was outwardly serene but really in the midst of all the thrills of joy and anguish which every girl feels it her privilege to experience at this time in her life. I pretended to be oblivious to it all, chaperoned them blandly and tried to stifle a secret pang in my heart, while John—John was insufferable. There is no other word for it, and if I had another daughter I should consign him to a desert island before I would subject her to what Eleanor endured. It seemed as if he could not have her out of his sight. If she and Patterson went down on the beach to read under the friendly shade of a parasol, he immediately became possessed with a desire to be there, too, and would stroll around with a frown which made them both feel like culprits, guiltless as they knew themselves to be; if they were sitting out a dance on the side veranda he was sure he had left his book there, and would insist on hunting for it. To Eleanor he was taciturn and inclined to speak slightly of Patterson, with me he was irritating and pathetic by turns, and to Patterson himself he

was as distant and cool as Mont Blanc, and yet, exasperated as I sometimes was, I had to admit to myself, though I would not do so to him, that I felt a certain sympathy for him. There were moments when Eleanor puzzled even me, and I could not decide whether she really cared for Patterson or not. On a number of occasions I was on the verge of losing my temper with her for not telling me—but that of course was no excuse for John.

"I don't want her to marry him," he exclaimed one day for the fiftieth time.

"What do you dislike about him?" I asked. "Everyone speaks well of his character, he's a good business man, and you know you have always admired his father. What more can you ask?"

"That has nothing to do with it," he replied, while I tactfully refrained from asking him what he would take into consideration. "Besides, he smokes a pipe, and I never knew a man yet to turn out well who smoked a pipe," and he puffed furiously at his cigar.

"John Junior smokes one," I said, meekly.

"Oh, you women are always so illogical, you never grasp the significance of things—" and with that he went to find Eleanor.

This state of affairs kept up for nearly a month. Eleanor became pale and worried-looking, and as for me, the strain of hearing her troubles on one hand and trying to comfort her and hearing John's on the other and trying to bring him to reason, was almost too much. She was even afraid to be nice to Patterson, not understanding what was really the matter and he, vaguely feeling something was wrong, did not know whether he should speak or not. Moreover, he was going away in a few days, and it began to look as if they would come to no understanding and separate, both feeling perfectly miserable. It was at this stage that I decided something must be done and that I assumed the character of *deus ex machina*.

I was reading on the veranda late the next morning when I saw Patterson come up the steps. Some way, I can't imagine how, my glasses fell off just at that moment and splintered to pieces on the floor. Patterson jumped to pick them up.

"Oh, what shall I do!" I exclaimed anxiously. "Is there an optician in the village, Patterson? It seems as if I must have them mended immediately."

"There isn't one in the village," he answered promptly, "but I can take them in to the city. I can take the machine and catch that 12:15 train and then get back here about half-past eight this evening."

"Oh, I couldn't let you," I said anxiously, but there he was already off the porch, so there was nothing left for me to do but to take another pair of glasses out of my bag and go on with my book. John sat down with me soon afterwards and we were talking comfortably when Eleanor joined us.

"Where is Patterson?" she asked.

"I heard him say he was going to town——"

"Going to town!" she exclaimed, "why, he wasn't going until to-morrow."

"I saw him go off in his automobile," I answered calmly. She said nothing, but in spite of all she could do her eyes filled with tears as she walked into the house.

"Do you mean to tell me," John demanded, "that Patterson Hough went off like that without even saying good-bye?"

"He will probably write to her. He may have thought it would be easier for them both that way."

"Do you mean to say he hasn't asked her to marry him after all his devotion?" he asked.

"I'm afraid he felt that such a proposal would not be viewed with approval." I considered this sufficiently vague.

"Will you ask Eleanor to come down here, please?" he said, and I all too willingly went to seek her. And then when she came down I did a thing I have never done before and never expect to do again. I sat down around the corner of the veranda and listened.

"Eleanor," said her father severely, "I am afraid you have not acted as you should toward Patterson Hough. If he has gone off without saying good-bye to you it is because you have implied a rejection by your manner. Everyone speaks well of his character, he is a good business man and I have always admired his father, so I hope in the future when you see him you will treat him differently."

"Why, father," gasped Eleanor, "I thought you didn't like him—oh, father!"—and she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

When I saw Eleanor alone a little while afterwards I remarked innocently that I hoped Patterson could get my glasses fixed and not miss his train.

"Is that what he went in for?" she asked, looking straight at me.

"Why, yes," I said, "didn't I mention it?"

That evening when Patterson returned, Eleanor wore a very different expression from that which she had worn in the morning. I saw them saunter down the moonlit road together and I smiled sympathetically over at John. He smiled back at me and took my hand just as he used to do thirty years ago.

"I hope they will be as happy as we have been, dear," he said, and then after a pause, "I wonder why you always objected to him, anyway?"

MARION CODDING CARR.

#### SPRING

It is, Oh for the mountains,  
These bright sunny days,  
When the world is a-shimmer  
With moist silver haze,  
And the breezes, fresh blowing,  
Are calling to me  
Their message of spring time,  
Of love, pure and free.

I look up from my latin  
And paved streets I see,  
But the wind bringeth memories,  
Visions, to me.  
I am out on the hillside,  
Out under the sky,  
And the fresh winds are whispering  
Of love, strong and high.

Out there on the hillside  
'Twixt mountains and lake,  
Where a single boat sails  
With its white foamy wake,  
The rocks where I'm standing,  
The shimmering wave,  
All tell but one story—  
'Tis love, tried and brave.



The magic of spring time  
 Is over the land  
 Far away, the sun's warm  
 On my dear rocks and sand.  
 The buds are all swelling,  
 The sky's a soft blue,  
 And the whole earth is telling  
 Of love, firm and true.

In the woods the birds twitter,  
 The red squirrels scold,  
 And through the bare branches  
 The sun filters gold.  
 Old winter is going  
 And spring is at hand,  
 The whole air feels the secret  
 Of love without end.

I can hear the waves calling—  
 Oh, to answer their voice!  
 To be out in the open,  
 To *live* and rejoice.  
 Oh, in "God's Out-of-Doors"  
 To taste quiet and rest  
 While all nature is dreaming  
 Of love, sacred and blest.

I am here in the window,  
 A book on my knee.  
 I can't answer the summons  
 The hills send to me.  
 But the message they'd tell me  
 Soft falls on my ear,  
 For the one thought of spring time  
 Is love, *there* or *here*.

LAURA BROWN MCKILLIP.

They had ridden in the park every day except Sundays for almost a year. They had ridden at about the same time—she starting at the western entrance at about three o'clock, and he starting from the stable near the eastern entrance at a little after that hour. The roads through the park were many and divergent, but every horseman knows Queen's bridle path and Prince Charlie's walk. They run nearly parallel and are only separated by

a thick hedge, but a rider on one might pass a rider on the other every day in the year and never know it. This is what "they" had been doing. "They" were a man and a girl, or a girl and a man in the proper order of value. She was light and slender and bewitchingly feminine, and she rode a black mare that was as perfect a specimen of horseflesh as a lady could wish. Her name was Elaine, and it suited her perfectly.

He was strong and handsome and sufficiently imposing on his black cob to make many fair faces turn and look a second time and then turn back and sigh that all men were not blessed of the gods with such a noble bearing. His name was Lancelot Howard, and unlike the Lancelot of fashion, he had an image deep down in his heart which was best described by "Elaine the fair, Elaine the noble, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat". That is, his ideal of feminine beauty was a fair-haired girl whose name he rather hoped would be Elaine.

Perverse fate had kept these two apart for almost a year and might have continued to do so if John Henry hadn't decided to thwart it. John Henry was a "coon", a real black southern coon who had never been northernized. His beat in the park was the central section of Queen's bridle path and Prince Charlie's walk, and his duty was to walk up one and down the other. It so happened that when he went west he usually met Lancelot and going east he met Elaine. But he never thought of them by these names. Elaine was "missy" and Lancelot was "massa" perhaps because Elaine gave him friendly smiles and Lancelot sociable quarters quite frequently. Other people rode in the park but these were his favorites, and one day he conceived in his wooly old head the bright idea of their meeting.

The next day, he met Lancelot and challenged him with a "hey dar, massa!" and our hero, with an intention to lengthen his stirrup, decided to humor the old man and dismounted.

Without further preliminary John Henry queried, "You know missy who ride on t'other path?"

"Why, Mr. Henry, I'm not sure. Who is missy?"

For answer the old man, whose keen ear had caught hoof-beats on the other road, hurriedly grasped the brown cob's bridle and pushed a most reluctant young man through an opening in the hedge row almost directly under the feet of the black mare. As the horse shied quickly, Lancelot, with admirable presence of mind, removed his cap and murmured an

apology while his eye took in a charming face as haughty as a decidedly startled look would permit.

"Heavens, man!" said Lancelot, as he pushed back through the hedge and glared at John Henry, "what did you do that for?"

The old man smiled wisely and said sagely, "After this you ride Queen's bridle path and you meet her."

But the next day, as usual, Lancelot entered Prince Charlie's path and cantered indifferently along till he reached the break in the hedge. There he paused, and then with a half-contemptuous smile he put the cob to the break and urged him through with considerable breaking of branches, managing to land on the opposite side in time to frighten the black mare again. This time Lancelot received a decided frown from the fair Elaine and was sure he caught a murmured "beast" from the tightly shut lips. Thereafter he continued his ride as before, on his own side of the hedge, although mutinous brown and flashing eyes, surmounted with golden locks, tempted him to try his luck once more.

John Henry was not to be daunted, and one day catching the bridle of Elaine's mare, cried summarily, "Come!"

With a gay laugh she dismounted and pushed ahead of him through the bushes out into the open, almost under the brown cob's heels. Instantly the rider had dismounted and stood, cap in hand, before a breathless, furious young lady. "Are you hurt? Tell me you are not hurt!" he exclaimed.

"Not at all," came the frigid answer. "Mr. Henry, what did you wish me to see?" John Henry stood mute.

"I think," bravely ventured Lancelot, "he wished you to see me!"

"You!" The word fairly vibrated with scorn. "Impossible! Why, I don't know you!"

"Nor I you, yet John Henry wished me to see you." The intimation was delicate.

"And that's why you — you — er — happened through the bushes?"

"Exactly."

"The first time, yes—but the second?"

"I wished to see you myself."

"Oh." The monosyllable was delightfully vague. It showed neither pleasure nor displeasure.

Silence, and then a painful flush on Elaine's brow.

"May I ask your assistance in mounting? You see I didn't think when John Henry said come. I just jumped off."

Silently holding aside the bushes he let her pass through the break, then followed, leading her horse.

John Henry watched him put up the slender, graceful form and adjust the reins, saw him mount his own horse, saw them both hesitate and then with a laugh start off together. John Henry saw all this and chuckled. Then he scratched his woolly head and looked contemplatively at the bill Lancelot had thrust into his hand, saying, "He needn't a' done that, but I calc'late I'se gwine be 'nvited to de weddin', an' dis 'ill buy de weddin' present."

ETHEL BELLE KENYON.

Ellen was the prettiest waitress in the hotel dining-room. Everyone agreed to this, from the tiniest bell-boy to the six-foot office clerk who scowled

**A Romance of the Dining-Room** under his black eyebrows at the people he didn't

like. Yet even he smiled—almost tenderly—when he saw a certain white-capped vision of curly brown hair and dancing blue eyes moving gracefully among the chattering tables; so during meal hours he always looked pleasant, for then he could see her very easily from his office desk, and without any craning of neck or tilting of chair to betray his interest. Ellen never looked in his direction—not she! Wasn't she waiting on Mr. Haynes, the "finest and most beautiful young man that ever lived"? And didn't he always smile when he said "Good morning" to her?

"Just like I was a real grand lady," she told Molly McCarty, one of her confidants, a red-haired, befreckled personage who never received anything from the occupants of her table but impatient requests of "please hurry a little".

"His hair is just lovely! I do admire that light kind—and I'm dark—and his eyes! Did you ever look straight into 'em? They're the most elegant gray you ever saw, and they make you feel all queer like when they look at you. His nose is straight, too—most men have something or other the matter with their noses, but he hain't—and when he smiles, he's got the grandest



white teeth. My sakes! And his shoulders—you could tell without knowing that he was head of his ball team at the school he useter go to, yes, I knows all about him.”

“Humph!” Mary would sniff with a shrug of her shoulders, “he ain’t a quarter as rich as Mr. Shelby. I heard the ladies talkin’ on the porch yesterday, when I was behind the blinds, and they said—”

“Mr. Shelby don’t order no second helps just for the pleasure of speakin’ to you the way Mr. Haynes does, and besides, Mr. Shelby’s married.”

Ellen always had the last word in these heart-to-heart contests, and each time emerged more convinced than ever of Mr. Haynes’ affection for herself.

Luncheon was nearly over.

“Thank you, Ellen, but I don’t care for any more ice-cream.” said Mr. Haynes, and he looked smiling down the long aisle between the tables, to the window. Ellen, following his gaze, and seeing nothing but Tim, the messenger boy, concluded that the smile was hers, anyway, and had merely missed aim. The next minute her idol had pushed his chair from the table and had gone out.

“Why, he didn’t even eat his cake—that elegant chocolate cake as I had such a hard time gettin’ from the cook!” Poor Ellen’s eyes grew moist and she came near wiping them with a corner of her new apron, but she recollected just in time that such a proceeding would wrinkle it and would redden her eyes. That would never do, for Mr. Lawson was still sitting at his table, and he was almost as good-looking as Mr. Haynes, except that his hair was dark.

It was dinner time and the tables stood white and spotless, each with its centre-piece of sauce bottles and vinegar cruets, and a silent, expectant maid beside it. Ellen had modified the ugliness of her centre-piece by a large bunch of bachelors’ buttons which she had gathered that afternoon in Mrs. Langdon’s old-fashioned garden while that lady was taking her siesta. The orchestra, having ceased its painful tuning, began to play; soft gowns trailed down the stairway; gay laughter mingled pleasantly with the ever-increasing number of voices, and after the golfers and fishermen had boasted sufficiently of their afternoon’s achievements, the dining-room began to fill. Ellen was on the alert, for Mr. Haynes was always an early arrival, but

gradually a look of disappointment spread over her face, for as the minutes passed by he did not appear. She looked out into the hall; could that be he talking to Miss Smith by the fireplace? Ellen knew it was against his principles to talk with women, that is, women in general, for she had never seen him pay any attention to any of them during his whole stay of a week and a half. Besides, he always looked bored whenever they came up and talked to him, even in the case of Miss Peebles, and she—why only yesterday the head waiter said she was the best-looking “lady guest on the premises”. No, that wasn’t he after all, and her eyes made an extensive search, the only result of which was the sight of the office clerk gazing at her with all of his clerkly soul in his eyes. She stiffened, turned her back, and moved out of his field of vision. She wouldn’t look out there again! He had no business to be looking at her.

“Ellen,” said a familiar voice, “what is there this evening?” The smile with which she turned to greet Mr. Haynes was replaced by a look of dismayed astonishment, for he was not alone. Opposite him sat a pretty young lady in pink. Ellen stood, stared, and was only recalled to a consciousness of duty by Mr. Haynes’ voice:

“Come, Ellen, quickly. Please take our orders. We’ve been waiting.”

The slight note of impatience was new to her, and she stood sullenly by her rival’s side with fists unconsciously clenched, while the lady ordered the dinner in a voice which would have sounded adorable to anyone but Ellen. At every syllable Ellen became more and more filled with a horrid feeling she had sometimes felt before, and as she looked at the well-poised head with its bright brown hair, at the shapely neck and shoulders, at the filmy pink gown so exquisitely made, hatred possessed her soul.

“And please don’t forget a glass of milk. I drink one at every meal,” said the object of Ellen’s emotions, looking up at her with smiling blue eyes, but she dropped them quickly, for the expression she saw there was not friendly.

“Harry,” she said, as the girl walked away, “what is the matter with her? She has such a disobliging manner.”

“Why, I don’t know what’s come over her, I’m sure. She has always been exceedingly careful in administering to my wants—overdoes it sometimes, I should say.”

After a long time, which fortunately for Ellen seemed short to Mr. Haynes and the lady in pink, she re-appeared with her tray. A drop of soup fell upon her rival's sleeve, and another splashed on the tablecloth as Ellen set the plate down.

"Careful, Ellen," warned Mr. Haynes.

She tossed her head a little. The spot on the sleeve was growing very large—it was a greasy stain. Ellen was glad of that. Later, she experienced a thrill of malicious pleasure when the pink lady complained of the tough overdone beef, and when she asked whether the drinking-water was always warm.

"Where is my glass of milk that you promised not to forget?" said the pink lady with a most engaging smile. Ellen had made no such promise, and she wished that she could say so, but Mr. Haynes was there.

"There ain't any," she muttered.

"Now, Ellen," said Mr. Haynes sharply, "you know better than that. Go and get some right away."

Ellen obeyed, but when she returned with the milk, she slapped the glass down hard so that it shared its contents with the pink lady's plate and walked quickly away before anything could be said.

"Alice," said Mr. Haynes, pushing his chair back, "that girl shall not wait on us another minute. I'm going to speak to the head waiter and have a change made immediately."

"Please don't, Harry," said the pink lady, looking a little alarmed at the thought of a possible scene, "I think we can stand her until the end of this meal—oh! how sour the milk is!"

Dinner was over at last, and rising from the table the pink lady took two bachelors' buttons from the vase which Ellen had filled so generously and which Mr. Haynes had pushed aside at the beginning of the meal because it obstructed his view of something he would rather look at than all the flowers in the world. At this, Ellen seized the vase, marched into the kitchen and flung the flowers into the garbage pail.

It was nine o'clock that evening, when the big hall had been deserted for cards or dancing in the casino, that pretty, jealous Ellen stole softly to the desk behind which the office clerk was nodding, looked around two or three times and then, cautiously peeping at the register read, "Mrs. H. J. Haynes, Buffalo, N. Y." The half-formed suspicion, whose growth she had tried to stifle by refusing to acknowledge its existence, was suddenly replaced

by the shock of the revelation of an unpleasant truth. Mr. Haynes, the beautiful broad-shouldered Mr. Haynes, was married, and the pink lady was his wife ! She recalled with a thrill of satisfaction the stained sleeve and the sour milk. A chuckle. She looked up into the eyes of the office clerk.

"So he's married, ain't he ?" was his teasing remark.

Ellen tried to wither him with a scornful glance.

"I was just lookin' to see who came to-day, if you'd like to know, Mr. Andrews," she said grandly, "and besides it ain't any of your business !"

"I'm real sorry if I said anything to make you mad, Ellen, but come now," he continued stubbornly, "he's married, and now that you know it, you don't care a snap of your pretty fingers about him."

Ellen looked at her fingers, and her expression softened.

"Say, Ellen, I ain't been watching your pretty face for nothing these days."

Ellen almost smiled.

"And I've made up my mind about something."

"About what ?" asked Ellen.

"Maybe you don't need my telling, for I guess you're pretty good at guessing."

"Oh, go 'long, Tom. That's the very thing I'm no good at," said Ellen smiling.

"Well, you see it's this way"—the office clerk took breath—"I want you to marry me, and you're going to, ain't you ?"

No one heard what Ellen said, but the next day red haired Molly waited on Mr. and Mrs. Haynes, and as for Ellen—"I'm goin' home to get my trooseau ready."

MARGARET GANSEVOORT MAXON.



## EDITORIAL

Whether the god of winter, like some of our unbending critics, considers us frivolous of spirit and greatly in need of stringent discipline, we know not. If we judge by that fallacious exponent, appearance, a hearty affirmative is in order. But while we may quarrel at this continuation of chill blasts and high banked snow, there yet remains a certain fascination in pleasures deferred. For after all, it is only another device of a tardy beauty to make her entrance the more effective. Fault lies only in the failure to redeem the promise implied, but as the same fulfillment has satisfied our fathers since the world began, the possible disapprobation of our impotent selves need scarcely be feared.

Who has not gazed with melancholy and despondent fixedness upon the dismal prospect of a snow-bound world ; snow, that must melt and puddle and flow before there is even a chance of spring? Who, in resigned contemplation of heavy top-boots or in searching out the whereabouts of a missing umbrella has not turned in thought to the desirability and even utility of spring; spring that waves farewell to coat and muffler and fur, all the paraphernalia of winter?

At sight of the first snow of autumn there is a certain flutter of interest and heat of enthusiasm, but when the last lies brown and soiled upon the ground, the time for Nature's spring house-cleaning is at hand and delay will be endured no longer. We have worked ourselves to the imaginative state of receptivity customary in devotees of spring. We are prepared to return from long tramps over lush meadows, sore of foot and weak of limb, but jubilant in the possession of one dog-tooth violet. We are prepared to search a leaf-lined bank for the first blown wind-flower, and it was in this state of mental elation that we heard not long ago the strident caw of a crow, and straight-way announced to an interested circle of priestesses the coming

of spring. Judge of our dismay at repeated bursts of derisive laughter. It is no fault of ours, nor yet of the crow for that matter, that his song is perennial, only it undermines our position as a Cassandra.

The passing of winter is in this case attendant on the joy of pleasure-seeking in other walks than these, and after the manner of our kingly forefathers, in view of the news it bears we accord to spring the favor of our good approval. Yet for some of us the passing of winter is ushering in a period long to be remembered—the last term of our college days. It is ushering in many changes whereby we, who have held ourselves the mainstay of affairs, see ourselves graciously and efficiently replaced by those whom we have been wont to call underclassmen.

And yet it is not altogether in gloom that we realize the evanescence of our glory for in it lies consolation—the thought of the competent and faithful hands in which we leave the glory of our Alma Mater. In view of all of which, in some sorrow and great confidence we wish to announce the following election to the Editorial Board of 1907.

Editor-in-Chief—Marion Savage.

Literary Editor—Marion Coddington Carr.

Sketch Editor—Mary Royce Ormsbee.

Editor's Table—Katherine Estelle Collins.

Alumnæ Department—Ethel Belle Kenyon.

About College—Laura Casey Geddes.

Managing Editor—Helen Margery Dean.

Assistant Managing Editor—Alice McElroy.

Business Manager—Helen Bartlett Maxcy.

Treasurer—Eleanor Johnson Little.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

At the Academy of Music, March 3, "The Embassy Ball."

As the name of the actor implies, the play was a comedy. The scenic effects of the first act gave an excellent picture of life in the capital and contributed largely to the realistic conviction of the whole. The tangle of the plot was such as to hold the most vagrant attention throughout, and Mr. D'Orsay's interpretation of the rôle, coupled with his own irresistible humor, made the evening highly interesting and amusing. The support was in the main good, and although certain of the minor scenes failed to carry, they do not alter our final estimate of the play, a first-rate comedy.

L. M. R.

At the Academy of Music, March 22, Robert Edeson, in "Strongheart."

The play came to us extravagantly recommended by those who had seen it before, and perhaps that was the reason it was a little disappointing. The old question of race prejudice is the theme of the play, and Mr. Edeson was certainly a powerful pleader for the other side; but in the last act there was an overstraining of emotion on the part of the heroine that made the firelight scene monotonous. It failed to do what such a scene might well have done to emphasize the really Indian characteristics of the chief. Miss Boland was not natural, and the impression made by Strongheart suffered in consequence of this. The lighter part of the play was well done throughout, and Strongheart, as he watched the game, could not have been more realistic. As a whole, the play was above the average in interest, and was disappointing only as it showed possibilities of a more powerful presentation than that which it received.

*Uncle William—The Man who was Shiftless*, by Jennette Lee. (Century Company, New York).

This little book is quite different in its subject-matter from its predecessors; it attempts less and has none of the power of

*Kate Wetherill*, for instance, yet it is altogether charming in its way. A simple story of a kindly, philosophizing down-east fisherman and a summer artist whom he helps along the tangled path of love to a happy understanding. It is full of the sea and of the bare beauty of the North coast. Uncle William's philosophy is the result of the long days on the ocean, and it is as a lyric of the sea that the book is most attractive.

Is an Exchange Department worth while? This is the question that some of the college papers have been answering in the negative during the past year, and if the department is to be merely a series of polite remarks to the effect that "such and such a story is good," we might well agree that the space could be better employed. Those who object to the department argue that it should be critical, if it is to exist at all, and that it is unreasonable to expect an exchange editor to criticise adequately all the material that falls to the department. But after all, if this criticism could be obtained, of what real value would it be to any one? The students of other colleges cannot be expected to read criticisms of things they have never read, and it is seldom that the writer of an article gets hold of the criticism, which thus becomes a mere exchange of opinion between the two editors.

With regard to the practice of quoting verse from other college papers, we differ from those who question its value. In so doing we hold that the object of the department is not so much to offer helpful criticism to the other papers as to keep our own college in touch with the work of others, to let them see what lines of work are being attempted and with what success. The comparison will doubtless be a source of satisfaction to some, but most of us will feel that there is still something to be attained.

#### THE UNATTAINABLE

The Master Painter paints the skies  
And man looks on in wild surprise.  
Then as of old, with gloating eyes,  
He dreams to be a God, and tries  
To do as God, but trying dies.

—*Nassau Literary Magazine.*



## DEPARTURE

With no loud sudden outcry of farewell,  
No fond looks back, no stretching out of hands,  
I am departed into distant lands,  
For that a strain of melody once fell  
Upon mine ears, and doth forever swell  
Within my soul ; a music of low strands  
Softly wave-smitten, trodden by swift bands  
Of that strange shadowy people that doth dwell  
Where never change nor sorrow shake the heart,  
Where peace falls slowly like a healing rain ;  
Thither I go ; O let me soon depart,  
For long the road that must be travelled o'er  
Ere I may cast to earth my load of pain,  
Ere I may be at peace forevermore.

—*Harvard Monthly*.

Although not in any sense a plagiarism, this must nevertheless be offered as a thought product of Kipling's "L'Envoi."

## TRAILS

The old trails, the broad trails,  
Worn smooth by countless feet,—  
The known trails, the paved trails,  
Where the trading peoples meet,—  
We have turned our backs upon them,  
And all who e'er have gone them,  
For the new trails, the rough trails,  
And the strangers whom we greet.

The new trails, the strange trails,—  
We have marked them with our blood !  
The dark trails, the blind trails,  
That never led to good !  
You ask us why we sought them,  
Why with our lives we bought them ?  
—Had *ye* dared leave the old trails  
Ye would have understood !

—*Harvard Monthly*,

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### NOCTURNE

Sleep. The rivers are asleep,  
Hardly breathing as they creep  
Light o'er shallow, low round stone,  
Under willow branches blown :  
Lingering, fingering, leafy tip  
In the lingering stream adrip.

Sleep. The great bluejay's asleep,  
Crouched, head-covered in the deep  
Clotted secret of the pine,  
Where no star-prick, small and fine,  
Pierces to the folded wing  
On his wild heart quivering.

Sleep. The meadows are asleep.  
Never firefly's fairy leap  
From the grasses, bowed with dew ;  
Never will-o'-wisp winks through  
Fog's thick silent mysteries,  
Crowding at the mountain's knees.

Sleep, and dream not in your sleep.  
Day, the time to laugh and weep,  
Draws its dreams away, and now  
Blind sweet silence holds your brow.  
Languid limb, unknotted hand,  
Cool slow breath, by cool airs fanned.

Sleep. The world awake, asleep,  
Dreams too strangely, dreams too deep.  
Let it dream for you, but you  
Breathe and hush, the long dark through  
Till the golden dawn-fire leap,  
Hush. I kiss your lips asleep.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS '04.

Every September since she could remember, Eleanor had said to herself, "To-morrow is the first day of school." To-night she was saying it with a very different feeling from that of Septembers gone by. She was now to go as

**The Dear School of Experience** a teacher herself; the happy pupil days were over. Yet she thought to herself, "Perhaps I *shall* enjoy teaching more than going to school. It will be such a relief to give other people all the worry of unprepared lessons." In spite of this philosophical reflection she sighed as she contrasted the jolly college years she had left behind with the lonesome Missouri backwoods school to which she was going.

The next day came, and though it did not discourage Eleanor, she was surprised to find that starting a little country school was such a complicated process. She began the morning with the Lord's Prayer, which seemed to be an innovation. Not more than one or two children bowed their heads. The others sat bolt upright staring at their new teacher in undisguised amazement. She hardly knew what to do next, when a pert youngster asked if she wasn't going to take their "names 'n' ages. The other teachers always did." This process was made to last till recess, when the children were given thirty minutes for play instead of the regulation fifteen. The teacher wanted time to think how she could fill up the rest of the day. All too soon it was time to ring the bell and start in again. The remainder of the morning was used in examining the books. A uniform text-book law had just been passed in Missouri, but editions of McGuffey, Appleton, and Sheldon were produced, and their owners presented aggrieved faces when told they could not be used.

After dinner, which Eleanor, like the children, ate out of a tin pail, she heard a few lessons recited and dismissed school long before four o'clock. The rest of the day was spent in making out a schedule. By bedtime one was finished. It had some drawbacks however, for the program presented twenty-four recitations with seven conflicts.

Eleanor was too tired that night to pay much attention to her boarding-place. The next morning she laughed when she woke and looked around her room. On the floor was a rag carpet woven in the famous hit-or-miss pattern, mostly miss. The plastering had fallen in patches and the laths showed like bones through the broken places. In one corner was a row of old tomato cans. Mrs. Colburn had explained their office to her boarders. The roof was leaky and when it rained these cans were to be scattered around under the leaks. Mrs. Colburn told Eleanor she would better put them around every night, for it might rain without her waking up. Eleanor had always hated things that had to be done every night,—the winding of the clock, and the shutting up of the stove, and she didn't like having added to this list of duties the task of scattering five or six tin cans about the room. There was no wash-stand, but the bowl and pitcher stood on an old trunk in the corner.

The bed, with its one sheet and pillow-case that had gone through the laundering process technically known as "rough-dried," was the masterpiece of the apartment. Covering it was a "crazy quilt," which Mrs. Colburn informed her had been bought at a church fair in Ashburn. A large

part of this work of art was composed of the discarded neckties of men from the powder mills who boarded with Mrs. Foster, the originator of the quilt. Whenever she thought of this quilt, Eleanor reflected that though "higher education" might take away the superstitious fears of the childlike and ignorant, it left in their place the tenfold more horrible fear of microbes and bacteria. After all, Eleanor did not mind her room so much nor the shabby school-house with its broken window-panes and holes in the floor. She looked on it all as a joke and began a diary to keep account of funny incidents for her letters.

It was a little harder to joke about the meals. Six children, the hired man, Mr. and Mrs. Colburn and Eleanor, sat down together at meal time. The table was covered with oilcloth and placed in the kitchen uncomfortably close to the big wood stove. During the day the baby was allowed to crawl around in the dirt and then was brought to the supper table unwashed and without any change of clothing. As he was too young to use a knife and fork, his hands were made to serve in their stead. Often, with fascinated eyes, Eleanor watched the youngster dip down with both hands into his plate and scoop up some soft fried eggs. He was really a picture! The red of his hair, the blue of his eyes, the yellow egg and pink complexion shining through, formed a color scheme which would have caused a Beardsley poster to hang its head.

School moved along pretty well; but in October Eleanor had a bad scare. She had always been poor in mathematics, and as arithmetic is one of the strong points of a country school, a teacher who is weak in this subject can not hope to hold the respect of the pupils. For the most part Eleanor had managed fairly well, but one day she looked ahead and found a terrifying set of examples. She worked an entire night over them and succeeded in solving but one. This one defied her:—

"If a boat goes  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour down stream and  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles up, what is the distance it goes up stream if the time going is five hours more than would have taken it to go the same distance down stream?"

She still had a day ahead of her, and by a mixture of arithmetic and algebra managed to get the answer in the book. To be sure her method couldn't be very clearly explained to her pupils, but so much the better, said Eleanor to herself. All I want them to see this time is that I can work it and they can't.

The next morning brought a different kind of emergency. While the school was saying the Lord's Prayer, Eleanor suddenly remembered a certain Christian Endeavor meeting where a college youth had been called upon to pray and end with the Lord's Prayer, and had been unfortunate enough to forget the latter. Just as suddenly as this remembrance came, the words of the prayer went from her mind. To have saved her life, Eleanor could not have gone on. Almost instinctively she opened her eyes. There sat all the children with eyes wide open. With a great effort Eleanor managed to say gravely, "Children, I wondered if you closed your eyes while we were praying. Now shut them tight." By this time she remembered the rest of the prayer, but her knees trembled fearfully from the fright.

One morning about this time Mrs. Colburn told Eleanor that as she hadn't



been feeling very well, Mr. Colburn had decided to get a hired girl. Since the house was already crowded it would be necessary for the girl to room with the teacher. At home Eleanor had refused to room even with her sister, and at college she was known as a teetotaler in the matter of room-mates. Hence Mrs. Colburn's proposition came to her as a serious blow. The prospective girl was a certain old "Mis' Smith," who smoked home-grown tobacco and used snuff profusely. Accordingly Eleanor told Mrs. Colburn, very diplomatically, that as she was restless at night and frequently had to stay up late to correct papers, she didn't believe "Mis' Smith" would enjoy having her for a room-mate and perhaps she would better change boarding places. Mrs. Colburn was reluctant to lose her boarder's ten dollars per month, but the feelings of a hired girl have to be consulted in Missouri where it is so difficult to get any but negro help.

Eleanor benefited much by the change in boarding places. In her new home everything was plain but clean, and her landlady treated her with the utmost kindness. To make up for the increased smoothness of home life, school became more difficult. A beautiful autumn day came which at college would have meant a walk to the bridge or a row on Paradise. Eleanor was almost wild with repressed youth and fell an easy prey to the youngsters who teased her to play "black man." She had just decided that the next run must be her last. The children kept dancing around screaming, "Catch teacher! catch teacher!" With face flushed and hair flying, she started down the play-ground. Suddenly some of the smaller children got in the way and over she pitched, with two or three youngsters on top. When by main force she freed herself and stood up to straighten her very much disordered toilet, her heart died within her. Before her appeared the sleek, oily face of the secretary of the school board. In a voice which was quite in keeping with his face he said, "Ah, Miss Eleanor, havin' a leetle fun with the children? Perhaps you don't know that it is three o'clock. I've been sitting up there in the school house fur quite a while waiting fur you to ring the bell. I didn't know it wuz the custom to give mor'n fifteen minute's recess." Eleanor had not a word to say, but she managed to get into the school house, ring the bell and drag through the remaining recitations. The children never recited worse, and that night Eleanor cried herself to sleep.

Another worry was the trouble which she found in keeping up the attendance. One day Eleanor asked Blanche Brown why her brother was absent, and the little girl replied that he had to stay at home and "bug 'taters." The chills kept many children away, although they were also prevalent among those in school. Hardly a day passed that the poor teacher was not obliged to stretch some shaking child on the bench behind the stove and cover him with cloaks and coats. Sometimes two or three were sick on the same day, and it kept Eleanor busy covering up those who were shaking with chills and keeping cold cloths on those whom the fever had in its grip.

However, the trouble with chills was small compared to the growing insubordination in school. Mollie Duggan, the oldest pupil, was a thick-headed, stubborn little peasant, but she had a decidedly mathematical brain. She had become almost insolent to the teacher ever since Eleanor had failed to work an example for her on the spur of the moment. Mollie's respect was

not increased when she called at Eleanor's grandfather's, where the teacher was spending Sunday, and caught Eleanor tearing around the house with a piece of custard pie in each hand, her boy uncle Russell in hot pursuit.

By Thanksgiving Day, the climax of Eleanor's unhappiness arrived; what she had been dreading the whole year happened. She came to an example that she could not possibly work. Then she remembered that when she herself used to go to this very country school the children would say in scornful whispers that Miss Ida used a key. Now Eleanor decided that Miss Ida had been a wise virgin. Before the class came to the dreaded example Eleanor went to Hannibal to get a key, but there was none to be gotten. She did the next best thing, and ordered one from Chicago. Alas, before it came the class reached the unsolvable problem and Eleanor had to tell them that she was puzzled over the example and would have to leave it till she had had time to think it over. Mollie Duggan's little blue pop eyes gave her a saucy look as if to say she knew the teacher couldn't do it.

The next day Mollie left school to work in the powder mills. Mr. Lane told Eleanor at supper that Mollie's brother Ben had told the men at the powder mills that "Paw thought they'd just as well take Moll out of school for she could stump the teacher every time in working examples."

After this occurrence, Eleanor dreaded even going to church. She knew so well how the gossiping country people were talking over her failure at teaching in this little backwoods school.

The days dragged by so slowly! At first Eleanor comforted herself by writing letters, but even this resource failed after a time. She couldn't write cheerful letters home and she didn't want to make her mother unhappy, so she sent short notes saying she was too busy to write. She tried relieving her feelings by writing to her classmates. Alice Harrington had always been such a standby in days of college troubles. Eleanor wrote her a long letter, telling her how miserable she was,—so miserable that at night after school she often walked home with tears running down her cheeks.

Eagerly Eleanor opened Alice's reply. After a long description of the gay winter she was having, the letter ended with, "I'm sorry Nell, if you really feel badly, but the idea of your crying was so ridiculous that I laughed heartily over your letter." It was then that Eleanor stopped writing to the girls.

Every day the pupils grew harder to control. From counting months and weeks, Eleanor began to count days, even hours, until the end of her six months' torture. It came at last; that night in her own room, she sat down and finished the little diary.

"February twenty-seventh," she wrote slowly, and then hurried on as if anxious to shut up in the little book this part of her life. "To-day with deep joy I locked the school house door for the last time. When I looked in the glass to-night it seemed to me that I saw an entirely different person from Eleanor Atwood of six months ago. Then a bright, rosy cheeked, happy girl looked back at me smiling and confident that the luck which had pulled her through many tight places in college would not desert her as a teacher. This is the image which I saw to-night,—a worn looking woman with hair strained tightly back from her face, dark circles under the eyes, which have a fright-

ened look, cheeks sunken and pale. And this diary begun for a pastime, and for the recording of laughable experiences, ends the story of a failure."

Then Eleanor put the little book away, not to read it again till she had become the very successful principal of a "Young Ladies' Boarding School." She could smile then when she read it, but she never ceased to shudder at the remembrance of the six months' school where she got the "experience" demanded of all young teachers by critical school boards.

ELSIE ALLEN LAUGHNEY '05.

Kobe College, Kobe, Japan, Feb. 25, 1906.

Dear Smith people:—I have been reminded by an occasional question from the other side of the water that it is high time I reported to you again on our translation enterprise. You will

**Report of the Translation Enterprise** remember that we Smith Alum-  
**among Smith Alumnæ in Japan** næ in Japan wanted to do our  
little toward the furnishing of

good literature to Japanese girls, and that we appealed to the alumnæ in America to help furnish the funds for such an enterprise. In the meantime we selected Helen Keller's "Story of My Life," and started to have it translated. The contributions from all sources amounted to about twenty dollars, and just covered the price of the translator's work. We therefore abandoned the plan of printing and publishing the book on our own responsibility, and we sought to find some reliable publishing firm that would take charge of bringing it to the attention of the public, and would make a literary and financial success of it. This was last year, before the war was over; and for a while we were quite troubled by finding that the publishing houses, though acknowledging the worth of the book, were unwilling to assume its publication, considering that the time was unfavorable to its reception.

So we bethought ourselves of another expedient, and are now having it brought before the public in a magazine for women, called the "Tokiwa Zasshi." If we find that its reception justifies its being put in book form for sale, we shall hope to be able to see it through. As yet, you see, we can report only a partial success. Nevertheless, the growing interest here in educational and industrial work for the blind and deaf and dumb encourages the belief that this little book is not untimely and will not fall barren to the ground.

With sincere thanks to all who have been interested with us in this bit of effort,

Cordially yours,

CHARLOTTE DEFORST 1901.

Miss De Forest also sent several original compositions by Japanese school girls, of which the following is quite characteristic.

"THE ROSE.

"Of all the flowers, which God has created, the rose, take it all in all, is the loveliest and sweetest. It has three things in perfection; shape, color and fragrance. There are many other flowers which are very beautiful, namely, Peony, Tulip and Chrysanthemum, but we could hardly call them 'sweet,' for they give forth no pleasant odor as roses.



"The rose is very common, as well as the most beautiful. For we find it wherever we go, in all countries and in all out of the way places. The Queen has it in her royal garden, but it blossoms against the wall of the poor cottager's hut. So this is what we call the universal flower.

"Christ himself referred to a Rose of Sharon. Why He compared himself to a Rose? Does it not seem to you, that He is exalting and calling himself after the name of a beautiful flower? He said, 'I am lowly and meek,' then why He resembles a Rose? Let me tell you why He says so. Christ is the common property of all, the peasant as well as the prince, of the rich as well as the poor, of the child as well as the full grown person. In this fact He compared to a 'Rose.' He belongs to every person who dwells in North, East, South and West.

"Some time ago I read a story, which relates to this subject. Several years ago there was a young man and girl, who were going soon to be married. But suddenly the fever came in that village and the girl died. The people who had expected to go to a wedding had to go to a funeral. It was very sad, and saddest of all to the young man. After his sickness was over he ordered a stone carver to carve a beautiful Rose on the stone, and this placed on her grave, and beneath that Rose he wrote: 'She was just like this.' In like manner, when we see the Rose, let us be reminded of the Christ, and say, He was, or He is just like this, so loving, so tender, so kind and sweet. Not only Christ, but we too may show forth our sweet odor to others by our good action or conduct.

HANA ABE."

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's Office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'01. Laura Thayer Neal,	.	.	.	.	March	2
'01. Euola Stephens Callender,	.	.	.	.	"	14
'05. Eleanor Adler,	.	.	.	.	"	14-19
'04. Mary A. Van Kleeck.	.	.	.	.	"	15-17
'05. Katherine D. Sanger,	.	.	.	.	"	15-17
'01. Mary S. Hunter.	.	.	.	.	"	16-26
'01. Alice Kimball,	.	.	.	.	"	16-26
'01. Louisa B. Kimball,	.	.	.	.	"	16-26
'01. Helen Coburn,	.	.	.	.	"	17
'01. Julia W. Stevens.	.	.	.	.	"	17
'05. Beatrice Flather,	.	.	.	.	"	20-26
'04. A. May Wright,	.	.	.	.	"	20-27
'05. Helen Clarissa Gross,	.	.	.	.	"	21-23
'05. Evelyn E. Catlin,	.	.	.	.	"	21-24
'05. Grace M. Beattie,	.	.	.	.	"	21-26
'05. Edith C. Willis,	.	.	.	.	"	21-26
'05. Elizabeth Hale Creevey,	.	.	.	.	"	24

All alumnae desiring copies of the 1906 Class Book should send their name with \$2.15, price of book and postage, to Sarah R. Bartlett, 12 Arnold Ave. The book will be issued about June 10th.



All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, Morris House.

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont Avenue.

'00. Madeline M. Chase has spent the winter in southern California, visiting Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, San Francisco and other places of interest.

'01. Agnes Childs will serve as secretary for the remainder of the year owing to the resignation of the Class Secretary. Address, 150 Elm Street, Northampton.

Bertha Jane Richardson has announced her engagement to Mr. Louis Edelsten Charnley of Kobe, Japan. The Editors desire to correct the statement made in the March issue of the MONTHLY, that her marriage will take place this year. Miss Richardson will be at the Brearley School in New York City next year.

'04. Leslie Crawford has announced her engagement to John Gale Hun, Ph. D., of Albany, N. Y., Williams '99.

Marian B. Paige has announced her engagement to Mr. Eugene Walter Leake.

'05. Lucy Kurtz was married on December 2, to Charles Alfred Barnett.

Katherine Cole Noyes was married on February 14, to Donald Roderick McLennan.

ex-'05. Mary Elizabeth Neyland was married to George Evans Cullinan on October 13. Address 540 West 146th Street, New York City.

#### BIRTHS

'94. Mrs. Charles H. Putnam (Mary B. Clark), a son, Henry Homer, born July 6, 1905.

'03. Mrs. Charles Fisher Hepburn (Alice May Smith), a son, Barton Hepburn, born February 28.

#### DEATH

'01. Mrs. William R. Pritchard (Helena Kriegsmann), died February 23, at Charleston, S. C.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

### A TRIOLET

It's so heavenly bright  
And we've cut all our classes,  
What a day of delight,  
It's so heavenly bright !  
We're an enviable sight  
To all house-prisoned lasses.  
It's so heavenly bright  
And we've cut all our classes.

JANET DEWITT MASON '06.

### THE COST

Way back since last September  
Through all the glorious fall,  
I studied every minute  
And never played at all.  
Alas ! my sin has found me out,  
Fate has me in her clutch,  
I've lost the thing I valued most  
Although it wasn't much.  
A rose is just a rose to me,  
It's crimson's only red,—  
Imagination's taken flight,  
My "lyric soul" is dead.

MARY COMFORT CHAPIN '06.

### Popular Smith Fallacies

(*With Apologies to Mr. Lamb*)

I. That a girl may be judged by the appearance of her room.

There are many things by which a girl may be judged : by the safety-pin at her waist, by the shine of her shoes—but by the appearance of her room—never ! For just consider the room-mate ! There are room-mates and room-mates, and when an orderly little soul rooms with a hurricane, the orderly little soul must eventually submit. For who can endlessly do battle against a disorderly room-mate ? She may be athletic ; then she throws her skates on the best Morris chair, or carelessly drops her tennis racket down on the

tea-table. She may have a literary bent and scatter masterpieces composed for "13" all over the room. However that may be, this type can convert a bed-room into a junk-shop in ten minutes. But even if she is neat, her taste may differ from that of the girl in question,—she will drape an Amherst banner behind the girl's Winged Mercury or hang up yellow tissue paper decorations, stolen from the "Gym," against the red wall paper. I have even known rooms where one side was devoted to Christy and banners, and the other to Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite school. In all such cases, in the name of human justice—do not judge a girl by the appearance of her room!

## II. That all who talk in class are "sharks."

Why the college, representing a sphere of enlightened thought, will continue in this erroneous belief—who shall say? It is years since the world, the uneducated, unsophisticated common world of common people found out this fallacy. They may never have heard of a "shark," but they know that "all that glitters is not gold." But we are slow to appreciate this. The brassy, glittering quality which deceives so many is the audacity of some front-row ornaments. They are amazingly confident, they know their own minds and they are willing to assert that their view is right—let the poor deluded instructor bury her personal prejudice as best she may. But sometimes, when this astounding exterior is unveiled, what a shock it is to find out the hollow show, and to see, in the words of the chronicle, that when knowledge "isn't, it ain't." Another delusion may be managed. Consider the girl who talks very fast and very long and uses words known to few but the compilers of the Unabridged. She throws sand into the eyes of the class who are trying vainly to keep up with her. The instructor probably sees through her, but who can stop the torrent? It is a bad pun, but it is also a well-known geological fact that bluffs are made of sand. It is well to know this species and be warned against them. Their appearance is misleading—disabuse your minds of the notion that "all who talk in class are sharks."

HELEN DEAN '07.

She was very young when she came to college, and became a very young member of the very youngest class, and being so very young she thought that everything was as big and beautiful and true as it

**Freshman Ideals** seemed. She thought that the seniors would perhaps be a trifle distant, because their minds would be fixed on things far away from the understanding of a very young freshman—things very pure and noble. She thought, too, that the juniors would smile and nod at her and perhaps help her now and then when help was necessary—for were they not members of her dear sister class! The sophomores she knew to be her deadly enemies—they couldn't help it, it was tradition, but for the other classes she had only love and adoration.

She was still very young, this very young freshman, when the awakening came. And because she was so very young, it hurt her beyond all telling. She had always been in the habit of "carrying her chin in the air," as they said at home, more admiringly than censuringly, so when she came East she thought not at all of bowing in humility just because she was a freshman.

One day, a day when the sun was out and everyone was sure his neighbor was looking better than usual, the girl went into the little tea-shop where girls—Smith girls—spend a deal of their time and money. The tables, except one little one, far across the room, were filled, and as the girl crossed over, all eyes, in curious girl-fashion, were turned towards her. This inspection she felt keenly,—her head went up, and slowly, perhaps in absurd state, she walked over. At the table just next sat a senior—a senior who wore her red gold hair piled high on her gracious head—a senior whom the freshman had secretly and fearfully adored from afar, ever since she had set eyes on her charming person. The senior looked up. "All alone, and in such state! How tragic!" she said pointedly, and laughed. Laughed! No, giggled, and a horrid little giggle it was,—half sneer. The freshman's face flushed, and as she sat and listened to the whispered—evidently clever—remarks passed behind her back, her anger rose higher and higher, but she said nothing, for she was a freshman.

That night at the table, when one enthusiastic little girl whose ideals were still whole, murmured something about "those dear seniors," the very young freshman laughed.

SADIE E. SCHNIERLE '09.

#### AFTER THE STORM

There's plenty of ink in my ink-well,  
I've run up a terrible bill  
For paper and pens down at Bridgman's,  
But I can't seem to capture a thrill.  
I've studied up "versification,"  
And wasted a whole lot of time  
Looking up rules for stanzas and metre,  
But I haven't caught one single rhyme.  
I have gazed at Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke,  
I have watched the sun rise, the sun set,  
I have wandered "alone in the gloaming,"  
But I've not felt "compelled to write" yet.  
I thought I might learn to write verses,  
I suffered these primary throes,  
With this outcome—the firm resolution,  
Hereafter to stick to plain prose.

MARY COMFORT CHAPIN '06.



Ever since midyears there have been rumors afloat concerning Phi Beta Kappa. First, we heard that the elections from the class of 1906 would be announced shortly after the examinations, then that they would

**Phi Beta Kappa** surely come out before the Easter vacation. The result of these rumors was an unusually large attendance at chapel, especially on the last two or three Saturday mornings of the winter term. When the organ pealed forth, on each of these days, without the much expected announcement, the seniors looked more or less crest-fallen. At last it spread like wild-fire that we should know on one of the last two days of the term. On Tuesday morning, however, Dean Tyler, who is President of the Chapter, did not appear on the platform. Wednesday morning showed a better filled chapel than we have ever seen on the last day of any term. Nearly every seat was occupied, and it was said that the last "Rubber Seat" had been seized at eight o'clock. From that one can surmise when the first must have been taken.

At last President Seelye said that Professor Tyler would announce the appointments to our chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. A murmur of excitement ran over the chapel as President Tyler stepped forward. He spoke briefly of the spirit of the society, which, he said, was perhaps more conservative here at Smith than elsewhere. The students who had been elected were chosen purely for their scholarship from the time they entered college until the close of the first semester of the senior year. The Faculty had decided to choose twelve members of the senior class. As Phi Beta Kappa was awarded last year to fifteen members of a class smaller than the present senior class, this limitation of numbers was a great surprise and something of a disappointment to the students. Enthusiastic applause greeted the following list of names: Bessie E. Amerman, Jessie C. Barclay, Alice Cary, Charlotte P. Dodge, Ruth C. Holman, Margaret Hutchins, Florence Mann, Margaret G. Maxon, Christine Nelson, Florence Root, Pauline Sperry, Josephine M. Weil.

### The Week of Prayer

In preparation for the Day of Prayer for Colleges, February 11, several meetings during the week were arranged by the Christian Association.

*Monday.*—Miss Benton. "Some Problems of College Life."

*Tuesday Prayer Meeting.*—Dr. Wood. "The Relation of the College Life to the Religious Life."

*Thursday.*—Miss Hanscom. "The Conscious Choice of the Best."

*Saturday.*—President Seelye. Talk based on questions handed in by the students.

*Sunday*—the Day of Prayer. Mr. Mensel—joint meeting of the Bible classes at 9.30. Association Service—Clara Porter. Organ Recital—Mr. Sleeper.

The Vesper Service was especially emphasized by an address by the Rev. Rockwell H. Potter of Hartford, Conn.

The meetings were well attended and the co-operation of the religious life of the college and that of the association was strongly felt. The theme of the meetings centered about an earnest effort on the part of each individual

to strengthen within herself the Christ-life; a personal sense of responsibility and the conscious choice of the best, being the only means by which that life "may be deepened within ourselves and within the college."

CLARA F. PORTER 1906,

President of the Association.

### Senior Dramatics

The class of 1906 announces the following cast and committees for the presentation of *Hamlet*, their senior play:

King Claudius.....	Helen Fillebrown
Hamlet.....	Elsie Kearns
Polonius.....	Emma Loomis
Laertes.....	Florence Mann
Horatio.....	Alice Faulkner
Osric	} Courtiers ... { Mary Wham
Rosencrantz	
Guildenstern	
Priest.....	Agnes Ahern
Marcellus.....	Helen Putnam
Bernardo.....	Agnes Gray
Francisco.....	Anna Wilson
First Player.....	Caroline Hinman
Second Player.....	Marie Murkland
Gravediggers .....	Lola Bishop
Ghost....	Frances Pol
Messenger.....	Bessie Warren, Jessie Vallentine
Queen Gertrude.....	Ella Dunham
Ophelia.....	Clara Porter
Player Queen.....	Louise Ryals
	Hazel Goes
	Hazel Gates

Helen Pomeroy, General Chairman.

Grace Treadwell, Business Manager.

Anna Marble, Assistant Business Manager.

Rosamond Denison, Advisory Member.

Costume Committee: Charlotte Gardner, Chairman; Frances Manning, Mary Kittredge, Frances Rockwell, Agnes McCord.

Cassandra Kinsman, Stage Manager.

Alice Loud, Marion Dodd, Assistant Stage Managers.

Amy Maher, Chairman of Music committee.

Florence Harrison, Secretary.

On February nineteenth a meeting was held in Chemistry Hall for students interested in teaching. The Boston Branch of the Collegiate Alumnae arranged the meeting to bring about a closer relation between the college and the elementary schools.

**Educational Meeting**      Mr. Wilbur F. Gordy, Superintendent of the

Springfield Public Schools, spoke on "The Need of the College Graduate in the Elementary Schools." Mr. Gordy emphasized this need. He said that

the child is an imitator and should have for his pattern a broadly cultured person of scholarly attainment. The teacher must stand between the individual and his experience, and the race experience, and must help him to select and idealize. To do this the teacher must have great power, educational, volitional, and emotional. There is at present too much teaching of detached fragments; geography, for instance, is a matter of spots and lines upon a map. The teacher must interpret these facts in terms of human development, and must adapt them to the growing mind. There is more teaching skill and selective power needed in the elementary school than anywhere else. The pupil must be taught to live the life of higher aspirations, greater ideals, and greater faith; and this work must be begun and carried on by the elementary teachers.

Miss Adams, of the Philosophical department, spoke on "The Advantage of Professionally Trained Teachers." Miss Adams said that the purpose of such a professional training as is given in college where practical work cannot be undertaken, is not a mere teaching of the tricks of the trade, but a movement from the tricks to a true professional attitude. This attitude must be a recognition of certain broad lines of approach towards the problems of teaching. The average college graduate is ready for such a training, and ready to see the bearing of the rich content of her education upon special problems. To get the best grasp of these problems it is of the utmost importance to make the pivotal one, sociological; for education is a social activity. A preliminary directing of attention to the existing problems helps to do away with the first inefficiency of a teacher. Such training is not a short cut through difficulties, nor a way of dodging them, but a way of meeting them.

The last speaker was Dr. John J. Prince, Agent for the Massachusetts Board of Education. He told of "The Outlook for College Graduates as Teachers." Dr. Prince treated this under two headings; first, with reference to getting a position; second, with reference to giving efficient service. From Dr. Prince's point of view these amount to the same thing, for "the measure of opportunity is efficiency." As to the first, the chances of getting a position in a high school are one to two; in the elementary schools, as supervisors, principals, head assistants, or as teachers in the rural schools, the chances are much greater.

A teacher should have personality, scholarship, and professional training. She should be broad minded, inspiring. She should keep up her scholarly habits of reading and study, especially along educational lines; she should be wise in selecting her companions. When trying to secure a position it is well to use the agencies if necessary, but better to apply personally to the superintendent or principal. The financial inducements to teaching are not great; beginners often have to accept as little as \$8.00 per week. But learning the profession leads to better things. In the upper grades of the primary schools salaries in general range from \$600 to \$1000 per year. Teaching, however, has other rewards. It gives one an opportunity to carry on college work and to apply what one has learned, and it is a means of spiritual growth.



On February 27th Mr. David Bispham gave a song recital in Assembly Hall. He was received with as much enthusiasm as in his former visits to the college. The first half of the recital

**Recital by Mr. David Bispham** was particularly interesting and many of the audience regretted the distinctly "popular" numbers which filled the latter part of the program. "Annie Laurie" was as delightful as ever, and Reynaldo Hahn's "L'heure exquise" called forth unstinted applause. The students as a whole consider Mr. Bispham's concert one of the greatest musical treats of the year. The program was :

"Thus Saith the Lord" (Messiah),.....	Handel
Aria from "The Seasons",.....	Haydn
Qui Sdegno (Magic Flute),.....	Mozart
"It is Enough" (Elijah),.....	Mendelssohn
Wanderer's Nachtlied,..	Schubert
Der Wanderer,.....	
The Wedding Song, }	Lœwe
Tom the Rhymer,... }	
Annie Laurie,.....	Old Scotch
L'Heure Exquise,.....	Reynaldo Hahn
Danny Deever,.....	Walter Damrosch
Recitation, to Music—"Magdalena, or the Spanish Duel", Waller	
Music by Max Heinrich, op. 17.	

On Saturday, March twenty-fourth, La Société Française presented "*Le monde où l'on s'ennuie*," a comedy in three acts by Edward Pailleron. From beginning to end, the play was a success. Ordinarily a

**The French Play** play in a foreign language does not hold the attention of the whole college audience, but "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*" proved an exception to this rule. Even those who could not understand a word of French stayed until the curtain fell on the last act.

The charming stage setting, costuming and rapid action of the comedy delighted the audience. Eleanor Dickson, as Suzanne de Villiers, was always the center of interest. She was pretty, graceful and refreshingly spontaneous. Her presentation of Suzanne is considered the best bit of acting that the college has seen for some time. Her musical voice and pretty accent, added to her remarkable gift of acting, made her part one to be long remembered.

The appearance of Helen Fillebrown's name on the program aroused expectations that were not disappointed. She played the part of Paul Raymond with her usual ease and vivacity.

One of the most subtle parts to interpret was that of Bellac. Ethel Curry did it, however, in a thoroughly convincing manner. She made the flattered, self-seeking professor a very real person. Many people remarked on Miss Curry's agreeable and well-controlled voice.



Anna Fagnant, as Roger de Céran, made her first appearance on the college boards and was, on the whole, very successful. Lucy Ongley, as Madame de Céran, was remarkable for her charming accent: while Mary Smith as Jeanne Raymond, and Mae Schlesinger as Madame de Loudon, both looked and acted well.

Janet Mason, as the Duchesse de Réville was a most attractive old lady and played her part with spirit, although her voice was at times monotonous. Ruth Hayden impersonated Lucy Watson, an English blue-stocking, with force and conviction. The minor parts were well done, especially in the case of Mary Wham. On the whole, it may be said that the French play this year was even more of a success than it has been in the past. The cast was as follows:

Roger de Céran, .....	Anna Fagnant
Bellac, .....	Ethel Curry
Paul Raymond, .....	Helen Fillebrown
Baron de Saint Réault, .....	Margaret Stone
Toulonnier, .....	Carolyn Tucker
Des Millets, .....	Hortense Mayer
Le Général de Brias, .....	Anna Reynolds
François, .....	Ethel Cohen
La Duchesse de Réville, .....	Janet Mason
La Comtesse de Céran, .....	Lucy Ongley
Suzanne de Villiers, .....	Eleanor Dickson
Lucy Watson, .....	Ruth Hayden
Jeanne Raymond, .....	Mary Smith
Madame de Loudon, .....	Mae Schlesinger
Madame Arriégo, .....	Mary Wham

On March 14, the Lawrence House presented "The Manœuvres of Jane." The play was of the light comedy type and was not remarkable in its construction or setting. The interest was sup-

Lawrence House Dramatics posed to center in a lively, unmanageable young girl, who should have attracted a good deal of sympathy. Lucy Wood as "Jane" was pretty and lively, but did not seem to have a complete conception of her part. She was not always spontaneous and did not arouse the sympathy of the audience, though she was always interesting. Helen Barbour, as Lord Bapchild, was a characteristic English nobleman, as Americans understand him, who is rather deficient in humor and, perhaps, in some other mental qualities. At times the blandness and drawl proved monotonous, but the part was well sustained. The irate father, in the person of Helen Kent, was another part which was well done, being one of the best in the play. Hazel Cary in the part of Constantia Gage, was consistently and successfully an adventuress, while Pamela Beechinor, Martha Crow, played the precocious small child to perfection. Jessie Oliver had a self-possessed stage presence, though she made Jervis Punshon appear too young to be Lord Bapchild's uncle. The other parts were on about the same level, good at times, but at others handicapped by bad or poorly controlled voices. A mistake was made by some people in

considering mannerisms as characterizations ; but on the whole the play was conscientiously done. The cast was as follows :

Lord Bapchild.....	Helen Barbour
Jervis Punshon, his uncle.....	Jessie Oliver
George Langton .....	Eva Baker
Mr. Nangle.....	Helen Kent
The Rev. Prebendary Bostock.....	Lucy Raymond
Mr. Pawsey, an inn keeper.....	Myra Hopson
Footman.....	Helen Andrews
Jane Nangle.....	Lucy Wood
Constantia Gage.....	Hazel Cary
Mrs. Beechinor.....	Louise Peters
Pamela Beechinor.....	Martha Crow
Catherine, Lady Bapchild.....	Helena Alford
Mrs. Bostock ..	Ida Merrill
Mrs. Pawsey.....	Mabel Tilton
Trendell, a maid.....	Laura McCall

At the open meeting of the Telescopium Society on March 10, in Chemistry Hall, Mr. Charles Poor gave an interesting illustrated lecture on "The History of the Comet," making special refer-

**Lecture by Mr. Charles Poor**      ence to the periodic comet of 1889, 1896 and 1903. Mr. Poor carefully explained,

without technical terms, what a comet is, its shape and size, and the kinds of comets. A comet consists of a swarm of small particles of meteoric stones, separated from each other by hundreds of feet and surrounded by gases. These bodies are of fantastic shapes and five or six times larger than the earth. One, the comet of 1882, was 8000 times the size of the sun. The average amount of matter in a comet is equivalent to an iron ball 100 miles in diameter and its average density is  $\frac{1}{7000}$  of the earth. A comet 100,000 miles in diameter could be compressed into so small a space that it could be contained in a pill box. There are 1200 comets, and only 400 of them can be seen without the telescope. As they are transient visitors, there are only forty in our solar system. They appear, as a rule, but once, although comets such as that of 1889 have been discovered in late years. One of the most distinctive features of comets is the tail, formed of particles driven from the head of the comet by its close contact with the sun or some other planet. For whenever meteoric bodies approach each other by mutual attraction the smaller body loses in size. The tail, turning away from the sun because of the repelling force of that body and of the action of unseen planets upon it, forms a convex curve.

The periodic comet of 1889-1896-1903 was first seen by Mr. Brooks in 1889. Dr. Chandler of Boston believed it to be the reappearance of Lexell's famous comet which was seen for a few months in 1770. Comets travel in elliptical curves and parabolas, according to the position of other meteoric bodies. The path of the comet, if left to itself, would be a straight line, but the sun attracts it in one direction and the other planets in another, so the comet takes the course between these two and describes an ellipse. If three bodies are

present, each attracting the comet to itself, the path is more complex and becomes a parabola. By knowing the position of the earth, the sun and Jupiter, which attracted Brooks' comet, the astronomers compute with great labor where that comet has been and where it is day after day. They found that it passed very near Jupiter in 1886, and that parts of it were probably struck by that planet. This contact of the two threw the comet out of its path, so—instead of taking the course of a parabola—which would have made it invisible to us—it is now tracing an ellipse which will take thirty years. When first seen in 1889 Brooks' comet was broken into three fragments, in 1896 into four fragments, and it was hardly visible in 1903. It is computed that it will reappear three times—in 1910 and 1917, and in 1922, when it will come so near Jupiter that it will entirely disappear.

FLORA BURTON '08.

At the open meeting of the Physics Club on March twenty-third, Professor Sabine, of Harvard, lectured on "The Ultra-violet Microscope." Before coming to the main part of his subject, Pro-

**Lecture by Professor Sabine** fessor Sabine spoke of the fact, well known to physicists, but often overlooked by the general public, that there is a definite limit beyond which the ordinary microscope cannot be improved. Given perfect lenses and perfect adjustments of every kind, from the nature of light-interference two points cannot be distinguished as separate unless they are distant from each other at least one wave length of the light used. In this way, by using violet light with an ordinary microscope better results can be obtained than with red or white light. The ultra-violet microscope, as its name implies, makes use of those radiations which have a still shorter wave length than the violet light and which, although invisible, have marked photographic effects. The radiations used have so great a frequency of vibration that they cannot be made to pass through glass. For this reason the lenses of the ultra-violet microscope are made of fused quartz which does transmit them. This new form of microscope is chiefly interesting to physicists as an example of the working of the laws of light, but it is of great practical importance to biologists in two ways. It enlarges their field of work and enables them to investigate living organisms, because the ultra-violet light is selectively absorbed by the different parts of the object under examination, making it unnecessary to color it. The process of coloring a specimen, necessary for ordinary microscopic work, kills the specimen. Professor Sabine expects great results from the use of this microscope in spite of the difficulties of its manipulation.

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE '06.

## CALENDAR

April 18, Dance. Miss Cable's and houses on Belmont avenue.

“ 21, Alpha Society.

“ 25, Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

“ 26, Open Meeting of the Biological Club.

Lecture by Professor George T. Moore. Subject :  
Bacteria in the Service of Agriculture.

“ 28, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

Open Meeting of Il Tricolore.

May 5, Morris House Play.

“ 9, Dance. Delta Sigma, 20 Belmont avenue, 30 Green  
street, White Lodge.

“ 10, Open Meeting of Current Events Club.

“ 12, Alpha Society.

“ 16, Junior Promenade.



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May - 1906.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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# THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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## ACADEMIC PURPLE AND FINE LINEN

BOCCACCIO AND THE DECAMERON IN CASTILIAN AND CATALAN LITERATURE.

Thesis presented to the Faculty of Bryn Mawr College for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, by CAROLINE BROWN BOURLAND.—Extrait de la Revue Hispanique, Tome XII.

The days of the traditional log with Mark Hopkins at one end and the perfectly appreciative student at the other are gone by. They have passed with the inspired brush of Benjamin West, fabled to have been contrived from a whisk of the "harmless, necessary" cat's tail. With them has departed also the plain living and high thinking of the scholar. The old firm has dissolved partnership. Learning is costly nowadays as well as exacting. It is necessary to have equipment, apparatus, books, costly teaching, costly travel. And these so soon change their fashion. Text-books succeed one another in as exhausting a series as the rotating crops of the scientific agriculturist. Monographs are multiplied, lest there remain nothing to be contradicted, while still the scale of intellectual living mounts to higher and higher levels of expense. Browning never told what it cost the grammarian in hard dollars and cents, or pounds, shillings and pence, or currency of any other nationality to die from the waist down—and settle Hoti's business.

This is an aspect of the question likely to be overlooked by others besides determined poets with commercially successful fathers. Crowding culture and raised standards of scholarship

have their market value. Fortunately the days of enthusiastic devotion to study have not passed with the simple life of the begging scholar. It is still possible to feel the joy of discovery even after digging for the hid treasure of genius through layers of superimposed criticism and an over-world of interpretive comment. But it is the digging that costs money as well as energy; and it is now, as ever, the thrill that is free — perhaps because it is beyond the purchase power of money.

So we must take our leave of the stubby, badly printed and worse bound, or flabby and illegible and unbound evidences of individual research that for a time greeted our eyes when we looked over the college library shelves devoted to what in those dark ages was called “post-graduate work.”

The Yale Studies, and Publications; the Columbia Theses; and the Chicago, and Harvard, and Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania dissertations, have familiarized us with the changes of the new order. We have seen enough not to be surprised at anything, but we have still the capacity for pleasure. It is highly gratifying when one of our own graduates appears in the fine bravery of the work whose title page affords the point of departure for this paper. It is an elegant result of literary industry and of devotion to a task, resolutely set before the student and prosecuted with integrity. The elegance is obvious enough to the eyes that see and to the hands that touch the volume. The paper, the type, the mechanical detail, are all curiously charming. It is a book to delude a child into the notion that he would like to read it. The quaint figures and footnotes, the bold reproductions of title pages, the pervading fascination of mingled scientific accuracy and diverting suggestion compel a pleasant tribute from even the uninitiate, who commonly hate what they do not understand. So well has the proof been read by a foreigner, that only a few errors justify the critic's suspicion of word upon word, *e. g.*, page 81, end of line 14.

As a contribution to comparative literature in tracing the influence of Boccaccio's Decameron upon Spanish literature, Miss Bourland's work is the first that has been undertaken. It is also likely to be the last; for her duty to her theme has been so completely discharged that nothing considerable remains to be done. Miss Bourland has done her work with patience and thoroughness. She has also done it with taste and skill. For it is no easy matter to trace slight differences, obvious confu-



sions and failures in accuracy through repeated efforts at reproduction of plot and literary method. The strain on synonyms becomes tiresome as the need for them grows. Nevertheless this literary style is varied, appropriate and unflagging. Small wonder that such an accomplishment cost two journeys to Spain, besides study and care, forethought and afterthought. Though dealing with subject-matter far removed from "Aristotle and his philosophye", these two hundred and thirty-three pages follow in spirit after the Clerk of Oxenford :—

"Nought o word spak he more than was nede,  
And that was seyð in forme and reverence,  
And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence,  
  
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

MARY A. JORDAN.

## WANDERLUST

What's the balm for Wanderlust?  
Sure, there's none at all  
On a witching morn in spring  
When the bluebirds call,  
When the smell of opening buds  
Lures from hill to hollow!  
What are dancing feet to do  
But follow, follow, follow?

What's the cure for Wanderlust  
When the fern uncurls?  
When the bloodroot by the brook  
Shows her oval pearls?  
When the purple finch returns?  
When the robins sing?  
O, never balm for Wanderlust  
Save just the wandering!

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

## KINDRED

It matters not along what ways  
My winged and wandering soul is blown,—  
Through whirling dust, o'er starlit hills :  
From all the world I know my own.

It may be only morning mist  
With unguessed mountains shouldering through,—  
It may be but a thistle-wisp  
That sails and shines against the blue,—

In these are all my kith and kin,  
Of each I feel myself a part.  
From all the world I know my own,  
And set their seal upon my heart.

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

## PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS

In one of our leading magazines an article appeared lately on The American Snob. This article dealt, contrary to the tendency of present day literature, with grown up men and women, not children. The author has treated this age of the snob with great justice, so let us follow the aforesaid tendency to write of the child and take up the infant snob.

In the first place we find him in the better parts of the city attending a select school, carefully nursing his little foibles and weaknesses much the same as his elders do. This child is a trifle past the stage of babyhood, where home influence is everything. He has reached grammar school, the place where outside influences begin to creep in, the place where, if ever, something from the outside must come in and counteract his carefully guarded babyhood. This child is going to a school which is run by some one person, and which is supported by the tuitions and by the influence, social and monetary, of private people. Here he meets only children who can afford to

pay and who have lived exactly the same life he has, whose small ideas are the same, and whose grandfathers were all that could be asked. Across the street we will say, is a large red building into which hundreds of small urchins from the next street file daily. These children are of the steady, working, middle class, for it is seldom that you find the worst grade of society living next the best. Still, no one is barred and there are a few of the very poorest. This school is supported by the government and controlled by a board.

Now let us take the little boy snob, for people still persist in making the education of their boys differ from that of their girls. Take, too, the boy below fourteen, as above that age many of the public school boys have to drop out to go to work, and the question takes on an entirely different phase. Which, the public or the private school, will give him more knowledge and make his mind quicker and more receptive? Which will help build him into a strong, healthy man? Which will do more to lay the foundation of a character that is going to stand firm and strong all his life, that is going to make him an unselfish man and a good citizen?

Well, in the first place Johnny is imitating; he has been imitating all his life. When he was a baby he learned to spell that way, now in his play he drives a prancing steed just as he sees them on the avenue. The widespread top-craze and marble-craze at different times of the year are results of this wish to do what other boys are doing. Now, if Johnny goes over to the big brick building to school he is going to come in contact with, be greatly influenced by, and imitate children who are very well fitted mentally. Look at the men their class has given us, Keats, Goldsmith, Shakespeare, Lincoln,—you could enumerate endlessly. It is a class made up of all nationalities, a great mixture, and it is a time-worn theory that a mixed people is the one that succeeds. Take the Romans for example. It is a matter of history that the greatness of their nation was due to the fact that when they were building their empire and were adding countries they took in the people, intermarried, and were strengthened by their new source of life. Take America as an example of what can spring from a conglomeration of what were the odds and ends of the seventeenth century.

Possibly these public school children have no educated grandfathers,—at all events no great ones,—but do the sons of great

men ever come up to the standard their fathers set? Shakespeare's descendants are never heard of, nor Milton's. They say that Bacon is an exception, that it was one of his descendants who managed to raise the great Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. But Fiske has hinted that even she was not wise, only mad. So what difference does it make if the grandfathers were not all rich men and scholars? There is one thing more which helps this child of the middle class. His interests are centered in the school. He has no outside pleasures to speak of, nothing but the business of sleeping and eating to distract his thoughts from his school life and his studies.

"But", you say, "the public schools are so poorly equipped." When we look into this we find that the government which buys for our public schools is not stingy. It buys in large quantities and does not hunt for bargains. The contractors see to that and our government is not trying to make a profit on the school. It does not have to eke out a living on it as the little lady across the street does. This of course does not apply to schools run by corporations, for we find very few if any such among schools of this grade. Then again, the teacher's preference amounts to something. She says the poorer children are better pupils, that they are more easily interested and are not spoiled; that the wealthier children have had so much all their lives and have so many outside things to attract them that they are lazy and blasé. Then she says she prefers to answer to a board; that a board is less changeable and gives her more independence; that of course political "pull" sometimes brings in difficulties, but that if a teacher has been doing her work well, she has made friends who give her an equal "pull." The competent teacher looks first for a public school position. Public pride in equipping the public school is rapidly growing all over our country. Now we have a good building, an efficient teacher, children who are mentally superior, and an atmosphere and surroundings to urge such children to greater mental efforts and greater mental achievement.

People have been urging the fact that too many children are having their minds developed and their physical welfare neglected, that the boy grows up with bulging forehead and poor spindling legs and hollow chest. What can be a better remedy for this than to interest the boy in strength as well as in knowledge? Now the little fellow from the back street has a high



idea of strength as the power that rules. His parents, in the first place, have impressed it on him that since they are stronger than he they are the ones to say what he shall do. Very young children have no thought of duty or love when they come in from playing at the request of the mother. It is partly instinct, let us say, but more fear of the force behind the request. And when that force is strength they are going to admire strength and covet it. Then there is the elder brother. He says, "Do this! Don't do that!", and "Stay at home, now!", and the youngster does it because the elder brother is liable to slap. You see, we are not taking the angelic type. Here again it is strength that decides. Then the child has its own little squabbles with the neighbor's child. There is a toy they both want. The one who can get it can have it. Strength wins. He knows his father can do his work because he is a big strong man. And he knows that if he can jump and run and throw farther than his fellows, he will be powerful among them. And so this little public school boy has a great admiration for strength. Our infant snob, who has never roughed it; who has had an anxious mamma to fight all his battles; who has had to take care of his clothes, and has really become quite fastidious about this point; who has been taught that fighting is an evil; who has never pitted mere animal muscle against any other boy's muscle,—will come into this atmosphere where strength is desired and worked for, and he will see that it behooves him to have a biceps, and a good breath and a clear eye, and he will grow up a stronger, healthier man.

Now people say our public schools do not pay enough attention to individual health, but is it not merely that they do not pay *too much*? They test the children's eyes, they are very particular about the lighting of the buildings. Special doctors test the ears, and the teachers insist on cleanliness in the pupils. Now with this care all danger to the child's health is warded off and, at the same time, he is not subjected to the eternal dosing and coddling that ruins so many children. In a private school there is time for this. The boy is fussed over by his teacher and his mother until he himself fancies that he is ill, or exaggerates what he does feel instead of learning to bear pain bravely. But the evils of coddling a child have been emphasized so often that there is not much use in dwelling upon them.

Discipline in a public school is a boy's first taste of law.

When he is older and has become a citizen he will have to obey the laws of the state, and if this is his first taste of obeying, it is going to be hard for him. This is possibly the reason that so many rich men's sons turn out badly. If they had had rules in boyhood it would be easier for them to be law-abiding in later life. These rules are iron-bound. They are not subject to the pleasure of a head, and are not influenced by the boy's mother. They are rules of the board and they cannot be changed. In a small private school this must necessarily be different. They may try to be impartial, but when they depend for subsistence upon a certain influential woman who brings them most of their scholars, they have to "toady" to that woman and have to endure much from her children. In a public school there is one level, and the child is made to feel that any other child in the room is just as good as he.

A great many people are afraid to send their small boys to a public school because they will meet all kinds of bad boys. But the bad boys are often found in the select schools. The children there are bored and listless. Their little heads are open to all kinds of wicked knowledge, but the ordinary middle class child is too busy living and growing. Besides, the ordinary child has no chance to learn bad things. He comes from a class who are hardworking and clean—but can we apply this latter adjective impartially to our upper classes? If the child hears bad language, home influence ought to help him to withstand it. The trial of knowing and resisting these small words will give him just so much more strength of character to fall back upon when his greater trials come. The story of the sheltered boy who fails when turned adrift upon the world is too old for repetition.

Johnny is going to learn self-dependence and a democratic feeling. Among his playmates it is going to be his own qualities that help him. With his teacher it will be himself, not his mother, who counts. He is going to have no one to excuse him when he is to blame, but he is going to be given credit for what good he does. And he is going to have ingrained in him the idea that his playmates are all as good as he. He will find that the boy from the back street has brains, and muscles, that he makes a jolly playmate, and that his troubles are real ones. He will get a glimpse now and then of squalor and misery, and he will be young enough to have pity, and generosity will grow into his character.

The little American snob, by mixing with the common, ordinary, middle-class children, will not be harmed at all, but will be incited by their example to greater efforts mentally and physically, and by their fellowship to a happier, more generous, more self-dependent character and a more democratic spirit. All this is to lay the foundation for republican citizenship.

HAZEL JOSEPHINE GOES.

### TO L. C. S.

O thou, whose voice amid our shallow joys  
Doth call us on to nobler thoughts and lives,  
Bestow on us thy wisdom which destroys  
The hint of sin, which ever higher strives  
To loftier heights of fine intelligence.  
O give us, too, thy pure and keen delight  
In nature ; thy appreciative sense  
Of noblest truth in books, thine insight  
Into character, thy splendid scorn  
Of all the base and low, of all deceit.  
Give us thy tender love of all forlorn  
And downcast. Lead us in mercy sweet  
Along the patient ways, that so may we  
Uplift a world to thy nobility.

EUNICE FULLER.

### IN MAY

On the crest of a hill in the pale cool dawn  
Stand the butterfly-trees of Spring !  
The world is ahush at the coming of day,  
The wan, white stars have faded away,  
And day is born !

The distant hills, broad emerald seas,  
Are touched with gold—  
And a flood of light from the far away  
Enmeshed in the filligree-leaves of May,  
Lies caught in the butterfly-trees.

And out of the deeps of the morning hush  
From a tangle of golden light—  
A promise of hope, a message of love,  
Sent from the Infinite above  
In the clear, sweet song of a thrush !

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

## A SONG OF MAY

High, low, flowers blow !  
Blue lies the mountain mist ;  
Waters flow, ripple and go  
Sun and shadow kissed,  
Winding whence,  
They wander hence—  
Only the brave to follow may know  
All in the merry month of May,  
The merry month of May.  
And out of the woof of our heart's desire  
A song we weave  
For those we leave,  
Of golden days  
And flowered ways  
That soon will show  
The way we go,  
Where only the brave to follow may know  
All in the merry month of May,  
The merry month of May.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

## THE MOUNTAIN WHITES

The Mountain Whites are one of the most interesting and, at the same time, one of the least understood classes of people in our country. Very few, except those who have for some reason or other made a special study of them, their life, and their environment, could give half a dozen definite, correct statements concerning them. In the first place, the Mountain Whites are by no means to be confused with the shiftless, vicious "po' white trash" of the southern states. They are neither naturally lazy nor criminal, and if these characteristics seem to the casual observer to belong to them they are the direct results of conditions over which the people themselves have no control.

In treating these conditions, it may be well to choose a typi-



cal section of the country for consideration. Cumberland Gap is peculiarly isolated. It is miles from civilization and separated from it by mountains which are difficult to pass except on foot and with great effort. Many of the mountain roads are very poor and impracticable for any heavily laden vehicle and are difficult even for light conveyances. On this account little intercourse exists between these regions and outer civilization. The farms are large, and families nearest each other often live several miles apart. The houses, or rather shacks, are occasionally built in small groups, but as a rule there is little "neighboring" or social life of any kind. The farmers are, fortunately, capable of producing the food necessary for existence without any great outlay of labor or capital; corn, summer vegetables, and fruits are practically all that is extensively raised, and the amount of these products is limited to the actual needs of the farmers, since there is little division of labor in the process and each raises as great or small a variety of crops as his family demands. There is little local exchange of commodities and almost no marketing in districts outside the mountain barriers. This is, however, merely on account of the difficulty of transportation, and by no means because the land is not capable of a much higher degree of production.

The isolation which so strongly influences these economic and industrial conditions affects in even more marked ways the other phases of the life of these people. Their social life, or rather the lack of it, is astonishing to one who has always enjoyed ordinary community life. The people have small leisure and are seldom disposed to enjoy socially what little they have. At the end of a hard day's work there is little energy left for any farther exertion, and more or less exertion there must be in any gathering where a circle of five miles radius at least must be covered to collect a mere handful of people. The best thing they can do is to sit about their cabin doors, smoking and talking. Even the pleasure of reading is denied them; there are perhaps half a dozen books in a district, a few antiquated newspapers, and perhaps a magazine or two; but the majority of the people, possibly ninety per cent, could not read the books if they had them. There is little to talk about. There is a brief review of the day's work; such and such a person is ill; another has been killed in a feud; a petty robbery has been committed. These exhaust the topics of conversation. They sit and smoke till

they are sleepy ; go to bed ; get up at three in the summer and four in the winter. And so, day after day, the monotonous process is repeated. Their houses are poor, hastily built affairs, usually with one room, which is used for all purposes, the beds consisting of benches about the sides. The floor is of earth or rough boards, and the sides of the rooms are of sheathing. Sometimes a room is papered, after a fashion, with newspapers, brown paper, or scraps of wall paper, if the dwellers are lucky enough to get them. Occasionally they are ornamented with bright pictures from advertisements which have somehow found their way into these poor homes. A two-room shack is a great luxury, and is considered by many persons an extravagance. When outsiders urge the natives to build more rooms they are almost as scandalized as we would be if some one advised us to gold-plate our floors. "My house is as good as the rest," they say, and too often they see no reason for any change. The idea of personal privacy is utterly strange to them. They see no more impropriety in dressing and sleeping in a common room than we do in a family's eating at a common table. Their "folks" have always lived so, and why should they be different?

This same narrowness is evident in their ideas of education. Inherited notions have become almost permanent in their mental adjustment. There are very few schools, and education is not compulsory. The comparatively well-to-do, those who can spare the children's work upon the farm, send them to school for a few weeks in the year, but the teachers in these schools are often the most incompetent imaginable, on account of the great favoritism shown in awarding positions. Instructors have been found by those who are interested in the improvement of the system, with an education hardly equal to that given by the first four grades in our grammar schools. The "course of study" consists mainly of spelling and reading by rote, and of learning the tables in arithmetic. To this occasionally a few wonderful and erratic facts of geography or history are added. Little is learned from books, and the discipline has anything but a good effect upon the pupils. There, the old saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child", is accepted as gospel, and if a child cannot, or will not learn, the knowledge is flogged into him. A few of the old "blab" schools remain even to this day, but they are fast being done away with.

The mountain whites have their own local moral standards,

legal measures, and social customs. Bitter feuds, whose origin has been lost sight of in the haze of ancient history, still persist. "Blood for blood", is their cry, and every year adds many to the already appallingly long list of victims. The life of these poor mortals is never free from the most cruel tragedy, and in full sight of bereavement and agony, the "law" crawls into its corner and says, "It's none of my business." In fact it is but empty menace. A man is murdered; if he was a favorite, the murderer is promptly lynched; if he was hated, everyone says, "Oh, he was no 'count, he's better dead", and nothing is done. In strange contrast to their lawlessness, however, is their personal morality. They have their moral code, and adhere to it consistently, and it goes hard with any one who violates this code. Many so-called "civilized" communities might well take these people for an example. The sturdy, clean insistence upon the spirit and the letter of this unwritten law, is something to be revered and admired. Villains, of course there are among them, as among every people, but they are hated and despised in the community.

A word remains to be said upon the absence of social distinction between men and women. This arises, perhaps, from the fact that from childhood the women work side by side with the men, doing nearly as hard work as they, and almost as much of it. It is no more a social crime for a girl to smoke than it is for a man, and a family where the men smoke and chew and the women do not is an exception. In fact, in the matter of dress only, is a definite line drawn between the sexes; and even in dress, the women are as negligent as the men. But it is not so much that they do not *care* how they look as that they do not *know* how they look. A mirror is a strange and wonderful article in the greater part of the section. If they get the snarls out of their hair and get it comfortably out of their way; if they have clothes that are warm enough, and securely put on, they are satisfied—they know no other standards. Yet the latent love of beauty shows itself, and their admiration for bright ribbons and a "real wool best gown" is pathetically true to the feminine instinct. If they knew, and had the means to do with, they would be as attractive as any country girls one could find. In youth they are well built and fair of skin, and they are ambitious, until it is ground out of them by hard work. They are generous, as far as they can be,



and as loving as they have time to be. As for the men, they are strong, good workers from necessity, and usually as considerate of women as the demands of their daily toil allows. Here we have the germs of a strong, intelligent and useful race, waiting only for the destruction of the barriers of isolation, to develop into one of the finest classes of the country.

The work of civilization has already been begun in these regions. Schools are being opened by refined, intelligent women, into which the native girls are taken as into a family, and taught gradually what refinement, neatness, privacy, and other requirements of true womanhood mean. They do the work of the house, receiving instruction in all the departments of domestic science; they are taught to read, to appreciate good literature, to do simple arithmetic, to write simple English correctly, to understand the ordinary facts of geography and history, and finally, they are taught the beauty of a well-ordered life, and the duties of love and obedience. These girls, after a course of study of one, two, or three years, go back into their homes or are given posts as teachers where they may serve these ignorant, rude and honest people.

MERTICE PARKER THRASHER.

## TO THE MASTER MUSICIAN

Lo! unto Thee, O my Father,  
The Master Musician, I pray,  
Guiding the Song of the Ages,—  
Yet loving the child of a day.

Thou who in wisdom hast granted  
To some only notes sadness bringing,  
Hast bidden them write in the minor  
And build out of sorrow their singing.

Since unto me come the glad notes,  
Rich chords of the beauty of life,—  
Never the moan of the conquered,  
But only the joy of the strife;

No touch of the darkness and terror,  
No quivering discord of pain,—  
But ever the low-breathing whispers  
That swell into triumph again;



Grant, Master, I miss not Thy purpose,  
Nor fail of the perfect design ;  
Lift upward the dumb, fettered spirit,  
To list to the music divine.

So hearing that chorus eternal,  
Enraptured my spirit shall weave  
A melody fit for Thy hearing,—  
The song of the souls that believe !

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

## THE HOPE THAT IS BORN AGAIN

Old Man Devoe sat where the sun threw a crinkled shadow on the floor from the awning outside, his chair tilted back against the counter that held the tablets and slate pencils. The newspaper clipping in his hand was worn along its edges, and he unfolded it carefully as he drew a long breath to finish what he had been saying.

“And then after he’d started this here athletic club and been married seven years to old man Morgan’s daughter, he got pneumonia. No telling what he wouldn’t ‘a’ done if he hadn’t ‘a’ bin stopped. He was the kind that keeps right on.”

The other old man made no reply. He was adjusting some bright colored cans and wiping the dust from the shelf where they stood. He had been a printer all his life, and he lavished the pent-up neatness of fifty years on the little store. His visitor did not mind this unresponsiveness, for he was used to it. He had spent many hours in the little old man’s newspaper office while he was still George Devoe and wore his hat well back on his head. He had carried newspaper clippings in those days too,—quotations of mining stocks which had enabled him to gain two of the three great desires of his life,—to run a hotel, and to marry Ella Cameron. His third and supreme desire had never been gratified, because he would not obtrude upon another man’s success.

The clipping in Old Man Devoe’s hand was headed, “Death of a Well-known Athlete and Clubman.” Then followed a picture and the sketch of a life, “Deceased was thirty-two years old, and the son of a well-known mine owner of northern Michigan. He had been graduated at Harvard, where he had won a long

list of athletic honors and had then come to Chicago to enter the firm of Raber and Edwards. He had belonged to several clubs, and had been instrumental in organizing the athletic club. He had married Miss Gladys Morgan, daughter of Silas Morgan, head of the firm of Morgan & Company, packers, and was survived by a widow and three children."

Old Man Devoe did not look at the words—he knew them by heart; and the picture he never could see distinctly. But the dimness of his own eyes could not conceal the straightforward gaze of the pictured ones, and the young chin showed a determination that his own had never known. The young man's face had probably never shown such an expression of unsatisfied yearning as the old man's did while he muttered, "My boy, my son I never saw!" But the name below the picture was not Devoe. It read, "Gregory—Donald Cameron Gregory."

The big clock in the alcove of the show window struck twelve noisily. Old Man Devoe put the clipping into his vest pocket and took up his pipe. "I must be going," he said.

"Come again."

"Sure."

The little old man put down the kerosene can he had been filling and went to the front of the store, watching the departing figure of his friend. The big cat sprang up upon the counter beside him, and he patted her absently, while his mind travelled over the forty years that he had known his visitor.

A handsome young fellow George Devoe had been when he built the Swampsett House, palatial for those times, in the little lake-shore town. There had been an Indian squaw to cook, and a French Canadian waitress—everything, in fact, but a mistress. Even she had not been long lacking, and there had been free drinks on the day Devoe first met Ella Cameron when she came in on the boat with the McKenzies. A less impulsive man might have seen a certain hardness in her blue eyes, but Devoe had been fascinated at once. Mrs. McKenzie had favored the affair from the beginning, for the girl was too good for a servant. Had she not grown up in the minister's household in the old country, and did she not know Latin and poetry? But the little school already had a teacher, and so in the spring Ella was married without, it seemed, having had much to say about the matter herself.

The McKenzies moved to the mining country that fall, but

trouble began even before they left. Ella made a good house-keeper, but the cook's drinking and the maid's flirting were too much for her Scotch sense of propriety. She could make no allowances for them. But after they were gone there was no other help to be had, and she struggled through the winter alone. To make matters worse, she and Devoe did not get on well. It might have been better if she had scolded, but she vented her ill humor in a stony silence, while he shut himself into the bar-room to storm and drink. In the early spring the men began to come down from the woods for the spring drive. They were Devoe's good friends and best customers, these men in Mackinaw jackets and spiked boots, with peavils and cant-hooks slung over their shoulders, always full of fun and fight. None of them were bad fellows at heart, and what they broke they paid for, but they were wild with high spirits and the confinement of a long winter in the woods.

The third night after their descent was Saturday, and when the revels had lasted well into the calm of the early Sabbath morning Ella went down to the bar-room. Her husband met her as she entered.

"Get out of here! Don't you know this is no place for a woman?"

"This room has got to be cleared out, and I won't go till it is!"

"You go!"

"I won't!"

"Go!" Devoe raised his arm threateningly, and as she did not move, the blow descended.

That afternoon she left in the stage to go to the McKenzies, and Devoe never saw her again. Her child was born that summer, and two years later she divorced her husband and married a countryman of her own who took his sermons as regularly as he did his whiskey, and was unaffected by either. He was industrious, and what he earned she saved. How they happened to put it into Calumet and Hecla can be only explained by the fact that in a mining community everyone buys stock, and the hundredth man must win in order that ninety-nine may lose.

What followed was simple. Being Scotch, she had given her boy an education; being capable, she had given him food and clothing, also. She had no other children, so all the ambition, all the reserved affection of the pair was centered upon the



boy. But he had had one thing they never could have given him, nor ever have bought for him with all their money,—the power to make all men his friends. That he owed to the father he had never known.

Hard luck had stuck to Devoe after his wife left him. Finally the hotel had to go, and most of his friends went with it. He had sunk lower and lower during the fifteen years that followed. At times he worked in the mills or the camps, but mostly he did not work at all. These years had set their seal upon him and made him an old man. They still showed in the stoop of his shoulders, though the twenty that followed had helped him to forget.

The end of the fifteen years had come with the boy's first foot-ball season. The old printer remembered well the day that he had seen the account of the Upper Peninsula championship game in the papers, one of which had a good deal to say about "Don Gregory, who won the game by a fine end run, and would be captain of his team next winter, though only a junior in high school. The young man's many friends wished him all success, and his prospects seemed bright for making the team at Ann Arbor, should he decide to go there." The effect of this upon Devoe had been magical. He had asked for the papers eagerly, and next day he was back, brushed and shaved, to know if the friend who had always stood by him could get him a picture of the boy. It could be done. Mrs. Gregory had sent a picture for the paper, stipulating only that no mention should be made of her former connection with the town or with Devoe. "I want the boy to have a fair start," she had said.

Devoe's lips were sealed after that. Heaven forbid that he should stand in the boy's way, but he walked a little straighter and worked a little harder after every game the boy played. The old man's newspaper, somehow, never failed to chronicle these victories. People who knew the story began to stop Devoe to inquire about it, and shake hands with him. Some of these old friends were mill-owners and camp bosses now, but when Donald went East to prepare for Harvard they were glad to have Devoe bring in the Boston papers and tell them about the game the boy played, for he continued to win victories and friends.

The next year Devoe married a hard-working, kind-hearted woman, who made him comfortable and did much to keep him straight, but the boy did more. Donald Gregory's college



career was triumphant, and when he finished as captain of the foot-ball team and was voted the most popular man in his class, Old Man Devoe felt that his country owed him a debt she could never repay.

The years that followed showed that the young lawyer had not been simply a college idol. The organization of the athletic club made him prominent, and there were many columns about his marriage for Old Man Devoe's scrap-book. Legal as well as social triumphs came to him,—and in the very midst of them, death, sharp and sudden, but as unflinchingly met as the other tests of his courage had been.

The old printer, who by this time had given up his noisy office for the peaceful little store, saw Devoe, crushed, slip back into his old ways. But after the first shock he had put aside the silence of thirty years and written falteringly to his son's wife. Donald Gregory's widow could afford to be kind, and she accepted his sympathy and shared her grief with him. After a time, even her letters and the children's pictures failed to satisfy him, and he went down to Chicago to see them all for himself. Every summer since then, the little boy had come north for two overflowing weeks, to fish and sail and visit the mills by day, and to listen to his grandfather's fiddle and stories by night. Devoe's wife had taken this sturdy boy to her childless heart, and cooked marvelous things for him to eat, rejoicing in having outdone Ella Gregory. And Old Man Devoe had grown into a gentle, garrulous old age, for the twenty years of his pride had nearly blotted from his mind the fifteen of his humiliation.

LAURA ESTHER CROZER.

## HOME

It was just the ordinary sitting-room of a cheap "to-rent" summer cottage, but the burning driftwood in the fireplace beautified everything upon which its yellow glow fell. It put a flush into the cheeks of a girl who sat watching the blaze and listening to the man who sat opposite her. She was rather a pretty girl; her profile was almost beautiful.

"Yes," the man was saying, "nothing very pretentious; just something comfortable and homey, with the ocean for scenery.

It seems awfully good, but it's a long way off. It's a pleasant dream, and maybe you're in it, you know."

The girl turned and looked at the man. Her full face looked older than the profile; there were thoughtful wrinkles in her forehead, and her chin was very firm.

"But I don't understand," she said, "when you've written your great novel and have the money, I should think you'd want to travel—see Italy, and Spain and Greece, and all the beautiful things one dreams of. But to build a house, on this sea-coast, and bury yourself here away from everybody,—I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Away from everybody perhaps, but you,—you and the ocean."

"You'll grow awfully sick of it. Three weeks here is one thing. A life-time is different."

"But Lois, if it was home ——"

She interrupted him. "Mr. Lansing, to be perfectly honest, and I know it sounds heathenish, I'm afraid home doesn't mean much to me. Perhaps if I had been brought up differently it might, but mother and I were alone, and a succession of boarding-houses, mostly bad, isn't calculated to give one a home feeling. Maybe, if I loved a man desperately, I'd be willing to settle down in one spot, away from civilization, but it wouldn't be for the home."

The log in the fire-place broke and fell in glowing coals. "The last of the driftwood. I suppose I ought to be going. I'll be around to-morrow morning and drive you and your mother to the station. This next week won't be like the last. I'm coming to see you as soon as I am back in Boston."

"We're always glad to see our friends."

"Then it is only friend?"

"Please," she said nervously, "I wish you wouldn't talk that way. I like you so much better when you don't. Good night. It's awfully good of you to drive us to the station, but if it's any trouble to you, I am quite able to do it myself."

Lois Winthrop was an illustrator. She had a distinct talent for drawing, and as she needed the money, she had for some years taken odd jobs here and there where she could find them. Among other things, she had drawn some sketches for a newspaper. There she met Richard Lansing, a young reporter, whose interviews she was to illustrate, and they had worked together all winter; and in the following summer he had sug-

gested the little coast village to her as quiet and inexpensive, and as likely to please her mother and herself. Then he had arranged his vacation to coincide with hers, and though he lived at a nearby farm-house, he had spent most of his time at the cottage, till the paper had sent for her to illustrate some special stories and she was obliged to leave. Within a month's time came an offer from a New York magazine to come to that city, while Mr. Lansing's work kept him in Boston. In New York Lois studied in real earnest—so earnestly, in fact, that she neglected to answer his letters and tell him of a change in address. She grew more and more absorbed in her work, and rose in the ranks. Her drawing became well-known and approved, but she never heard again of Mr. Lansing until one day her mother, in looking over a Boston paper, read :

“ ‘Hilton-Lansing. On Wednesday, September 5, by the Rev. James Clancy, Margery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Hilton, to Richard Lansing. Lois, don't you suppose that's the same ?’ ”

“ Possibly—in fact, probably. I wonder if he's written his novel yet.”

“ What novel, dear ? ”

“ Oh, the one he was always going to write.”

That winter Lois and her mother went to Europe. Her work prospered and they stayed several years, wandering from country to country. Then they came back to New York. By this time Lois was doing more portrait work than illustrating, and as the years went on she did portraits almost exclusively, so she was surprised to receive a letter from her old firm asking her to illustrate a new book which they were to publish the following fall. “ It is the work of a new author. You probably never heard of the man, but I think that you will find it worth while. The next time the author comes down I will send him to you. His name is Lansing.”

Lois accepted the offer. Had he wished her to illustrate the book he had planned so long ago ? Soon after, she received another letter.

“ My dear Miss Winthrop :—You don't in the least know who I am, but it is my husband's book you are to illustrate. He was so surprised when the publisher told him whom they had chosen because, as he told me, you are an old friend, of whom

he lost track for years. He is planning to go down to New York to see you about the drawings next week, but won't you come up here and spend the week with us? We should be so glad to see you, and the beach is just as lovely as it was the summer you were here. Our house is built where the little cottage used to stand."

Lois showed the letter to her mother. "Don't you think it would be nice to go? It would be cool and quiet, and I'd rather like to see what she's like."

Mr. Lansing and his wife met her at the station, scarcely changed since she had first seen it fourteen years before. The house stood back a little from the road; in front was a garden and lawn, carefully grown by putting good earth over the sand and rocks. On the porch were two small children, who regarded the stranger with awe which stilled their usual chatter.

"Yes," Mr. Lansing said, "it isn't very grand, but still it's comfortable and homey. You see my novel isn't published yet. But I don't know whether I'd change the old house if I could."

During supper the children lost their shyness and invited her to come and play hide-and-seek with them and "daddy" until their bed-time. They always played hide-and-seek with daddy after supper.

"No, children, you mustn't drag Miss Winthrop out this evening,—she's come all the way from New York and she's tired. She's going to sit on the piazza with me."

Lois sat there watching the game and listening to their laughter. "Daddy, we've caught you this time," they called.

"I suppose it's foolish for a grown man to play hide-and-seek, but it keeps him young," Mrs. Lansing laughed. "Miss Winthrop, you look awfully tired. Don't be formal, but if you would like to, go up to bed now. It's almost time for the children anyway."

Lois rose. "It was a hot, dusty trip, and I guess I'm getting old. I think I'll go to bed like the children."

Up-stairs, from the window, she watched them finish their game and heard them plead for "just five minutes more, please, mamma." She closed the door to shut out their voices, and watched the sunset fade away and the first star come out. Then she bent her head on the window sill. "It's home, oh, dear Lord, I understand. It's home."

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.



## SKETCHES

"Where is our mother of peace  
Nodding her purple hood?  
For the winds that awakened the stars  
Are blowing through my blood!"

It is the old, old cry of the wanderer. Explorer, soldier of fortune, tramp, whoever he is, wherever he is, he feels the call.

With the first soft breath of the spring, when  
**Wanderlust** the brown buds are faintly tipped with gum  
and the wind brings fragrance from the south,  
the true wanderer feels stirring within him the old fever.  
Through his veins the blood pulses wildly, something is drawing him on, drawing him to strange new lands, — it is the wander-lure.

Have you ever felt that you have in you the blood of old seamen, hardy Norsemen, whose lives were spent in encountering new dangers, seeing new sights? that it is their blood flowing anew in your veins that calls you forth to a rover's life? The day-dreams of children, the explorations, the strange, mysterious sights they plan to see, these too come from the wander fever, and it is not only children who make day dreams. How often have I planned to tramp alone down through the valley of the Loire, seeing beautiful France as a rambler, a tramp. I picture myself stretched beneath the shade of an old tree, over which the breath of centuries has passed. Lying flat on my back, looking into the turquoise of the sky, while warm airs play languorously around me, and dreaming of the men and women who have passed by in days of old, I go far back into the past and see in my fancy the forms of grand dames and monsigneurs passing by; and along the same road trudges a sturdy country lad, while happy peasant girls dance on the green grass.

It is a wonderful land, that land of dreams, full of life and color and brightness. The freedom of rambling lazily along, dreaming of the past, planning the future, alone yet not

lonely, — that is the ideal life. With some the yearning is stronger than with others. To many it is a sub-current, unrecognized, yet subtly drawing our hearts with it. The wailing of music brings it to us at times ; poets express it for us often. It is a fever, coming and going, but it is very dear to those who hear its call,—the wander-lure, calling us from our accustomed place to lands clothed in all the witchery which imagination can conjure, the spring-fever of life, the wanderlust.

EVA BAKER.

“ Either make the tree good, and his fruit good ; or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt, for the tree is known by his fruit.” Kenneth was pain-

**The Fruit of Good Deeds** fully spelling this out one Sunday afternoon in early autumn, while his grandfather sat by with an expression of mingled affection and pride on his stern face.

This reading was not pleasant to six year old Kenneth. It lasted for a whole hour on Sunday afternoon, and it was very hard work, since he so seldom understood anything he read. He had learned to take the long, lonely Sundays philosophically ; all but this. If he could only ask what it meant, came to him now, as it had so often before. As he glanced up at the end of the verse he caught the kindly expression on old Mr. Stone's face, and before he realized it, the question was asked.

Mr. Stone straightened up suddenly. He had not been listening. “ Read it again,” he said, “ and see if you can't make it out for yourself.”

Slowly Kenneth read the words once more, and looked up, still puzzled. His grandfather explained : “ It is a parable. We are all trees, and the fruit is our good deeds. Every good deed has its fruit. When you are older and think about it, you will understand better. Now you may run out into the garden.”

Kenneth wondered why he must wait until he was older to think. It seemed to him that in that lonely house he did nothing else but think. By the time he had reached his favorite corner of the garden, he had gone back to the puzzling verse, and sat repeating it to himself until he fell asleep, with the problem still unsolved.

A hedge separated him from the path on the edge of the

orchard, and Kenneth awoke to hear two people, a man and a girl, talking behind it. He knew that he must not listen, and was just starting to go away when he caught these words :

"Those cherries, Florence, look so lovely against your hair. They are as sweet and fresh and wholesome as—"

"Come, Tom, she interrupted quickly, "we must go;" and Kenneth heard them move away.

He was so disappointed. What had Tom been going to add ? Could it have been, "as the deeds which brought them ?" Quickly he climbed up the tree under which he had been lying and saw actual cherries growing in her hair, just under the brim of her hat. He had seen flowers growing something like that before, but until this afternoon he had always thought they belonged to the hat. Anyone could see with half an eye that these cherries belonged on her head, from the natural way in which they rested there. How very good the deeds must have been to give such fine fruit, he thought, as he turned back to the house reluctantly, to be washed for supper.

Fresh and neat, Kenneth entered the dining room. There was company, a lovely lady, whom he was told to call Cousin Edith. At first it annoyed him to have her talk to him ; he wanted to think. Suddenly he saw in her belt a mass of violets. Where were the stems ? He could not find them. His hopes rose, then fell ; these were flowers, not fruit. A pause in the conversation gave him his opportunity : "Cousin Edith," he said, forgetting his timidity in his eagerness, "are flowers fruit ?"

"Why, I think you might say so," she answered. "They are the only fruit some trees have. Why do you ask, dear ?"

Kenneth was taken aback. He hadn't thought of being asked to explain and he didn't like to, there before grandfather. He flushed, but started bravely.

"Those flowers are so lovely, I wondered—"

"Do you like them ?" she interrupted, rising. "Come here and I'll pin one on your coat."

"Oh, had you better pick them ?" the child asked anxiously.

Cousin Edith and grandfather laughed. "Well, Edith," said Mr. Stone, "I guess there will be more where those came from, won't there ?"

She blushed and turned toward the library ; grandfather followed, leaving Kenneth alone. Kenneth was sorry, for he had



hoped to ask Cousin Edith more questions, but he had gained something, he thought, as he walked down the garden path ; you could pick your fruit.

But, he wondered, why hadn't everyone fruit ? Then he remembered a party in the house, long before, and every lady had had flowers, and one of the men had a rose on his coat. But none of the workmen on the place had fruit. He thought hard and couldn't remember a single especially good deed of any of them. In fact, they were always rather cross, so, of course, they wouldn't have any fruit. But grandfather, where was his ? He must have some, Kenneth knew, for he had heard the coachman telling how good he was to the poor people in the village. Where was the fruit ? Like a flash it came over him ; it was in the dish on the sideboard ; that explained why no one ever ate any, and why the butler always brought in some fresh every morning. To be sure, with so many good deeds it would be hard to carry all the fruit ; and Cousin Edith had proved to him that it could be picked.

Yes, the mystery was clearing. But it occurred to him that he had no fruit. Was he so very naughty ? He remembered once helping the stable boy shine the harness for a whole morning. It was hard work and he grew very tired. That was a good deed. But then, he remembered, he had been cross over having his hands washed for luncheon, after it ; and perhaps being naughty killed the fruit the good deeds made. Then he began to wonder what people, who knew, must think of him for not having even one little bit of fruit. To explain it, he supposed he might casually mention having picked it ; but that seemed a poor way. When one is small, and can't do big things like grandfather, as everyone knows without seeing the fruit, people might not believe him. He felt sure if it were another little boy he wouldn't believe him. By the way, he had never noticed any fruit, when he played with other children. But then, he seldom saw them, and since he had been so stupid about grandfather's fruit when it was right there in the dining-room, he might easily have overlooked their's.

Yes, he must have real fruit, and enough to convince people that he had always picked it before. If he only had some pins now, he could go to the grape arbor and pin on some bunches. The grapes grew low enough for him to reach, and the gardener wouldn't be about on Sunday. He would rather have cherries



like the pretty lady with Tom ; but he didn't care to climb trees in his Sunday suit, and everyone could see the orchard, and they might guess that it was just ordinary fruit. No, he would try the grapes.

There were pins upstairs ; so with studied carelessness Kenneth passed the kitchen and saw the only maid left at home on Sunday, sitting on the steps with a man. She would never hear him. Quickly he went in at the side door and up to the nursery where he saw a cushion full of pins on the bureau. He grabbed the prize and went back as he had come. It took but a moment to reach the grape arbor, and there the work began. When it was done, grapes grew out of his collar, out of the knees of his knickerbockers, and the tops of his shoes and even his cap was adorned. The sun was going down, but it was still light enough for his deeds to be seen, so Kenneth set out from the front gate into the road.

It was splendid ! No one passed without noticing him ; and all the grown-ups smiled, as of course they would at such a good little boy. Kenneth was feeling as complacent as though the fruit were really his, when he suddenly realized that it was getting late. He had forgotten that bed time was so near ; they would be looking for him and he felt vaguely that he would find it difficult to explain.

He turned and hurried back. Sure enough, everyone was at the gate starting out to hunt for him. Half of them kissed him, and the others scolded him ; but grandfather sent them away and took Kenneth, a very frightened little boy, into the library. He wondered if they would make him tell everyone whom he had met that the fruit wasn't really his.

In the library was Cousin Edith. How very awkward it was to have her hear him scolded, but there was no help for it. He heard his grandfather's voice asking him to explain—he was always asked to explain—the cause of his absurd appearance, and how he got those choice grapes. His "absurd appearance !" The words rang in his ears. He forgot how he had meant to begin his explanation, but he stumbled through it somehow.

"You see you said our good deeds brought fruit—and I did want some fruit—I know it was wrong. But the grapes aren't much squashed, and I thought everyone had fruit but just me—"

"Well, it is too late now for you to be up; we will discuss this matter in the morning."

Kenneth turned to go. "Good night," said Cousin Edith's voice and shyly he glanced up. She rushed to him, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him,—for Cousin Edith had understood.

ERNESTINE FAILING.

#### THE YELLOW MOON

Last night the yellow moon laughed at me,  
Right over the top of the old pine tree,  
That stands so straight and black and tall  
At the end of the path by the garden wall.

He was laughing so hard as he came up the sky  
He was tipped on his side, and one twinkling eye  
Was cocked up into the funniest wink!  
He was so shiny he made me blink.

Then some shadows down by the garden wall  
Began to creep, and wriggle and crawl,  
And so I ran and jumped into bed  
And wrapped the blankets round my head.

But just before I went to sleep  
I gave the moon a farewell peep,  
And he was still laughing as hard as could be,  
And this time I *know* that he winked at me.

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN.

The train was late, and with no great patience I walked up and down the platform of the "Hamp" station. Polly was coming to visit me. We had been chums

**Polly's Charge** for the four years of our high school course, and I had not seen her for eight long weeks, ever since I left for college. At last the rails began to sing and then came the confusion following the arrival of a late train. Eagerly I scanned the cars; no Polly could I see. There she was,—no, yes, it was she, but what had she with her? I could not believe my eyes, for there was Polly holding by the hand a small girl, who had perhaps reached the mature age of three. What could it mean?

"Who is it Polly, and what on earth did you bring it for?" I gasped.

"It," Polly said, "is known as Louise, and is the only living specimen of its kind in captivity and warranted harmless."

I still gazed upon Louise with no signs of delight. "Yes, but what do you intend to do with her?"

"Nothing very dreadful, my dear. Come into the station and I'll explain. You see——"

"No, I don't," I interrupted, but I have hopes that I may see; go on."

Polly ignored my remark. "She spent the summer next door to us in the country, and the woman whom she was with came to see my mother the other day, and somehow mother remarked I was coming up here."

"Yes, but do hustle, Polly, or we shall be late to dinner!"

"Well," went on Polly, "she snapped mother up immediately; said, 'dear little Louise'—the poor youngster is an orphan—'was to spend the winter with a relative in East-hampton, and would that lovely girl Polly'—she hates me like fun, usually—'take the dear little Louise up with her?' The relative is going to meet me here and get Louise."

Meanwhile, Louise was eyeing me with an interested curiosity, but she said never a word.

"But Polly, suppose the relative doesn't meet you, what shall we do with the kid?"

"Oh! she'll be here all right. That must be the relative by the ticket office now," and Polly started towards the lady.

I pulled her back quickly. "Don't offer that child so freely, Polly Graham! That is one of the faculty."

Polly laughed, and advanced to another woman standing near the ticket window. Polly looked a little sheepish as she politely inquired if this were Mrs. Hill, and if,—but she went no further, as the woman, seemingly very much insulted, icily replied that she certainly was not Mrs. Hill. Polly returned crestfallen.

"Mrs. Hill must be a disreputable character," she said, "I shan't dare ask anyone else."

"Try that woman in the corner with the grey dress," I suggested, "she is certainly looking for something or somebody."

Polly advanced and put the momentous question, and when she turned away I knew, by the expression of her face, that it was not Mrs. Hill. Meanwhile, Louise had made the acquaint-

ance of a small boy beside her who politely offered her part of his banana. She was at least quiet, for which I was grateful.

Polly had come back and stood eyeing every woman in the station. "You don't really suppose, Polly, we are going to have this child left on our hands?" I was beginning to have grave doubts whether Mrs. Hill existed. I suggested this idea to Polly, who proposed I should try my luck and ask a woman who had just entered the room.

I walked bravely up to her. "Are you Mrs. Hill?" I inquired, very insinuatingly. I could not see how she could resist being Mrs. Hill, I said it so temptingly.

"No," she replied, in a most cordial tone, "I ain't, I'm Mrs. Johnson, and I'm goin' to meet my son Sam here, thank you."

"Not at all," I murmured, as if I had conferred a great favor upon her in suggesting that she might be Mrs. Hill. I wanted to offer her Louise as a substitute for Sam, but didn't. One by one we approached every woman in the station only to receive an answer in the negative.

Polly was at one end of the station and I had gone out to look over the people on the platform when a howl arose such as I had never heard before from mortal child. Could it be the passive Louise? I returned in haste to find Polly actually talking baby-talk in her eagerness to quiet the enfant terrible. Certainly Louise howled in a manner all her own. Her face was quite unmoved; she just sat still and screamed. We hunted for injuring pins, bought her a flower and some chocolate, all to no purpose. Polly looked at me and I looked at Polly.

"They'll put us out of here if you don't stop her, Polly," I said crossly, "you must make her keep quiet."

"Must I?" replied Polly. "Try it yourself."

"Would you like me to go for some soothing syrup?" I queried.

"No you don't," snapped Polly. "You would never come back, and I refuse to be left alone in a strange place with this child."

"What are you going to do?" I cried, as Louise began to add kicking to her list of accomplishments.

"Just what you are doing, my dear," she replied, "nothing."

The station-master now came towards us. Of course we would be put out on the street with that howling imp.



"Are you ladies looking for somebody?" he inquired. Now who could have guessed that we were looking for some one!

This man really had marvelous insight.

"Well," he said, after we had explained our difficulty, "you'd better just let me call in a policeman, and he'll look after the child all right till the woman can be found."

Let him call in an officer! I gasped. Visions rose before my mind's eye,—police courts, newspapers, big head lines,—it was too much. Polly seemed to have sense enough left to say something.

"I think the woman must come soon," she suggested hopelessly.

I had all the while a burning desire to spank that howling youngster, for Louise continued to scream with unabated vigor. Polly and I were in despair. Finally the station-master vanished through the door.

"If he brings in a policeman, Polly," I whispered, "it will be dreadful. You can't realize how things sound in the papers up here. Oh dear!"

Before Polly could answer I saw coming down the platform the station-master and a man in a blue uniform. Just as they entered the door a masculine voice behind us said, "Does this child belong to you?"

"Not at all," I returned decidedly, and not sure now whether Polly had not kidnapped the child. The minion of the law was drawing nearer; I turned wildly to Polly.

"This man wants to know about Louise," I said.

Polly pulled herself together to attempt an explanation, but the man took matters into his own hands.

"Is this the little girl Mis' Hill was to meet?"

"It is," gasped Polly.

"Wall, Mis' Hill sent me to fetch her, and I guess I'm a bit late, but I clean forgot it till just now; almost went home without her."

He seemed very unconcerned, but what mattered anything! We had found an owner for Louise. To my great relief the policeman did not approach, but hovered near, awaiting developments. The man from Mrs. Hill had a wonderful influence on Louise, who had become absolutely quiet and had resumed her sphinx-like mask.

We said good-bye to her. She did not appear in the least

moved by our going, but put her hand into the man's and, without looking back, trotted off. I felt as relieved as if I had finished my "math." for the week. I turned to Polly. "If you ever come to see me again, Polly Graham," I said, "and want to bring some form of diversion, please choose something more easily disposed of than a small child."

Alice Marjorie Pierce.

#### A SPRING SONG

The long grey line on the crests of the hills  
Meeting with grey of sky,—  
And the dull, flat tones of heather and marsh,  
And the sough as the wind wafts by;

A break in the clouds—a rift of blue,  
Herald of sun and spreading glory.  
Green on the hills that once were grey  
Spring! the old, old story.

Katharine Gager.

Pamela pressed her face against the window-pane and looked out. Down on the sidewalk half a dozen little girls were playing hop-scotch. They were pretty and red-

**A Social Crisis** cheeked, and laughed gaily as they threw the stone at the chalk-marks on the pavement, and then went skipping along to pick it up again. Pamela, on the other side of the window, sighed. "I wish I knew somebody," she said to herself. "I wish I had somebody to play with."

A month before, Pamela's grandmother had moved into the handsome brown stone house on Broad street. It seemed a large house, just to hold the grandmother and Pamela and the servants. But the grandmother was prominent in society, and must entertain her numerous friends.

"Pamela," she had said the night after they had arrived, when they were sitting in the big, brightly lighted dining-room, "Pamela, I know we shall like it here." And Pamela, away down at the other end of the snowy table, had raised her big

eyes, and, bravely putting away memories of the friends she had left behind with the little brick house on Green street, had answered, "Yes, grandmother."

They were a strange couple as they sat there at the two ends of the table—the handsome, white-haired old lady, and the little dark-eyed girl. Pamela's mother had died when Pamela was born, and the heart-broken father had taken his little girl to live with her grandmother. Far away in one corner of her mind Pamela could remember when the grandmother did not care so much about her dinners, and clubs, and charities, but used to be at home most of the time. Then had come the dreadful day when her father was killed in an accident. After that, everything had changed. The grandmother found Pamela too young to turn to for comfort, and had gone to her friends for sympathy and support. She shrank from the dark eyes so like her son's, and Pamela, quick to feel that her grandmother could not be talked to like other girls' grandmothers, shrank in turn, and lived in a little world of her own.

Pamela had honestly tried to like the new home on Broad street. She was pleased with the big front room in which there was a closet big enough to hold all her treasures, and she liked the faces of the children that she saw playing out on the sidewalk. But as day after day went by, and her acquaintance with those children began and ended with the view she got of them from the high chair by the window, her face grew thin, and her big, dark eyes grew sadder.

"I'm a little girl, too," Pamela would say to herself, as she pressed her face against the pane, and looked out. "I love to play hide-and-seek, and tag, and jack-stones in the vestibule on rainy days, just the way they do. But I don't know them, and I don't know how I'm ever going to know them. Oh dear!"

Pamela remembered when Sara Lee had moved to Green street how Sara's mother had called Pamela over, and they had become acquainted. Sara had afterward grown to be her best friend. It never occurred to her to trouble the grandmother with such things. If she should hint that she was tired of sitting by the window and looking out, the grandmother would most likely send her to the park with Kitty. Pamela shivered. She was too old to go about with a nurse-maid. The first day on Broad street, Kitty had taken her to the little park a dozen blocks away, and a boy with red hair had laughed at

her, and cried out, "Shame! Shame! Tied to your nurse's apron-strings!" That was too much. After that when the grandmother ordered fresh air, she had gone out in the back yard to play. It was better than Kitty and the park, but oh, so lonely, compared with the happiness in front.

One afternoon in May, when the brightness of the sun and the softness of the air and the twitter of the birds had sent an invitation to every house on Broad street, to which the inmates had responded by coming out to sit on their steps, or chat over their fences, Pamela felt an unconquerable longing to be out. The grandmother had gone, early in the afternoon, to a meeting of the hospital board. Kitty had taken an "afternoon out". Pamela, from her post at the window, craned her neck to see where the little girls were. Surely, they must be out such a day as this! Yes, they were coming down the street, jumping their ropes in a long line. Pamela could jump rope better than she could do anything else, for in her afternoons in the back yard she had jumped round and round the square grass-plot till she hardly ever missed. A sudden idea flashed through her mind. Would she dare? To be out in the great sunshiny world and play with those children she would dare do anything. She ran to the closet and pulled out her best hat, all covered with daisies. Then, before she had time to be frightened at what she was doing, she seized the jumping-rope, ran downstairs, and out of the basement door.

The line of jumpers was returning. For a moment Pamela's courage failed her as she saw them come nearer and then stop a few feet off to look curiously at her. "The new girl," she heard one of them whisper. Then she set her little thin chin firmly, and with a bound crossed her Rubicon.

"You know," she said, jumping up to them where they stood in front of the house next door, "you know I can jump rope, too. I can jump it real fast, and ever so many times! Forty—sixty—oh, a hundred times. Want to see me?"

Without waiting for an answer, she began to turn her rope. Her feet, in their cloth-topped shoes, tapped the stone sidewalk with rhythmic precision. The daisies on her hat flapped up and down. She counted aloud in a strained, breathless voice—"Twenty, twen-ty-one, twen-ty-two, twen-ty-three." A row of faces was watching her with eager, half-amused interest. She saw one girl nudge another, and give a little suppressed giggle. She kept on jumping. "Forty-nine, fifty"—



Pamela could no longer see the faces in front of her,—only the rope as it swung before her eyes. Her head swam, her knees felt weak and shaky, but she must go on ! If she missed before she got to a hundred she could never hold up her head again—"Nine-ty-one, nine-ty-two, nine-ty-three." Pamela felt a stir run through her audience. It must be because she was so very near the end. "Nine-ty-four, nine-ty-five, nine-ty-six."

"Pamela Fredericks ! what does this mean ? Stop, this instant, child !" The grandmother's voice sounded sternly, close beside her. Not from disobedience, but from mere inability to grasp the situation, Pamela kept on. "Nine-ty-seven, nine-ty-eight, nine-ty"—

The rope was caught out of her hands, and she stood dizzily, in the middle of the sidewalk. "Oh, grandmother, you made me miss !"—and as she was borne up the high stone steps into the house, Pamela's sobs were heart-broken.

That evening, up in her little white bed with her grandmother by her side, Pamela learned something she had never known before, for the grandmother explained that jumping a great many times in succession was very dangerous. And the grandmother learned something too, for when she asked Pamela why she had done such a foolish, reckless thing, and Pamela had sobbed, "Just to make friends, grandmother, I wanted so to make friends with those little girls," she gathered the child up in her arms, and said in a voice, shaky just like Pamela's, "My dear little girl, we will have them here to-morrow. You shall 'make friends.'"

EDITH LILLIAN JARVIS.

SWEETHEART

A little bird sang high up in a tree,  
 "Sweetheart, Sweetheart !"  
 His song came clear through the woods to me,—  
 "Sweetheart !"  
 All hedged about by a leafy screen  
 Where pines thrust fragrant boughs between,  
 He sang, content to sing unseen,—  
 "Sweetheart !"

And Claire walked silent by my side,—  
 Sweetheart, Sweetheart !"  
 Through cool, soft depths where violets hide,—  
 "Sweetheart !"  
 More fair than any flower was she  
 As she turned her dear flower-face to me,  
 And the little brown bird peeped out to see,—  
 "Sweetheart !"

My lips, well taught by the little bird's song,  
 "Sweetheart, Sweetheart !"  
 Told Claire what I wis she had known full long,—  
 "Sweetheart !"  
 And the little brown bird, high up in the tree,  
 Was a dull little bird if he could not see  
 That she is the one in the world for me,—  
 "Sweetheart !"

ELOISE PRINDLE JAMES.

Polly sat down on the front doorstep disconsolately. "Well," she said, "I proclaim it from the housetops. It is hot ! and it is stupid ! Bless me ! a week ago to-night I  
**Predestination** was at the shore. . . . and now, here I am doomed to stay in the city for six weeks at least. Everybody is out of town and I don't know a single man here—not even a girl."

Just then a man, young and quite good-looking, came around the corner. He carried a covered grocer's basket. Polly watched him until he had disappeared in the house opposite. Suddenly she rose and went in.

"I say, Dad, is there any reason why you can't get acquainted with that young Mr. Ellis across the street. Didn't you say you knew his uncle ?"

Her father looked up from his paper a trifle reproachfully.

"Yes, my dear, I know his uncle. But there is plenty of reason why he will not be coming over here. I do not intend to have any men around to see you. Plenty of time for such things later," with an air which said plainly "that settles it."

Polly was used to her father's attitude. He never could realize that she was grown up. It was always with him,

"Plenty of time for such things later," so she did not bother to argue.

"Well," she said to herself, after returning to the steps, "I can't faint near his doorstep. In the first place I never did faint in my life and don't know how; in the second, my color is too healthy; in the third, it wouldn't be compatible with the family's idea of gentility to faint in such a conspicuous place, anyhow. Next, I cannot turn my ankle when I am just about to pass him on the street, because that is an old dodge. I cannot drop my cardcase, because that is an older game yet,—they did that in the dark ages. In fact, everything has been done or is being done now. I do wish some one would tell me a nice, proper, ladylike and original method of making a young man's acquaintance. I might write to the 'Ladies' Home Journal', may be it could throw some light on the subject. Pshaw! Isn't this silly! I'll learn to knit, acquire a cat—oh, there's one now!" and Polly ran down the steps to catch up a tiny gray kitten which looked as if it did not belong to anybody in particular. She played with it all the evening, regardless of her aunt's theories on "diseases disseminated by stray cats", and finally went to bed leaving the kitten on the steps.

The next evening after dinner the door-bell rang. Polly went to the door. (She afterwards insisted that the spirit moved her.)

"Good evening," said Mr. Ellis, raising his hat. "I—I took the liberty of returning your cat. It wandered into our cellar somehow or other."

Polly hesitated a barely perceptible second. "Oh, thank you!" she said. "I have missed Peter all day. Wondered where he was. He is such a venturesome pussy. I must try to teach him to stay home."

"Don't!" said Jack Ellis with a faint suspicion of a smile. "I like cats and he wouldn't bother me at all. It wasn't a bit of trouble to bring him home—not a bit. Good night."

A year later, Polly, young Mr. Ellis and the cat sat on Polly's doorstep. "Jack," said Polly, "I have something which I really think I ought to tell you."

"All right. 'Fess up if you want to, only—"

"Well," confessed Polly as soon as she had a chance, "last summer, you remember, you brought Peter home one night. He—he wasn't my cat at all. I never even had seen him until the night before. But you see how it was—"

"Yes," said Jack, vaguely reminiscent, "I *saw*. I went up to the Humane Society Building myself, and bought that cat."

MARY BILLINGS EDDY.



## EDITORIAL

There is something about the winter term that invites to serious, intellectual work—invites and not coerces. We delight in spending long hours exploring unknown regions of “Forbes”. We thrill at the discoveries which we make in the class-room,—for however monotonous the social theories of the Romans or the formulation of ethical codes, it occasionally comes over us with a mighty exhilaration that we have never heard these old ideas presented in just this new relation. A phase of personality new to us in the philosopher whom we are reading, in our professor, or in our fellow-student, affords us a vision through another’s eyes. In the dark, dull days when the little pools on the back campus gleam like sheets of gun-metal reflecting the heavy gray of the sky, it is luxury to go into our room with its cheerful colors, close the shutters to the dreariness outside, light the lamp, fortify ourselves behind an imposing “Busy” sign, and give ourselves up to the influence of books lying close at hand, open at the right places; to the allurements of large, inviting sheets of “Hercules Bond” and our favorite pen. It is the season when we are irresistably led to express ourselves. We withdraw from active pursuits for a while to indulge in that “sense of otherness”, in the memories and impressions of more remote experiences. The essence of these facts and fancies now crystalizes in written words.

How different is the atmosphere of “spring term”! Our *katharsis* has been accomplished. We are fresh for real living again, eager to see and do, to think and feel. We are so strongly moved by the newly awakened pulses throbbing in the world around us that we become one with their joy and stir. Our aesthetic vision is gone. Our power to retire to a distance and express disinterestedly is lost. We are intensely alive again. Everything affects us. The realm of art is very far away.

Now the other side of college life is uppermost—the opportunity to enjoy out-of-doors with our friends. The aim of a college career may be preëminently to develop the intellectual—and yet, is not the ideal equipment for life (which, supposedly, we gain here) a *social* equipment? Are we not to learn, first of all, how to live with a world of human beings, like and unlike ourselves? Our nature-loving and our social impulses respond with alacrity to the call of the season and our intellectual selves retire, for the time being, into the background. We don't give up all idea of studying. We merely draw a long breath after the last required paper has been handed in, frankly admit that we find the burden of the intellectual work less pressing, and refuse to worry about anything any more—not even final examinations! It isn't the attitude of the shirk, but the normal indication of sane nerves that have weathered more arduous tasks and are capable of concluding the year calmly and gracefully. Should we not be grateful that we are not tyrannized over by our responsibilities and duties? The long walks that make new friendships and strengthen old ones; the free, happy talks in the great out-of-doors; the friendly visiting after supper of a May evening between our neighborly houses—and we at least do not regret that they are built so close together—all these luxuries of the life here we find time to enjoy.

And surely none can blame us for revelling in this month of miracles! Was there ever before such melting blueness of sky, hills and river! such faint haze of willows, lighted, perchance, by the flash of azure wings! such yielding of moist earth to feet weary of inhospitable ground! such sifting, searching sunshine! There are irresistible new bird-calls; bubbles by the million that wink on the waves of "Paradise"; snowy clouds drifting over the long hill slopes; half-forgotten odors wafted by in an almost imperceptible breeze.

Our life with our books, with out-of-doors, with our friends, should make a perfect whole. And when, with evening, we climb the observatory hill and sit on the steps to rest and think and enjoy a quiet outlook on the busy little world across the campus, what we have read that day, what we have seen from "Sunset Hill", what we have heard from the lips of a friend,—all seem blended in the full blessing of this, our happy college life.

## *EDITOR'S TABLE*

At the Academy of Music, March 26, William H. Crane, in "The American Lord".

Mr. Crane is fittingly called a good stage representative of American humor. He seems to enter genuinely into the spirit of a situation, which is undoubtedly the secret of his success. This play did not show him in as pleasing a light as "David Harum", for the situations were often artificial and a little forced. Mr. Crane took the part of a hustling Dakota congressman who has suddenly fallen heir to an English lordship and estate, and who assumes the title with a view to making American improvements. Local hits on the United States government afforded much amusement, and the play gave a good representation of the attitude of the English aristocracy toward the enterprising American. Among minor characters, Hilda Spong should be commended for her interpretation of the Irish widow.

A. McE.

At the Academy of Music, April 24, Eleanor Robson, in "Susan in Search of a Husband".

This three-act farce by Jerome K. Jerome is another instance of his ability to present improbable and mirth-provoking situations. Miss Robson, as Susan Gambott, plays the part of the twice-courtied young wife in a charmingly graceful manner, but her acting falls just short of unconscious simplicity. Her support was good with the exception of a few minor parts, and the English atmosphere was well maintained throughout by attention to almost insignificant mannerisms. The play was attractively staged and proved fairly entertaining, but suffered in parts from slight, yet too evident repetition.

K. E. C.

At the Academy of Music, April 25, the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

As before, this concert was the most important musical event of the college year. Under the direction of Mr. Gericke, whose connection with the orchestra unfortunately ends with this season, four interesting numbers were rendered with characteristic finish. Of these, the overture from "Der Freischütz" and Dvorák's concerto in B minor for the violincello proved especially pleasing. Viewed as a whole, the program lacked variety, but was a rare treat for all lovers of good music.

K. E. C.

*The Tower*, by Mary Tappan Wright. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The setting for this rather superficial love story is taken from the faculty life of a college community. At the outset, a bewildering crowd of characters are hurried in, which serve to confuse rather than heighten the simple romance, but the story is not without delicate touches and a certain quiet humor.

K. E. C.

The exchanges for April show strong evidence of the arrival of spring. The following verses are among the best of the month.

#### A MAY HILLSIDE

The bank slopes up to a narrow sky  
Where the huddling clouds go crowding by,  
All white against the blue.

At the foot below, the water curls  
In little, pattering, lipping swirls.

On the grass between, the bare boughs toss  
A filmy shade like soft sea-moss,

There violets troop in purple flocks,  
And like white-flecked snow along the rocks  
Drift the anemones.

*Vassar Miscellany.*



## THE ALTAR OF PAN

All, all is gone. The woods are silent now,  
The broken altar stands half-hidden from the sight ;  
Eternity, that like a wreath lies on Time's brow,  
Is here a bitter guerdon of delight.  
All, all is past. The dreamer dreams alone,  
And yearns for that which is no more, the old, dead Greece—  
Only a ruined temple, an altar overgrown,  
Unending silence, and eternal peace.

No naked foot that in the sunlight gleams,  
No fleeing nymph, no vision of pursuit ;  
No cloven-footed god beside still-flowing streams,  
Playing strange airs upon a reed-made flute ;  
No leering face, between the close-set leaves,  
Of satyr, strayed from Dionysus' train,  
The forest roams where silent sunlight cleaves  
The heavy foliage, free of summer rain.

All, all are gone ; all, all have passed away ;  
Only this temple, hidden in the dim wood's heart,  
Remains, memorial of a long-forgotten day.  
In sorrow I make ready to depart ;  
The gods are dead, and nothing can console,  
Man has forgotten God, and God forgotten man ;  
But still there stands within the inmost soul  
The altar of the great god—Pan.

*The Columbia Monthly.*

## MAY

The buds breathe soft beneath her hand ;  
Hard-hearted little buds,  
Whom March had wooed in vain,  
While blustering through the land  
All hot in love and yet with snow-flecked course.  
A few, mayhap, did ope their eyes  
With April in the vale,  
But most, puffed huge with conscious pride,  
Laughed when she shook them—when she cried,  
Sipped of her tears, and, drowsy, dreamed again.  
Now, all these little ones for May arise,  
Beneath her deepening eyes ;  
Spread out their skirts along the russet trees,  
And courtesy in the breeze.

*The Barnard Bear.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### THE YOUTH OF THE SPRING

Sing, sing '  
To the youth of the Spring ;  
Banished is age with its wrinkles and care,  
All things are young again,  
Childhood has come again,  
Youth and old age again meet everywhere.

Sing, sing  
To the youth of the Spring ;  
Sweet childhood days come back in memory.  
Oh for the joy again  
Just to repeat again  
Those childish prayers again at Mother's knee.

Sing, sing  
To the youth of Spring ;  
Once more we live o'er those sweet courting days.  
Lovers we are again,  
Heart beating heart again,  
Following the path again where memory strays.

Sing, sing  
To the youth of Spring ;  
Banished is age with its wrinkles and care.  
All things are young again,  
Gray hairs turn gold again,  
Youth and old age again meet everywhere.

ETHEL FANNING YOUNG '05.

### A LONGING

There's a great black cloud away up high,  
And it's blotting out the fair blue sky—  
But the edges are golden bright.  
Away to that cloud I long to fly,  
And on its soft other side I'd lie,  
And sleep in the warm sunlight.

CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE '05.

## MICHAEL ANGELO'S SLAVE

Striving with feeble effort to be free,  
 His swollen muscles tense with agony  
 Of unavailing strength, the slave stands bound.  
 His face is full of that great discontent  
 Of him who bound him there, himself a slave,  
 Striving to free his great, immortal soul  
 From fetters of gross earthly impotence.

CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE '05.

I have been asked to tell you something of the Smith women who have become trained nurses. It has been somewhat difficult to find them out, so I am afraid my report is not complete.

**Smith College Girls as Nurses** As far as I have been able to learn, there have been thirteen of us, and what we have done or are doing I will tell you in a few words.

Anne D. Van Kirk '87 graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, in 1896. She held various offices in the Presbyterian, Sloane Maternity, and Long Island College Hospital, and is now superintendent of the Training School for Nurses at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York.

Helen M. Hillard *ex-'88* graduated from the Smith Infirmary on Staten Island, New York, and took post-graduate courses at Sloane Maternity, and the New York Foundling Hospitals. She is now at the Nurses' Settlement in New York.

Louise Fletcher '89 graduated from St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and is now night superintendent at Mt. Sinai.

Agnes Learned '94 had her training at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. She has never done any nursing, but since her marriage to Dr. Percy M. Dawson of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, she has assisted him in demonstrations before the nurses of the Johns Hopkins Training School.

Edith Wyman *ex-'97* graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital in '98. She did private nursing for a time and was also in the Women's Hospital and the Mother and Babies' Hospital. She died in 1902, a few months after her marriage to Dr. Harry Rodman.

Alice Goodwin '97 took the three years' training at the Boston Homeopathic Hospital, graduating in 1903. She has done both private and district work, and spent a summer on the Floating Hospital.

Florence Johnson '97 is now in training at the New York Hospital.

Agnes Cowperthwait '98 started at the Boston Homeopathic Hospital, but after a year and a half was married to Mr. H. L. Houghton. She was in the hospital at the time of the small-pox epidemic in Boston, and was in quarantine as a volunteer for several weeks.

Ethel Darling '99 graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital in 1904 and is doing private nursing in New York.

Mary Bohannon '92 is at St. Luke's; Rodericka Canfield '03 at the Brooklyn Hospital, and Alice Boutwell '04 at the Presbyterian.

It may be of interest to you to know something of the course which is now

offered at most of the training schools in connection with the larger hospitals.

Formerly the newcomer, or probationer, as she is called, was put on duty at once in the wards, where she learned things as they came, in a more or less haphazard fashion. During the past year the schools have been reconstructed and systematized, the probation term has been lengthened from two to six months, and very little of this time is spent on the wards. The probationers are taught by a competent corps of instructors the following duties (by means of both theoretical and practical demonstrations): — ward work, making hospital supplies, cooking, massage, bandaging, etc. After this preliminary instruction they are uniformed and put on duty in the wards, where they spend most of the time for the next two and a half years, experience being gained in medical and surgical wards, in the nursing of private patients, in assisting in the operating room, district nursing, dispensary work, emergency ward, obstetrics, and the care of contagious diseases.

Instruction is continued in anatomy, materia medica, household and hospital economics, chemistry of foods, etc. Lectures are given by the attending physicians and surgeons on special subjects, and examinations must be passed in all of these courses.

As to the qualifications, the physical strength demanded is tremendous. Perhaps I should call it power of endurance, for the hard work and regular hours are very beneficial and sometimes develop hitherto unsuspected resources. For one who has this, and the intelligence and ability which a college graduate should have, there is no wider field of usefulness, interest or influence. During the training, a complete effacement of one's self and one's own ideas, an unquestioning subordination to those in authority, an exasperating attention to minutest details, are demanded. Consideration of these indispensable requirements will give one some idea of the entirely new point of view which must be reached. It proves unattainable to many, and this lack of adaptability to the peculiar life of a hospital is often the stumbling block.

I am not pleading for more of you to become nurses. All the training schools are full. The list of applicants is, as a rule, ten times larger than the admissions. But I want to show you how much there is in it for you, how great the satisfaction, and how wonderful the opportunities for those who have the nerve and strength to do it, and also why so many who seem to be so admirably fitted to "take up nursing" fall lamentably short, when it comes to actual practice.

For those who possess the executive ability and who care for institutional work, there are hospitals all over the world in need of officers. There is always plenty of private nursing, and the government offers an interesting field for army nurses.

District nursing is an important department of the profession, because numerous organizations, such as missions, settlements, nurseries, churches, public schools, etc., employ trained nurses instead of, or in addition to, the former occasional "visitor". Thus slumming, if one cares for it, can be indulged in with a purpose. Personally, I know of no more practical good that is done than by teaching ignorant but willing women how to care for their sick husbands or children in their own homes.



I am so enthusiastic about it all that I could write many pages, but I will content myself with saying that for an absorbing, interesting life, let me recommend you to one of our large hospitals.

CHARLOTTE SHERRILL EX-'98,

Presbyterian Hospital, New York.

"Them lobsters ain't come yit, hev they?" asked Sammie Snook, as his brother Jimmie entered from the back part of the fish market.

"Ain't seen nothin' uv 'em; the boys won't git um in to-day unless they hustle, nuther, fer the sky looks kinder squally in the west. Shouldn't wonder ef we had a bad thunder-storm."

Jimmie sat down to rest; he did not like to work quite as well as his brother. The two looked so much alike that it was hard to tell them apart. Sammie was business-head and mainstay of the firm. He stood now by the long, zinc-covered table, his shirt sleeves rolled well up on his hairy arms. He was under medium height, and he had a habit of carrying his head forward a little, and of raising his thick yellow eyebrows as if to lighten the burden of care resting on them. His customers liked him and did not object to paying the extra price he sometimes charged, but with Jimmie the case was different. People always regarded him questionably. It was well known in the village that he once tried to hang himself on a little crab-apple tree in his back yard. Since then Jimmie had gone around sheepishly, saying little and avoiding people's glances.

"There's some young folks a-goin' out sailin', I reck'n," said Sammie, as he glanced up from the clams he was shucking. "They've got lots uv shawls an' things. Guess they'll need 'em ef they start out with the weather lookin' like this." Then he worked on silently. Jimmie had shambled out of the door and stood talking to a blustering old sea-captain.

"No, I ain't a' takin' 'em out. Ketch me startin' out in sich weather ez this! Coz it looks fair 'n pleasant now, they don't know no better, but they ought'er larn. Me 'n Cap'n Symms both told 'em ez they'd likely 'nuf git caught 'n a storm, but some young college chap's takin' 'em, 'nd he thinks he knows it all. Let's walk 'round 'nd see 'em start. I noticed ez how Mary Smith, the doctor's daughter, wuz with 'em. She's a good, sensible girl. Seems queer she shouldn't know no better'n to go out a-sailin' when they ain't a cap'n in the harbor ez 'ud risk it. I'd hate to hev' anything happen to her!"

"They call her Polly," ventured Jimmie, but was promptly silenced by a "Huh!" from the captain.

For half an hour old Captain Skyes and Jimmie sat on cracker-boxes under the shadow of the sheds on the wharf, watching the young people row out to the yacht. Then they saw the sails creep up the mast of the little sloop as it lay in the hot sun out in the harbor. Little patches of bright color glowed on the deck where the girls had thrown down their sweaters. Peals of laughter and the sound of young voices came back to the ears of the two weather-beaten, sun-tanned men as they leaned against the shed. At last they were off, with a last shout of farewell to the occupants of the shore

and a shrill salute of a toy cannon, the crowning glory of the college youth's seamanship.

The afternoon wore on. Little boys came down to the wharf and leaned over the big lobster-pot, their heads in the steam and their little bare toes clutching the lowest rim of the pot. Over at the market a sailor happened in occasionally to talk with Sammie Snook as he sorted fish out in the back store-room, or a customer presented himself at the office desk and went away again with his bag of oysters. After hours of lingering about the beach and watching the tiny speck on the horizon that denoted the pleasure yacht, Jimmie Snook shuffled back to his brother's office, followed by Captain Skyes.

"What's that, Jim,—rain?"

"Feels like it," answered Jimmie.

"I'd clean forgot where I wuz," said the captain, "I wuz a-thinkin' o' one o' the trips I made down to South Ameriky when I wuz a lad,—guess we'd better close the windows, it's beginnin' t' rain hard."

A minute later the rain came splashing down, and the room began to fill with those who usually loitered on the beach. As the storm increased the little office grew dark, until the bright eye of the stove lighted up the wrinkled face of the old captain, and the hard, tanned faces of the sailors as they sat, smoking and talking, occasionally sending up rough shouts and guffaws, which were drowned only by the claps of thunder. The only restless person in the room was Jimmie Snook. At first he sat quietly in one corner, listening to the talk of the men, but in the midst of one of the stories he suddenly crossed to the window and peered through its yellow glass while streams of water poured down outside. Finally Zeb Skyes noticed him as he stood buttoning up his yellow oilskin coat about his pale, pinched face.

"Lud a massy, Jimmie, yer ain't a-goin' out in this down-pour, I hope."

A mumbling about "lobsters" was all that the men heard in reply. Then the door banged, and Jimmie was gone. The men eyed one another and nodded knowingly. Captain Symms tapped his wrinkled forehead, "Poor Jimmie! Room to let!" All of the men roared with laughter. "Hope he'll git his lobsters", chuckled a gruff voice from the darkness. Then the men settled back again to their pipes and yarns.

Away out on the rough bay, where the big waves were whipping and lashing one another, a little yacht was tossing in the wind and rain. Its rigging hung in shreds. Every timber in its slender frame creaked and groaned. The merry young people who had set out in the sunny afternoon, huddled together as the lightning flashed and the rain beat down upon them. Then, through a lull in the storm, they heard the unmistakable lapping of oars and the creak of oar locks. They shouted for help. In a bright flash of lightning they saw a dory pointed toward them. A figure in a big oilskin coat and cap was struggling at the oars and sending the little boat, with strong, even strokes through the mountainous waves. Then all was darkness again. With anxious eyes they watched for flashes of lightning to show them the approaching boat, but none came.

Suddenly, at their very bow, the boat grated and a rough voice said:

"'Spose yer didn't tie yer lunch baskets with er rope?"

"Oh," cried the doctor's daughter, "it's Jimmie Snook! How did you get here?"

"Lobsters," was the laconic reply.

"I'm sure he's crazy," whispered the doctor's daughter to the college youth, who had at last found a rope and was making it fast.

The bright rays of the late afternoon sun shone down on the dripping wharves. All the little bare-legged boys had appeared again. They were eagerly watching a small storm-beaten yacht being towed into the harbor by an old brown dory.

"Hello, there! did ye get yer parasols wet?" screamed one of the urchins to the bedraggled crew. The other boys had already jumped into a boat and were pulling out to hear the whole story from the man in the dory.

Within the fish market the group of captains and sailors was just breaking up as Jimmie Snook came in and hung up his dripping oil coat.

"Well, Jimmie, did ye git yer lobsters?" asked Captain Symms, jeeringly.

"Yes, a lot uv 'em," said Jimmie, turning toward the fire to warm his hands,—and for a long time he was silent.

ANNIE ALDEN '05.

I am sure that some of the scientific students now in college will be interested to know that there are opportunities for research work in the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

**Opportunities for Scientific Work** Perhaps there are others beside myself who have had a mistaken notion that this department concerns itself entirely with crops and farm statistics. Instead of being a bureau of statistics, it is in reality a great university in which many kinds of research are being carried on, and there is often work to be done which any Smith graduate who has specialized in some branch of science would be capable of doing.

A mere list of the names of the principal bureaus which are included under the head of the Department of Agriculture will give some idea of the scope of the work and the variety of possibilities which the department offers.

The following are the most important bureaus: Plant Industry, Animal Industry, Soils, Chemistry and Entomology. Each of these has its subdivisions. For instance, the Bureau of Plant Industry includes (1) Pathological Investigations, and (2) Physiological Investigations. The latter is merely a general name under which are grouped six laboratories, known respectively as: Plant Breeding Investigations, Plant Life History Investigations, Soil Bacteriology and Water Purification Investigations, Drug and Poisonous Plant Investigations, Tea Culture Investigations, Physical Laboratory.

Since the beginning of the year I have been employed in the laboratory which is carrying on investigations in soil bacteriology and water purification. If all the work of the department is as pleasant and interesting as mine has been thus far, it is certainly worth while for other Smith girls, who want to follow out some line of scientific work, to look into the matter.

There is space here only to suggest what sort of work our laboratory is engaged in doing.



One of the most important problems under investigation is the study of the toxic effect of very dilute solutions of copper sulphate on algæ, and certain pathogenic bacteria which often cause trouble in reservoirs. It was somewhat of a revelation to find that a practical problem such as purifying a reservoir could be just as interesting from a scientific point of view as any purely theoretical problem.

Another line of work of equal importance is the study of the nitrifying bacteria which have long been known to be the cause of the nodules generally found on the roots of plants belonging to the legume family. This, as well as the water experiments, has been made practical to the extent that thousands of tubes of bacterial cultures containing the organism which causes the nodules, are sent out every week to farmers all over the country for use in enriching their crops.

There is enough research in connection with these two problems to keep investigators busy for many years to come.

So far as I know, Miss Haskins and myself are the only Smith girls in the department. I hope that other scientific students now in college or doing graduate work elsewhere will become interested enough to take the examinations for "scientific assistant" when they are given in June or the following October.

EDNA H. FAWCETT '01.

### Saving the Forests

A very wise and successful man once told me that people who are starting out in life would better have :

A vocation,  
An avocation, *and*  
A "Third".

Now, if any alumna or undergraduate has not yet fixed on her "Third", and she feels like making her "Third" a matter of good works, let her give herself to the task of saving the White Mountain forests.

I speak as a tree-lover myself, but I think a non-partisan would agree that it is a great pity, not to say a great waste, to strip bare the mountains for the sake of the no better economic institution than Sunday newspapers—always more or less voluminous—a clear case of perfectly good wood spoiled.

For a heartrending object lesson, go to North Woodstock, for instance, and see what there is left of the mountains your fancy painted, after the pulp men have been let loose upon them. Then go to Berlin and see magnificent trees ground up into a milk-white liquid, pressed and finally exhibited with the pride of the Philistine in great rolls of paper ready to be shipped to the newspaper offices of New York or Boston.

If one adopt the forests for her "Third" there are several things she can do. One is to send a good big check to ex-Governor Frank W. Rollins of Boston, who is the treasurer of a fund for "saving the forests" in New Hampshire. Another thing is, if an alumna has a husband, father, brother, or any sort of connection with the Congress, let her make him use his influence to get the present Appalachian and White Mountain Reservation Bill through during this session. And for the real and perpetual "Third", let



her in season and out of season preach, talk, beg and implore that at least the Presidential Range—as much as there is left with a tree upon it—be set apart like the Yellowstone for a National Park.

ABIGAIL W. CLARK '93.

The Smith College Club of Washington held its annual meeting on March 13, 1906. The officers for the year are : Mrs. Katherine Graves Bushey, president ; Mrs. Frances Wilson Hawes, secretary ;

**Report of the Washington Alumnae Association** Miss Mary A. Hartwell, treasurer ; Miss E. B. Hawks, Miss E. E. Marshall and Miss M. E. Mead, directors. The membership of the

club has increased during the year, although some of the members have left town or withdrawn. The club has recently had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Martha Wilson, president of the Alumnae Association, whose delightful and instructive talk on the work of the alumnae in Chicago aroused much enthusiasm among the alumnae here.

FRANCES W. HAWES.

On Thursday, April 5, the Smith College Club of Washington gave a dinner to its members and to the visiting students of the college. There were some twenty-five present, ranging from the class of '80 to the present freshman class, '09. The evening was spent in discussing college interests and in singing college songs.

The luncheon of the New York chapter of the Smith College Club, held this year at the Hotel Astor, April 7, was voted the most successful that has yet been given. It was held in the

**Smith College Luncheon in New York** white and gold banqueting room, and the club being especially prosperous, some three hundred, of the enrolled four hundred members,

were present. All years were represented, from the class of '81 down to fifteen or twenty undergraduates. The round tables, seating eight each, were grouped by classes before the speakers' table at which Mrs. J. Ross Stevenson, the vice-president, presided. Among the guests of honor were President Seelye, Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), Sir Casper Purdon-Clarke, and Miss Annie Peck.

In introducing Mr. Clemens, Mrs. Stevenson asked the girls to show their appreciation by applause, and naturally the response was enthusiastic. Mr. Clemens said that he had spoken at many dinners, but had never received so tactful an introduction. "Before," he said, "they have neglected to suggest that I be applauded and sometimes—I wasn't." He declared that, though many of his friends were politicians, it was only recently that he had desired to run for office. But lately, having been entertained by the Woman's University Club, by Barnard, and by Smith, he had decided to run for the office of "Belle of New York among the Girls' Colleges." He was duly proposed by Mrs. Stevenson for the office of Annual Guest of the Smith Club, and unanimously elected. After telling one of his clever stories,—of a pair of tight shoes that caused him much misery and mortification in his youth,—he left to meet another engagement.

Sir Caspar Purdon-Clarke spoke in praise of the "great and good man" that had addressed us. Miss Annie Peck, at one time an instructor at the college, told some of her interesting experiences in mountain climbing. On Mount Sorata, she said, she had already ascended over twenty thousand feet, but was prevented from reaching the top by the men in the party refusing to go further.

The heartiness of the applause that greeted President Seelye told of the affectionate regard that all bore him. He reviewed briefly the year's happenings at Northampton, and ended with a return to his old "hobby," as he called it, the eternally feminine, the womanly woman. After the singing of Fair Smith, led by former members of the glee clubs, an informal reception was held in the parlors.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 3, the annual reception of college seniors was held at the Women's University Club, 17 Madison Square North, New York City. Although the present abode of the

**Reception of College Seniors** club is blessed with spacious parlors, it took some determination on that afternoon to make one's way even into the entrance hall. A goodly proportion of those present, as usual, represented Smith, for the Easter vacation adds many undergraduates to the large number of alumnae in New York and its vicinity.

Mr. Samuel Clemens, the guest of honor, declared his preference for college girls as an audience, and told an amusing anecdote of one of his "tramps abroad."

Those guests who were not too much occupied in greeting long-lost friends improved their opportunity for going through the house, thus learning some of the advantages to be derived from membership in the University Club.

All alumnae who apply for Senior Dramatics tickets must notify Grace R. Treadwell, Hubbard House, before June 1, if they do not intend to claim the tickets reserved for them. No seats will be sold to alumnae before the three days of dramatics, June 14, 15 and 16, when there will be office hours at 17 Hubbard House from 9 to 1 o'clock. No seats will be kept after 2 o'clock of the day of the performance; all seats then unclaimed will be sold to alumnae for whom no provision has been made. Rush seats will not be sold for any performance.

All applications made by the alumnae for rooms in the college houses during commencement week should be sent to Mrs. Garrison, Hatfield House, Northampton. Alumnae should state in which house their senior year was spent.

All alumnae desiring copies of the 1906 Class Book should send their name with \$2.15, price of book and postage, to Sarah R. Bartlett, 12 Arnold Avenue. The book will be issued about June 10.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, Morris House.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'00.	Mabel Carver,	.	.	.	.	April	10
'00.	Mary Gage Greenwood,	.	.	.	.	"	10
'98.	Della M. Linch,	.	.	.	.	"	11
'97.	Albertine Flershem Valentine,	.	.	.	.	"	13
'03.	Bessie Norton Brockway,	.	.	.	.	"	13-17
'85.	Katherine L. Woodward,	.	.	.	.	"	13-20
'99.	Susan G. Ganong,	.	.	.	.	"	14
'05.	Helen Wright,	.	.	.	.	"	16-23
'02.	Mary R. Howe,	.	.	.	.	"	18
'95.	Margaret E. Dixon,	.	.	.	.	"	19
'96.	Florence Van Duzer Smith,	.	.	.	.	"	19
'05.	Muriel W. Childs,	.	.	.	.	"	19
'04.	Emma Armstrong,	.	.	.	.	"	20

Contributions for this department are desired *before* the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont Avenue.

- '90. Mary C. Robinson has an article in the New England Magazine for April entitled "Teachers' Conventions Down East".
- '92. Eleanor E. Cutler was married to Mr. Leonard Mayhew Daggett of New Haven, on February 17.
- '93. Roberta F. Watterson was married to Mr. Emil Diebitsch in Brooklyn, on April 21.
- '97. Miss Anna D. Casher has gone to Washington, D. C., as General Secretary of the new Young Women's Association.
- '99. Mary E. Goodnow spent part of the winter in St. Petersburg, Florida, and also visited other places of interest in the South.
- '02. Edith Eustace Souther sailed with her family on March 17 for London. They will spend five months travelling in Great Britain. Address, Care of British Linen Company Bank, Threadneedle Street, London.
- '03. Margaret L. Buchwalter of Cincinnati announces her engagement to Dr. H. B. Martin of Springfield, Ohio.
- '04. Lilian Ida Elrich was married to Mr. Charles A. Reegelman, Michigan University '99, April 14.

Blanche Louise Warren was married, April 3, to the Rev. Alfred Edward Alton of Rome, New York.

- '05. Clara Davidson spent the months of February, March and April with her family on the west coast of Florida, staying at St. Petersburg and Pass-a-Grille.

Ethel M. Hadley sails for Naples June 30. After a tour through Italy, Switzerland and Southern Germany, she will go to Vienna for a year's study in music.

- '05. Mary Austin Phelps announces her engagement to George Clark Guild of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Ethel Fanning Young is studying voice culture in New York.

#### BIRTHS

- '94. Mrs. Harry Hayward (Lillian Woolson), a daughter, Mary Frances, born June 11, 1905.
- '95. Mrs. Henry C. Van Note (Anna E. Gardner), a son, William, born March 9.
- '99. Mrs. H. F. Cameron (Edith V. Buzzell), a daughter, Anne, in Cebri, Philippine Islands, January 11.
- Mrs. James A. Fogle (Amanda Harter), a son, James Underhill, Jr., born September 3.
- ex-'03. Mrs. Dana Cheney Hyde (Florence Meachem Kenyon), a daughter, Georgia Kenyon Hyde, born April 9.



## ABOUT COLLEGE

### A HEARTFELT PLEA

A brilliant, sickly yellow book  
Says, "Name of Candidate".  
Now for this book and phrase we have  
An awful deadly hate.

They scare us so we cannot think,  
They make us flunk exams.,  
We never show how much we know  
In spite of all our crams.

But if the books could all be white,  
Like those we've sometimes had,  
And if they'd not say "Candidate",  
They'd not be half so bad.

MARY P. PARSONS.

Let anyone who thinks the college girls are not the life of Northampton, go to Boyden's during the vacation holidays. What will she see there? A

Boyden's During Vacation certain amount of bustle and confusion, to be sure, but not the flurry that attends anxious endeavors to seat fifty people in a room intended to hold twenty-five or thirty. No, there is a clattering of empty dishes, a mad whirring of dust-cloths and a wonderful array of step-ladders and pails of water, for spring house-cleaning is going on, and guests, being merely incidental, are swept wherever the house-cleaning is not.

"Surely, they must miss the college girls," I thought one day, as we were seated in the outer room, where most of the tables were filled by sociable gatherings of one man or woman apiece. The next moment, the little waitress timidly remarked that "it was very nice to see some of the girls down here." "So they do," I said triumphantly.

And how could anyone help it? The whole atmosphere is changed. The air is full of "gossip" still, but it is not the careless chatter of light-hearted girls. One hears Mrs. Somebody remark with unnecessary emphasis how glad, how *very glad* she is that Lucy Simpkins is at last engaged. Then follow anxious speculations as to the exact amount of bliss and happiness that Lucy has to expect from her daring adventure. And when Lucy's case has been decided, there are others, not so fortunate(?) as Lucy to be considered. And they *are* considered and mercilessly judged.

At another table sit a mother and family, who have driven in for the day, and look as if they had driven hard. They eat silently and resolutely, and when the work is accomplished, the children are buttoned into their coats in turn, and silently and resolutely follow the mother out of the door.

All around, one sees faces that arouse that haunting sense of familiarity. "Where, oh where have you seen them before?" Sometimes you succeed in placing one. Often you do not remember whether it was at McCallum's or Field's or Bridgman's that you saw it last.

Two or three college girls enter. You feel jovial then, for in vacation, four or five girls make quite a crowd. Yes, it is like the good old times, and you talk things over, and tell the gists that you have gathered from the outer world.

But there is one established law that even the influence of vacation cannot alter. In the eyes of the "Haughty Waitress" herself, "a faculty is always a faculty". I have seen the whole force of Boyden's in a state of consternation and terror, because the "faculty" in the inner room had ordered grape-fruit and there was none in the store. "There must be grape-fruit," said an imperious voice. A man seized his hat, dashed wildly from the tumult, and in a moment returned with the captured fruit. Meanwhile, the "faculty" remained, as ever, unconscious of the terror she was causing.

But an awful catastrophe had been averted. The little maids returned smilingly to their dust-cloths and brushes, and with renewed vigor prepared a welcome for the college girls, who are, if one can judge by Boyden's, the life of Northampton.

MIRIAM A. MYERS.

#### EPIC OF THE HAT

The spring is here, the budding trees  
Fill all the world with greens.  
But now alas—a duty comes—  
We wish our pas had "means".

I take my little purse in hand,  
'Tis made of patent leather,  
'Tis monstrous fat. Down town I skip  
All in the April weather.

Then towards a shop I guide my steps  
But falter at the door.  
This millinery's "chic"—but ah—  
Its prices I deplore.

Yet nowhere else are hats like these,  
Besides which—I am *strong*—  
I'll buy no hat I can't afford.  
That would be very wrong.

My courage in both hands I take,  
And enter. 'Round the wall  
Are ranged rude specimens of art  
As fairly made one crawl.

High on a stick with velvet top  
Hangs one I fain would try.  
"Neat but not gaudy", 'twould be called.  
I put it on. Oh, my!

A lady clerk comes up to me,  
Smiles on her features fair,  
A rhine stone buckle at her throat,  
Paroxide on her hair.

"Your profile's simply lovely, dear.  
As for your style—it's sweet!  
Oh, no! You don't want black and white.  
Colors are 'tres elite!'"

She places on my maiden head  
A hat of baby blue.  
High o'er my chaste right ear there hangs  
A glorious cockatoo!

"That's just the thing! It fits you *great!*"  
I shudder at the thought—  
And try some more creations on,  
Each one—more wond'rous wrought.

My nerves are giving out—I seize,  
In sheerest desperation,  
The least of these monstrosities,  
A lavender creation.

I place it gently on my head.  
The lady clerk she *raves*—  
She's done it now, three hours. It's *hot*,  
And hard on marcelle waves.

She heaves a tiny little sigh,  
Quite ladylike, you know,  
When—after leaving my address,  
I take my things—I go.

The die is cast—oh, evil day  
This door I entered in.  
My hair is mussed, my spirit gone,  
My little purse—quite thin.

It is curious, isn't it, the way our taste changes? Why, think of your room freshman year. You admired posters and banners, Gibson and Gilbert, and you decked your small single room with all

**Your College Room** these things. You longed for a frieze of Christy pictures like that belonging to the sophomore next door. She was a very young sophomore with a very large allowance, and she had just had a whole series of Christy pictures done in narrow black frames. You thought it all that a girl could desire—a frieze like that. Next to that, you wanted a whole set of "Mr. Pipp". The sophomore had those, too, with a goodly sprinkling of Henry Hutt and Stanlaws. Then she had six banners. It was a large room, but every side of it was literally covered with pictures. Somehow, you did not like to stay in that room,—it tired you to see the frieze of Christy girls, after a while, and the banners were too big.

It was towards the middle of your freshman year that you met the Nicest Girl. When you went to see her for the first time you wondered what it was about her room that seemed different from all the others. It was just like her, you thought—it had a distinct personality. In the first place, there wasn't anything very bright, and it didn't seem too full. Most of the girls' rooms were neat enough, as a rule, but there was such a confusion of things in them. The Nicest Girl did not have an array of painfully bright sofa pillows, nor a striped couch cover rivaling Joseph's coat of many colors; and, best of all, she hadn't any of that horrible yellow oak furniture that mars the beauty of so many college rooms. At least, it didn't show. You learned in later visits to her room that the college chiffonier and wash-stand were in a screened alcove.

"I wouldn't have them at all, if I could help it," she explained, "for I do hate ugly things; but they are out of sight most of the time."

You loved the Nicest Girl's room and especially her pictures. They, like the rest of the room, were different from all the others. There wasn't a single fashion-plate picture, as she called the Gibson's and Stanlaws' and other types of the American girl.

"Oh, most of them have pretty faces," she admitted in response to your eager defence of the pictures you liked, "but they are not the kind of pictures I like to have around all the time—that's all I mean."

After that you began to wonder whether you wanted to have yours "around all the time". The Nicest Girl didn't have much money to spend on her room, so you felt sure that even your slender allowance could furnish a room like hers. You pulled down all your banners one day in spring term. The Nicest Girl had never mentioned banners, but you hated them now. There were not any in her room, and somehow you felt sure that she didn't like them any better than the Gibson pictures. Anyway, you didn't like them yourself. They were too big and too bright, and they had grown very tiresome. You had a secret yearning to make your room "different from the others", as you vaguely put it.

It was at the beginning of your sophomore year that Uncle Jack came home from abroad and dropped in to visit you and the college. Uncle Jack was young and an artist, and you valued his good opinion more than anybody's, even the Nicest Girl's, if that were possible.



The Nicest Girl was a senior now, and she hadn't been to see your new room. It was only the first week of college, and, of course, people's rooms were not yet settled. After Uncle Jack, carefully attended by the House Mother, had visited your room (on the third floor this year), you took him to walk around Paradise and disclosed your cherished plan.

"I want to have the prettiest room you can imagine," you said, "and it must be *different*. I don't want my last year's things at all, and especially the pictures—they are the pictures I had in my room at home, you know."

"Oh, are they?" said Uncle Jack. "Well, I'm glad you don't want them, child. It's the most encouraging thing I have heard about your college as yet."

"You didn't like my room at home, I know," you ventured. "I used to think it was because it was red, but I understand now—it must have been the banners and pictures."

Then Uncle Jack and you plotted and planned, and shopped at McCallum's and Fitts' and Lucia's. In two days your room was finished and Uncle Jack was off for New York, leaving you in possession of the room you had dreamed of ever since you first met the Nicest Girl. That night, as you sat writing English Thirteen by the soft glow of a curious old brass lamp that Uncle Jack had picked up somewhere abroad, there was a light tap on the door. You knew that knock. There was only one girl who didn't pound, and that was the Nicest Girl.

"Come in," you called, and, sure enough, it was she. She stopped on the threshold and gazed into your little room in surprise. Then she came in, softly and gracefully as of old, and looked at your pictures. Some of them were Uncle Jack's work—those were the pictures you loved best of all. You almost held your breath as she looked at them carefully, one by one, and then took in the whole room with an appreciative glance. You could not keep still any longer then, and you exclaimed eagerly: "Oh, *do* you like it?"

"*Like* it!" exclaimed the Nicest Girl, with one of her winning smiles, "of course I do. It's just like you, child, and it's the nicest room in college!"

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON '06.

Molly Stanhope, the eager blue in her eyes answering the glint of sky over the station roof, looked up the track at the growing speck which unrolled itself into the early afternoon train from the

**A Question of Identity** East. But when not only Dick Thornton, the "prom" man she was expecting, but Tad Everett, a small Harvard sophomore she was not expecting, crossed the platform towards her, Molly gasped. But the men heard only a cordial, "How nice!" In a moment she added: "Tad, I've wanted you for so long to meet my cousin; so you must be specially nice to her to-day."

A few minutes later, Molly burst into the room of the Junior whose man had disappointed her.

"Oh Faith, you've got to get me out of this. Be my cousin, if you love me. I can't imagine why Tad came. I've never suggested more to the child than to come some time in the spring. But you'll take him to the prom, and

be my cousin visiting from out west somewhere, won't you? Faith, you've simply got to."

Faith rose up, and after shaking a few rather more coherent details from her friend, considered the idea.

"There's no resemblance,—oh, yes, our snub noses, good,—a family trait. Relationship on mother's side, and I can use my own name. Safer so—the girls might let it out. Well, I'm game."

Meanwhile the florist's boy staggered in with two boxes of American beauties for Molly's cousin. "None for Miss Stanhope," the boy insisted, and when the two girls found the cards, "Mr. Richard Thornton" in one, and and "Mr. Theodore Everett" in the other, Molly gasped again.

"I'm hoodooed," she said,—“first too many men—now none!”

But she was more hurt when the men appeared with not a wisp of a flower for her, though she swallowed the feeling quickly and spoke.

"Tad, I want to introduce my cousin. Miss Wentworth, this is—" she turned, to see both men advanced, Dick already holding out his hand—"Mr. Thornton."

As they moved down the steps Dick hurried forward to Faith, helped her over a broken stone, laughed at one of her sallies and walked on with scarcely a backward glance to Molly, left with the eager Tad. But the Harvard sophomore found Molly poor company. She was hurt and quivering and puzzled. Dick was positively rude. If he preferred her cousin he should go with her. And go with her he did, even to the "prom", the coldness between the two increasing. The obliging cousin and the inoffensive sophomore tried in vain to bridge the chasm. Molly, with her chin tilted dangerously, swayed from feverish nonsense to deep abstraction. Dick hovered over the group, punctiliously polite, but with as soothing effect as a lowering thunder cloud.

At last, in one of his few moments alone with Molly, she asked, "What is the matter? I don't understand—this afternoon?"

He looked down and asked, "Why?"

"I asked you for my "prom", then Tad came and I got my—my cousin for him, and you—"

"Dick broke in, "Tad? Why, look here!" He pulled a letter and a telegram from his pocket. "I got this some weeks ago. You called me 'Tad', a new nickname, I supposed—asked me to come 'some time in the spring.' A few days ago this came." He handed her the telegram, which read:

"Come early afternoon twenty-eighth. Will explain later. Molly."

Her eyes grew round. "I sent the telegram because I only just found out I could have you in the afternoon. I must have put those letters in the wrong envelopes. Oh, Tad must have really been invited with your letter. But—your reply?"

"I said I would be happy to come every time you cared to have me."

He looked down at her. "And you really wanted me?"

The next morning Tad and the cousin were packed off in the tally-ho of merry juniors, while Molly and Dick took a single run-about, pulled by a sorry little horse that jogged off towards the mountains.

AT PROM. CONCERT

With plates of ice, and lemonade,  
In state beneath an apple-tree  
We sat us down, to wait what chance  
And time might bring to hear or see.

First cried some freshmen, "This is sport!"  
"Don't all the juniors look *too* sweet?"  
"Good-looking men"—"The music's great"—  
"Let's get some ice"—"My turn to treat."

"They're worse than last year, that's a fact,"  
A soph'more said in high disdain.  
"Just wait till next year"—"We sha'n't ask  
Good-looking men up here in *vain*."

A junior fair with suitor passed,  
"Dim prospects of a chapel new",  
"The Allen Field", we heard discussed,  
"Canoes" and "apple orchard" too.

Two stately seniors, giggling, paused—  
"Didst *ever* see such sorry plight?"  
"The girls look most too fussed to talk",  
"The men seem contemplating flight."

And so we sat consuming ice;  
Then set forth, gleefully intent  
On snapping those we best could fuss,  
Till film and energy be spent.

MYRTLE SMITH '08.

On Wednesday, March 21, the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs gave their annual concert at the Academy of Music. The concert was especially good, and as usual was one of the leading social events of

**Glee Club Concert** the college year.

Several solos were sung by members of the Glee Club. There were two topical songs, one written by Miss Gager 1906; the other was written by Miss Dixon 1908 and sung by Miss Gruber 1907. Miss Thornton sang the solo in "The Spanish Tambourine Girl", a song written by Miss Peers 1905. Besides Miss Peers' song there were two other original songs, one by Miss Allen 1906 called "Old Roses", in which Miss Allen sang a solo, and one by Miss Bowden 1907, called "The Constant Cannibal Maid". A new medley arranged by Miss Thornton and Miss Bowden met with great success.



The Joint Fellowship offered for 1906-1907 by the Smith College Alumnae Association and the College Settlement Association has been raised from \$400 to \$500 by special vote. It is open as before to

**Settlements Fellowship** all graduates of the college.

The object of these Fellowships is to give to well-qualified persons the opportunity afforded by settlement life for investigation of social conditions. No requirements are made beyond residence in a settlement during the academic year and the pursuit of some clearly defined line of work, scientific or practical, under the general guidance of a special committee and the head-worker of the settlement selected.

Applications should be sent before June 1, 1906, to Miss Lilian Brandt, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City. These should include all data that may be of use to the committee. Applicants should give age, some account of previous education, and state the work for which they are preparing. They should also describe as specifically as possible the topic or line of work they have in mind for their fellowship year. Applications should be accompanied by credentials bearing on character, on ability, practical and scholarly, and on health.

The basis of award will be promise of future usefulness. Seniors who may feel an interest in this Fellowship are advised to consult with Miss White.

At the open meeting of the Alpha Society on Saturday, March 17, Professor Mary Whiton Calkins, head of the Department of Psychology and Philosophy at Wellesley College, spoke on "The Dilettantism of Modern Women". It was particularly interesting to us to hear Miss Calkins, because she was herself a Smith College graduate and a member of "Alpha".

She said in part: "The charge of dilettantism has been brought against American women and most recently by Professor Münsterberg. He thinks that the charm and vivacity of Northern society in America is due to its women as well as to its educational advantages, while he accuses American men of indifference toward the problems of culture. Yet, though the women have done a great deal to advance culture, they have failed to give scholarship and citizenship the highest kind of accuracy and spontaneity. Therefore Professor Münsterberg has called the men to the rescue of education, saying that it should not be so exclusively in the hands of the women.

"There are three possible attitudes for us to take toward this criticism. We may reject it, an easy way of dealing with criticism; or we may accept it and agree that the case is hopeless; or we may test it, which is the only adequate means of meeting it, since rejection or acceptance of a criticism without investigation is equally uncritical.

"Is it or is it not true that we are dilettants? Are accuracy and spontaneity beyond us? Most of the educated women I know are dilettants, because they try to do too many things. Even if one were as busy as the bee, and as original as Satan, he could not achieve any great thing if he had not time to finish any one thing begun. If we insist on doing more than an archangel, we cannot do a human being's work well. The crime of the hour is a scattering of energy and a lack of concentration. The objection to concentration is that it implies narrowness, but we should distinguish between



our pursuits and our interests, and should narrow the former, but not the latter. I would plead for specialization. Choose one pursuit and do that thoroughly; be interested in many affairs, but let the interest be of the sort that does not involve time.

"I should like to apply this formula first to the alumna and then to the undergraduate. The thing for the college graduate to do when she goes home is to rest and adjust herself to take up the duties which have been in abeyance in college. Certain things she will find required of her, and the problem then is, what to make her electives: how to employ her surplus time. The average woman divides this time among as many interests as possible, and therefore does nothing thoroughly. The college graduate should remember the formula—narrow the pursuits and broaden the interests that do not involve time.

"One reason that the graduate does poor work is because she has learned bad habits in college. The story of the girl who couldn't work because she was a junior or a senior and had forgotten how, is doubtless exaggerated, yet it shows how we have outgrown the old-fashioned idea that college is a place for study. We regard study to-day as the luxury of college life, and the majority of students, if questioned as to their object in coming, would answer, 'We come for the life'. I protest against this ideal. They are excluding from their conception of 'the life' what is a very necessary part of it. Just as raiment has its place and time in life, so I believe that the intellectual interests in college are not apart from the life but a part of it. Therefore when we contrast these intellectual interests with the life itself, we are taking a part of the whole away. It was for these interests that colleges were founded, and though they may be subordinate to personal interests, yet we ought not to ignore them, nor have we the right to regard college as a place for propagating the highest principles unless connected with the intellectual side.

"The college girl should ask herself, 'What is my pursuit and what are my subordinate interests?' If she finds that in college her aims are vacillating, that there are so many opportunities open to her that she becomes confused in her choice, then as a seeker for scholarship, she would better go where opportunities do not exist which she has not the strength of character to resist.

"We college graduates and undergraduates have a problem to settle. Can we acquire accuracy and spontaneity? Can we do work untainted with dilettantism, capable of being measured with the best work done by anybody, anywhere? If I were asked whether education has failed to produce artists, I should say as Brooks did, 'I don't think it has ever been tried', and it is the fault of us, of the American women."

HARRIET SMITH '07.

From every state and territory of the Union, from Canada and from the missionary fields throughout the world, representatives came to Nashville, Tennessee, between February 27 and March 4,

**The Nashville Convention** to attend the fifth International Student Volunteer Conference, one of the greatest missionary conventions ever held. The purpose was fourfold,—to lead the

students to a thorough consideration of the claims made upon them by foreign missions as a life work ; to foster the purpose of all students who decide to become foreign missionaries; to unite all volunteers in an organized movement; to create and maintain an active interest in foreign missions among those who remain in the home field. There were in all about three thousand delegates.

Three meetings were held every day. In the morning, time was devoted to the consideration of practical questions. In the afternoon sectional conferences were held all over the city for consideration of the work of various denominations or the labors in different missionary fields. The meetings in the evening were devotional.

Mr. John R. Mott presided at the conference, and other well-known missionaries, clergymen and laymen made addresses during the week.

About one hundred and fifty students, who are to sail for foreign lands before January 1, 1907, spoke, telling briefly where and why they were going, every one showing a full realization of the seriousness of the work.

The convention closed with an address by Mr. Robert E. Speer, who made a strong appeal to the students, asking them to take up the great Christian work at home and abroad.

On Sunday evening, March 18, a special meeting of the "Smith College Association for Christian Work" was held in the Students' Building. After the devotional service, Clara F. Porter, president of

**S. C. A. C. W. Notes** the association, explained briefly the object of the meeting. She said that many students had long felt the need of a stimulus to deeper religious life in the college. All agreed that some change in the Christian Association was necessary, but the measures that had been suggested differed widely. It was hoped that every individual would listen without prejudice to the two propositions which were to be presented, in order that she might be competent to give the matter serious, conscientious thought, and to make her own decision.

Ruth Cowing '07, was called upon first, as the representative of the conservative side. She made a plea for the association as it stood, founded upon the unsectarian basis,—in the words of the constitution, welcoming to its membership "all those who desire to strengthen the Christ-life within themselves and the college." She maintained that what was needed were reforms within the present organization, changes in the methods of electing officers and soliciting membership. The leaders should be girls whose sincerity and enthusiasm in religious work was a vital force in their lives, communicable to others; and the unprepared underclassman should not be hurried into the society upon pledge of fifty cents without being allowed the opportunity for any serious realization of the meaning and purpose of the association. The fundamental solution for the "lack of spirituality" which was being lamented in the college must be an individual solution. Miss Cowing made a strong appeal to every student to realize within herself her own deep, personal responsibility in the religious life.

The radical body was led by Margaret Bridges '06. Miss Bridges proposed that the association should adopt a pledge, as its basis of membership, em-

bodying the evangelical belief in Jesus Christ as the only incarnation of God in man. She said that a society composed of so many different Christian sects, allowing to every person her own interpretation of the term "Christian", could not work with the same zeal and sense of unity as a purely evangelical organization. This had been proved, she said, at other colleges, notably at Yale, which "had no more difficulty in raising money for foreign missions than for athletics." Moreover, strength would be gained through alliance with the Intercollegiate Evangelical Association. The "loose organization cut the nerve of aggressive work." The requirements for active membership should be the acceptance of the evangelical pledge and membership in an evangelical church. Students who could not fulfil these requirements but who desired to cooperate in the "ethical" and charitable work of the association would be received as "associate" members, and would be permitted no voice in the administration of affairs. To define explicitly the evangelical position Miss Bridges read the constitution of the Young Men's Christian Association, as drawn up at Portland, Maine, in 1869.

During the month that followed, the students gave a great deal of earnest thought to the problems of the Christian Association. They discussed the situation among themselves, with the faculty and with their ministers. Meetings of students of various denominations were called. At first, it was hoped that a reconciliation might be effected. The aim of all those who called themselves Christians must be the same—that perfection of character, the supreme goal of the noblest striving! Such a purpose had been recognized as religious and Christian by the college. The change proposed was contrary to the traditions of Smith. The liberal element deplored the disposition that presumed to act against the wisdom and authority of an institution which had never failed to meet the deepest needs of the students. It held that brotherhood was the first essential of Christianity; that it was the life that mattered and not the letter. But the opposing party argued that the only true principle upon which the Christian life could be founded, and the only adequate motive for Christian work was the acceptance of the evangelical conception of the unique divinity of Christ. In this alone lay the genuine religious experience. Such different types of mind could agree upon no common ground. Reconciliation proved impossible.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 18, a mass meeting of the association was called in the Students' Building, Clara Porter presiding. Margaret Bridges put the motion that the association be reorganized on the proposed evangelical basis. The motion was duly seconded and no discussion ensuing, it was put to vote. The free, unsectarian basis, as it had originally stood, was elected by a large majority. Out of a meeting of nearly a thousand students there were sixty-four votes for the evangelical plan.

On Wednesday, April 25, the annual business meeting of the association was held and the following officers were elected for the year 1906-1907:—President, Ruth Cowing; Vice-President, Mary Pratt; Secretary, Annie Russel; Corresponding Secretary, May Davidson; Treasurer, Charlotte Smith.



Mr. Emerson, as a member of the American Philosophical Society, attended the Society's celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franklin, held at Philadelphia,

**Faculty Notes, March-April, 1906**    April 17-20.

Mr. Wood gave a lecture in Springfield, May 3, on Hindu Philosophy. Mr. Wood, in collaboration with Rev. Newton M. Hall of Springfield, has in press "Advanced Bible Study", published by the Pilgrim Press. With it will be published in the form of pamphlets a group of studies appropriate for advanced Bible classes.

The Botanical Gazette for April contains a third article by Mr. Ganong upon new apparatus developed in the Smith College laboratories, for the exact study of plant physiology. The principal instrument described measures accurately the gases absorbed and released during photosynthesis (food-making) by the plant. A criticism by Mr. Ganong of sundry errors in the plant physiology of current educational works appeared in School Science for April.

Mr. Pierce presented a paper, on March 14, before the Hampshire County Medical Society on "What Is Insanity?" He read a paper on "The Stereoscopic Limitations of Untrained Vision" at the spring meeting of the Experimental Psychologists which took place at New Haven, April 18-19.

At the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association to be held in Oberlin, June 26-29, Mr. Sleeper will read a paper upon "The Music Curriculum of the College". Mr. Waldo S. Pratt, lecturer in music at Smith, is president of the Association, and Mr. Gow of Vassar, formerly of Smith, is chairman of the program committee.

Miss Scott is preparing an edition of the "Essays" of Bacon for the Riverside Literature Series, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Story and Miss Holmes gave a chamber concert at Wellesley College, May 7.

Mr. Abbott published in the Atlantic Monthly for May, 1906, an essay on Thomas Coryate, "The Primitive 'Tripper'".

Miss Bernardy published an article in the Boston Evening Transcript, March 14, on "The New Italian Premier, Sidney Sonnino". In March she lectured before the Civic Service House, Salem Street, Boston, on "Mazzini"; before Denison House, South End, Boston, on "The Political Situation in Italy"; before the meeting of Italian Laborers, Lawrence, Massachusetts, on "Rights and Duties of the Italian Laborer in America".

Miss Wood attended the meeting of the American Mathematical Society in New York, April 28.

Miss Whipple published "The Ypsiloid Apparatus of Urodeles" in the Biological Bulletin for May, 1906: "The Naso-Labial Groove of Lungless Salamanders" in the Biological Bulletin for June, 1906.

Miss Hurlbut attended in February, as an associate member, the meeting of the American Physical Society.

Miss Caroline Brown Bourland has presented to the faculty of Bryn Mawr College for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy a thesis entitled, "Boccaccio and the Decameron in Castilian and Catalan Literature", which was published in La Revue Hispanique, Tome XII.



The open meeting of "Il Tricolore" was held Saturday, April 29. The "Sonetto e Cantata di Calen d'Aprile" was given. This play was written by Lorenzo di Medici, and the theme taken from

**The Italian Club Play** frescoes of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was modernized and given its present form by D'Ammugis. The costumes and scenery were copied from the old frescoes and were extremely artistic and effective. The cast was as follows:—

Prologue,.....	Helen Reed
Aprile,...	Louise Tellerson
Salabaelto,.....	Margaret Sayward
Vannozzo,...	Ethel Monson
Ippolito,.....	Helen Treadwell
Verdespina,.....	Alice Friend
Alteadalle tre Gare,...	Mary Holmes
La Diamba,.....	Agnes Vaughan
Coro dei Giovini.	Elsie Mehalovitch, Ruth McCall, Marian Viets
Coro delle Giovini...	Helen Moore, Alice Foster, Mildred Wiggin

#### SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

##### CURRENT EVENTS CLUB.

President—Eleanor J. Little '07  
 Secretary, Ruth Vaughan '08  
 Treasurer—Mary F. Hardy '07

##### MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

President—Louise De Forest '07  
 Vice-President—Bella Coale '08  
 Secretary—Rosamond Underwood '09  
 Treasurer—Margaret Webster '08  
 Assistant Treas.—Nan Sessions '09

## CALENDAR

- May 12, Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 16, Junior Promenade.
- “ 18, Open Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society. The  
Humor of Whittier, by Mr. Samuel T. Pickard.
- “ 21, Recital by the Pupils of Miss Holmes.
- “ 23, Dewey-Hatfield House Dance.
- “ 25, Lecture by Professor Cowles of Amherst College.  
Subject: Roman Ruins in Southern France.
- “ 26, Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi Play.
- June 2, Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 6, Beginning of Final Examinations.
- “ 14, Senior Dramatics.
- “ 15, Senior Dramatics.
- “ 16, Senior Dramatics.
- “ 17, Baccalaureate Sunday.
- “ 18, Ivy Exercises.  
Glee Club Concert.  
President's Reception.
- “ 19, Commencement.  
1906 Class Supper.

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

June - 1906.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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## THE ORIGIN OF THE GREEK ALPHABET

Fifty years ago there was little question in the minds of men who gave the matter any consideration at all about the origin of the Greek alphabet. Tradition assigned it to the Phœnicians, and tradition was tacitly accepted. To-day it refutes itself. The Phœnicians were mercantile by nature, "the colossal pedlars" of the ancient world, as Huxley calls them, but they were in no sense originators. However, Emanuel de Rougé, a celebrated Egyptologist, using tradition as a guide, produced in 1859 a most ingenious article on the origin of the Greek alphabet. According to M. de Rougé's theory, the Israelites during their sojourn in Egypt became familiar with the hieratic script in use there,—the cursive script of the priests. They adopted it and it was thence disseminated by the Phœnicians throughout Greece. When M. de Rougé's article was published, it met with the heartiest applause, and was indorsed by Canon Taylor, whose work on the "History of the Alphabet" has become a classic among students of epigraphy. To fly in the face of such authority would be ridiculous if it were not for the fact that all recent discoveries point to a possible origin of the alphabet among an almost prehistoric Mediterranean race; in short, among the peoples dominated by Mycenean influence. This, then, is what we shall try to prove.

The three points upon which M. de Rougé bases his theory are, first, the similarity of numerical value which the letters signified; second, the similarity of names for the letters in the Greek and Hebrew alphabets; and third, the order of their arrangement. These are undoubtedly strong arguments, though not so convincing as at first appears. For example, while the names "aleph" and "beth" closely resemble "alpha" and "beta", "he" in no way resembles "epsilon", and "cheth" is totally unlike "eta". Again, the numerical value for the letters is not conclusive. All alphabets in process of evolution pass through various well-recognized stages, the first of which is the "mnemonic", or memory aiding, when some tangible object is used as a message or for record. Wampum belts and knotted cords, in which each knot has a numerical value, are illustrative of this stage; and similar records of counting and keeping of accounts may be found among the early Cretans and Cyprians. There is every reason to suppose that their script in its further development kept its numerical values as well as did that of the Hebrews and Phœnicians.

However, granting tentatively these points to M. de Rougé, the real issue is concerned with the similarity or dissimilarity between the hieratic and Hebrew scripts. Even Canon Taylor admits that if the objection based on the want of adequate resemblance between the Hebrew letters and the hieratic can be sustained, M. de Rougé's theory falls to the ground. To understand the full significance of this point, one must see the two alphabets side by side, and the short table given in Edward Clodd's book, "The Story of the Alphabet", will perhaps serve that purpose.

Seven or eight of the twenty-two original Hebrew characters show a decided resemblance to their Egyptian prototypes; others a distant similarity; and still others are totally different. Is not seven-twenty-seconds a meager per cent. upon which to base such important decisions? Mr. Clodd remarks in his little book on "The Story of the Alphabet",<sup>1</sup> "M. de Rougé's theory belongs to the class of hypotheses which lend themselves to the straining of facts in their support, and therefore demand evidence amounting to demonstration. Moreover, the long lapse of time between the materials for comparison invites caution. The Papyrus Prisse is at least two thousand years older than

<sup>1</sup> The Story of the Alphabet, Edward Clodd, p. 138.

the Eshmunazar inscription, and on these two hang the validity of M. de Rougé's theory." The value of this latter objection is increased when we consider what profound changes in the alphabet took place in Attica, a comparatively small district, within three hundred years, from the eighth to the fourth centuries before Christ. Two thousand years as against three hundred! M. de Rougé's theory seems to weaken before such evidence. Mr. Clodd also adds, "Granting, however, all that the upholders of M. de Rougé's theory may demand, their inference as to the direct connection between the Greek and the hieratic alphabet is not necessarily to be accepted. On this question of relation, new and important light is thrown by recent discoveries."<sup>1</sup>

It is just these recent discoveries which go far to support the theory that the Greek and allied scripts arose throughout a widespread Mediterranean district, a vast province extending from Switzerland, Spain and northern Italy across Greece and Crete to Cyprus and the Nile valley.

It is important to consider first the broad outlines of recent evidence. In 1028 B. C. Hiram of Tyre rebuilt his city, the commercial importance of which rose to the ascendant; but this very rise of the Phœnicians was due to the decadence of an older power in the West. The mighty cities of Mycenæ and Tiryas, which date from the third millenium B. C., were on the verge of decline. Their wonderful civilization, their art and culture, the fortresses and palaces which have recently been unearthed, have revolutionized men's ideas concerning the date and origin of Greek civilization, and it has been discovered that this culture was not restricted to Greece alone. Mycenæ may be regarded as a center of influence dominating a wide territory, while Crete also boasts a prehistoric civilization, in all probability antedating that of Mycenæ. Her sailors were the first to brave the "unvintaged, wine-dark" sea, as Homer calls the Mediterranean, and the birth of law is traced to this important little island. In Cyprus and Rhodes also excavations have brought forth similar evidences of a high state of culture preceding the records of history; and Mr. Flinders Petrie, in company with Mr. Arthur J. Evans, have found traces in Egypt of this early culture among a people whom Mr. Evans has named Proto-Egyptians to distinguish them from the later

Egyptians of the hieroglyphic and hieratic script. Mycenaean vases have been found at Naquada on the Nile, and Egyptian scarabs of this earlier race at Mycenae and Crete. It was all part of one vast, widely disseminated civilization. Mr. Evans says: "The more the relics of Mycenaean culture are revealed to us, the more we see how far ahead of their neighbors on the Canaanite coasts was the Ægean population in arts and civilization."<sup>1</sup> "Now the cumulative effect of this evidence is to shatter current theories as to the Phœnician origin of European civilization, and consequently what mainly concerns us here, of the Phœnician origin of the European alphabet through the Egyptian hieratic."<sup>2</sup> A remark of Mr. Flinders Petrie is also applicable at this point. He says: "We stand therefore now in an entirely new position as to the sources of the alphabet, and we see them to be about thrice as old as had been supposed."<sup>3</sup>

This brings us to the more specific finds which tend to uphold the modern theory of the origin of the Hellenic alphabet. First, in point of discovery is the Cypriote Syllabary. This syllabary, as the name implies, is found in the island of Cyprus. It may easily be supposed that this island, owing to its central locality in the Mediterranean, and its proximity to Crete, Egypt, Greece and Asia Minor, shared their common system of written communication. Some of its signs are decidedly like those of the Greek alphabet; for example, the E and H are almost identical with the corresponding Greek letters. These are the most striking examples of similarity and quite insufficient evidence upon which to upset a traditional doctrine and establish a new hypothesis. Yet one fact about the Syllabary is gratifying, in that it is quite in line with expectation in the matter; some fifteen of the characters agree with those of the Cretan script, which Mr. Evans has so carefully investigated and studied,<sup>4</sup> and in this Cretan script we find some striking analogies to the later Greek letters. The connection between the Cyprian and Cretan script is thus very well established, while the Cretan, on the other hand, shows itself strongly allied to the Proto-Egyptian, in that twenty-two out of its thirty-two

1 Jo. Hellen, Stud.—Article by Arthur J. Evans, p. 368.

2 The Story of the Alphabet, Edward Clodd, p. 169.

3 Jo. Anthropol. Inst., Aug.-Nov., 1899, p. 205.

4 Cf. Jo. Hellen, Stud. Vol. XIV, Part II, 1894.



characters are practically identical. In Mycenae itself—to trace this general script to its probable source—an incised pestle bearing a Cypriote sign was dug up early in the excavations; but one sign of course does not make an alphabet. Hence the satisfaction was great when recent discoveries brought to light the handle of a stone vase apparently of a local material, bearing five characters resembling those of the Cypriote Syllabary. Moreover, three or four tomb inscriptions found at Mycenae and Nauplia bear out the comparison admirably. “These may not suffice to demonstrate the existence of a pre-Phoenician system of writing in Greece, but, taken in conjunction with the numerous discoveries of inscribed signs in Crete, they go far in support of it.”<sup>1</sup> But the area dominated by Mycenaean culture was not confined to the Eastern Mediterranean. In the cave of Mas D’Azil amid the Pyrenees, M. Piette came across a large number of inscribed pebbles. Many of them present an astonishing likeness to the Cypriote and even to the later Greek characters. In speaking of them M. Piette says: “A comparative study shows that nine of the Mas D’Azil graphic characters are identical with those of the Cypriote Syllabary. Eight of the Mas D’Azil signs, of which some are also Cypriote, form part of the *Ægean* alphabet. Many ancient inscriptions from Asia Minor, also, especially from the Troad, present characters resembling the pictures from Mas D’Azil.”<sup>2</sup>

All the foregoing data was unknown to M. de Rougé when he evolved his theory as to the origin of the alphabet, and likewise to Canon Taylor, who was his staunch supporter. Of course, no part of the evidence subsequently obtained, if considered by itself, could hope to combat his theory successfully, but the cumulative effect of both general and specific discoveries proves a powerful antagonist, and very ably suggests the theory that the derived Greek alphabet found its prototype, not in the hieratic script of Egypt, but in a script that prevailed throughout the Mediterranean lands in an age whose characteristics are but beginning to be known through the light of excavation. Supported by such men as Mr. Evans, Mr. Petrie, Dr. Isountas, Mr. Surgi and Mr. Clodd, to whose work frequent reference has been made, the new hypothesis bids fair to stand the test of

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of the Alphabet*, by E. Clodd, p. 166.

<sup>2</sup> *Bull. de la Soc. d'Anth. de Paris*, April, 1893.

time and further research—a virtue which events have revealed to be not wholly inherent in M. de Rouge's theory. In conclusion it is but just to say that as yet the evidence is not all in, but it is the confident expectation that all subsequent evidence will but strengthen and confirm the existing beliefs.

JESSIE CAROLINE BARCLAY.

## OUR BOND

What time we please to call our earthly life,  
It needs not that my God shall be thy God  
In word, expression of our faith and creed;  
Enough if, when earth's nightly curtain falls,  
And heaven's arch is filled with glowing fires,  
Thy heart and mine are filled with kindred awe—  
God's star-creed is eternal and the same.

Enough, if nature's mystery fills us so,  
That in the smallest sand-grain on the shore,  
And in the humblest grass-blade 'neath our feet,  
We feel the symbol of creation's power—  
Too deep for tears, too wonderful for thought!  
At such times, have we not a mutual creed?

Or if, while we are striving toward the light,  
There comes a cry from him whom we have learned—  
Or partly learned—to call our brother-man,  
Alone and weary, sick in heart and mind,—  
Enough, if then, in groping through the dark  
To lend him aid—your hand meets mine.

Enough, if at the end, we both can say:  
" 'Tis well; I trust the Power that bids me live,  
I likewise trust the Power that bids me die,  
And may I never win the far-off goal,  
Save that it prove another stepping-stone  
To something still beyond my grasp and ken."

JESSIE VALLENTINE.

## A PLEA FOR A SECOND REQUIRED SCIENCE

The aim of an education is to enable one to meet the ends of life in the best possible way. The capacities to be developed are the physical, mental, and moral. The body must grow, the mind be developed, and the moral nature trained. In all the many centuries since the world began, nations have made attempts to secure this development. The earlier nations did not realize the worth of the individual, and so their principles had narrow confines. The Spartans subordinated everything to the gymnastics and physical rigors which would strengthen their bodies. The Israelites educated their youths according to the statutes laid down by the church. The Greeks devoted their attention to the æsthetic and philosophical side of man. Each thus limited the boundaries of an education, and not until very recently have leaders in education outlined courses which combine these three essentials.

One idea of a college education was the pursuit of a certain prescribed course in Greek, Latin, and mathematics throughout the four years. No degree was given to a student unless he had spent the required amount of time upon these subjects. As civilization advanced, new literature was constantly being produced; languages became obsolete and new ones took their places; and wonderful advance was made in the sciences. This made it "necessary to define anew a liberal education and enlarge the significance of the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which is the evidence of a 'liberal education'".<sup>1</sup> The college curricula have had to be changed, and less work is required in Greek, Latin and mathematics, in order to make room for the modern languages and the sciences.

At Smith one year of either physics or chemistry is required during one of the first two years of the college course, unless the student has presented either one of these at entrance. In that case she is allowed to choose her science. This provides for the physical sciences, but does not compel a student to get any knowledge of the natural sciences, which are just as essential.

<sup>1</sup> President Eliot of Harvard.

Many students object to the requirement of two sciences during their college course, on account of the amount of time which one must necessarily devote to them. From two hours and a half to six hours must be spent in the laboratory each week. In physics and chemistry, two hours and a half of laboratory work are equivalent to one hour of recitation work, while in botany, zoölogy and astronomy, two hours count as one. This seems a large amount until one stops to consider that in all other courses one is supposed to spend two hours in the preparation for each recitation, making three hours in all, really less than is required in the study of a science. The laboratory work varies just as much as work in a language, for instance. On some days the student finishes her experiment before the time is up, while on others she stays over time, just as in getting a lesson one can spend either less or more than the two hours. The difference lies in the fact that the student cannot choose her own time for laboratory work, whereas she can regulate her study hours in other courses to suit her own wishes.

If a science is required during the student's preparation for college, many argue that High School pupils are not mature enough to get the best results from the study of the sciences. This inability to grasp the sciences is due in part to our early education. A child learns history from the stories of battles which his father tells, or from the books he reads. He does not learn scientific facts in this way, so that when he becomes older he does not know how to approach the sciences. It is entirely new ground to him. One difficulty lies in the fact that children lose confidence in their own judgments as they grow older. A small child is perfectly confident of what he sees, but later he grows to rely upon the statements of others. If he could only keep this confidence, he would be able to grasp scientific studies at an earlier age. A graded system of study of the sciences, similar to the graded courses in languages and other studies, would do away with this difficulty.

Another objection is that the sciences are not well taught in the preparatory schools. Some schools give very good instruction, and others extremely poor, so that the average is not good. The sciences have been introduced so recently into the schools that the prevailing methods of teaching them are on the whole less intelligent than the methods of teaching languages, but



as the methods of teaching languages have been improved, it is obvious that in time improvement will come in the sciences. If the colleges do not require sciences of their entering pupils, there will be no incentive to the high schools to improve their present system of instruction. As President Eliot says, "The preparatory schools are what the colleges make them. . . . The rise of requisition for examinations means improvement of the public schools". Therefore, if the college expects the best results from preparatory schools, it must make the requirements such that the schools will have to improve in order to fit pupils for college.

The faculty here at Smith differ in their opinions in regard to the amount of credit which can be given a student for work done previous to entrance to college if she intends to take advanced work in any one of the sciences. Dr. Wilder says that a student of the high school age cannot thoroughly grasp zoölogy, and he gives little or no credit for elementary work done in preparation for college. This is because the course of one year at college is graded for more mature pupils than high school students, who cannot advance so rapidly in one year as a college student. If work in a science were required, advanced work would have to be arranged to begin at the point where the high school student leaves off. It is as absurd to consider that one can give credit in college for work in the high school as it would be to give credit for kindergarten or primary work to a pupil entering the high school. Methods of teaching and the subjects taught must be graded to suit the ages of the pupils for whom they are prepared. Dr. Waterman says that he personally prefers a student to begin her study of physics in college, because so much better results can be obtained there than before. But at the same time he admits that far better results are obtained from seniors than from freshmen or sophomores. This goes to prove that the early training in the sciences would be as beneficial to the freshman as the training received after the college year is begun is to the senior.

Those who claim that sciences do not give one so much culture as the classics, and that therefore it is impracticable and unnecessary to pursue the study of more than one science, would probably have been among those who opposed the substitution of Greek for metaphysics. It took two hundred years for this displacement to be effected, and the same struggle is

going on now between those who favor and those who oppose the introduction of natural history, physical sciences, and modern languages into places of equal importance with the classics.

During the past fifty years great strides have been made in the sciences. A high school student is taught more of chemistry to-day than was known by a college professor of the same subject half a century ago. So much attention has been devoted to the study of chemistry and so many experiments have been performed to test the results that now there are many industries which owe their present success to these studies. The manufacture of paper in the pulp-mills affords an excellent illustration of the practical results obtained by study and investigation of the underlying principles of this science. The wonders accomplished by electricity have resulted from knowledge gained of physical laws. In surgery both physiology and zoölogy play important parts. Botanical investigation has brought to light many things which influence economic conditions; the recent experiments of Burbank in California prove how much economic value scientific study can have. There is scarcely any important industry to-day which does not owe its existence, even, to such scientific study.

Because progress is thus being made, articles appear in all the principal papers and magazines by the leading scientists of the day upon various subjects relating to their investigations. Those articles are of interest, but in order for one to read them intelligently, one must have a knowledge of the sciences with which they deal. Physics and chemistry are complements, and through the study of either, one necessarily gets some knowledge of the other. Botany and zoölogy offer the same facts about natural history, but the material is different. Some prefer the rather prettier work connected with plants to the handling of slimy frogs in the zoölogy laboratory. In order to keep up with the times and with modern advancement, it is essential that a well-informed person should have a knowledge of both the physical and the natural sciences, which explain the laws of nature manifest in our surroundings, both organic and inorganic.

Scientific study, also, is of great value to the study of other subjects. It teaches unwillingness to accept unaccredited facts. It corrects the tendency to overgeneralize. It contains the six

essentials of an education in its highest sense, "to learn to see straight and clearly, to compare and infer, to make an accurate record, to remember, to express our thoughts with precision, and to hold fast to lofty ideals." All of these are emphasized in a marked degree and help a student in his work along other lines. Directly, as well as indirectly, the student is benefited by scientific study. President Eliot says that "a rational course in sciences—rational for the schools because it affords a substantial training in observation, recording, and reading, rational for the college because it affords sound preparation for future study of science during the years of college life—is a desideratum." This is the best testimony of the need of placing sciences among the subjects required for entrance to college.

In the list of subjects given in the catalogue, there are six sciences from which a student may choose her elementary requirement (besides a year in either French or German). This requirement for entrance to Smith has been made only within the last five years, but it shows that the faculty consider it essential to offer students their choice between a science and a language. In many colleges—Harvard and Bryn Mawr for example—a student is required to present a year in some science as her elementary requirement. Whenever the students here at Smith hand their course cards to the class officers, they are strongly advised to substitute a science for something else, unless they have already put down a course in some science. This seems to show that the faculty consider it essential to have more than the one required science. Dr. Wilder stated as a deplorable fact, recently, that seventy-one per cent. of the junior class had no science this year.

If it is so deplorable that the students do not take more than the required science, the faculty ought to make the requirement that a student should take two sciences. One of these should be a physical science and the other a natural science, but the student should be allowed to choose between taking both sciences in college and taking one in college and the other in her preparation for college. This would give her the opportunity to make her elementary requirement a modern language if her preparatory school did not offer good instruction in the sciences. It would also give the schools an opportunity to better the quality of instruction now given in the sciences.

In my own case, the high school had a very good instructor in

physics, but a very poor one in the modern languages. Therefore, I took physics as my elementary requirement, and then made botany my required science after I entered college. Thus I have had both a physical and a natural science. Other schools may emphasize other subjects, so that other pupils would have to choose their courses differently. The plan thus suggested would provide for this difficulty, would not add to the number of requirements already made, and would give to those who receive their degree a more liberal education.

FANNIE HARLOW ROBINSON.

## VERSES

A clatter of hoofs on the hard town road,  
The joy and the answering thrills  
Of the rider who breathes deep the sweet, pure air  
Of the open country as, free from care,  
He turns his face toward the hills.

Over the bridge, up the long, steep hill,  
Behind him the smoky town,  
The squeak of the leather, the champing bit,  
The soft wind blown through his hair, and on  
To the place where the sun drops down.

Then the thud of the hoofs on the soft woods road,  
The smell of the sweet spring rain,  
The bursting buds, the soft young greens;  
There's a catch of the breath in joy—it seems  
That life has been born again.

Out to the splendor of open fields  
And the joy of the sky's clear blue,  
The mellow light of the setting sun  
Sinking to rest, with the day's work done  
And the glory of days' to do.

Mother of earth and Maker of men,  
Source of all life and joy,  
Grant to the souls of the starved, the bliss  
Of knowing the warmth of the spring's sweet kiss,  
And peace without alloy.

KATHERINE GAGER.



## ALIEN

Be patient if I seem of alien heart,  
If while of this, your grief or joy, I hear,  
And while for you starts smile or burning tear,  
Yet, still unmoved, remote, I stand apart.

Ah, press your world less near ! It's glaring light  
Dazzles and blinds mine eyes—its gentlest tone  
Jars on my stillness ; yes, love's voice alone  
Steals like a charm upon my dear, dim night.

Be patient with me yet, O friend ! God knows  
I am too frail of sense. Yet hush the din,  
Nor flash upon the twilight of my world  
Where only pale, cool moonshine filters in.  
And all the breathing silences are curled  
Around me like the petals of a rose.

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

## BARGAIN DAY AND THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Monday morning brought a cold, drenching rain, but the great department-store was crowded. There were plenty of women there who had left their laundresses at work, as well as many who had run away from their own wash-tubs, thither lured by much-advertised bargains which drew them all alike, regardless of discomfort. But certainly the rain made the crowding harder to endure than usual. I cursed the urgent need of fresh evening gloves that had forced me into this mass of wet, steaming woolens. At last, tired and breathless, I retreated into a quiet back-water to catch a breath of purer air. Then my eyes, lifted from the moving confusion to a high, restful wall-space, were met by an apparition of beauty incongruous with its surroundings. Secure in her polished frame, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was regarding the unlovely scene before her with a look that had not been painted by Sir

Thomas. It was a look compounded of bewilderment and pity and contempt, and then she turned her fine eyes upon me.

"Lud!" she cride softly, "only look at the poor fools!"

"I beg your Grace's pardon?" I answered.

"These hundreds of women," she insisted. "Whatever do they want here in this extraordinary place?"

"Why, it's a big store—I mean—shop, your Grace," I explained. "You may buy whatever you wish here for a complete costume, without driving about to your milliner and dressmaker and bootmaker and corsetière."

"Drive to my milliner and dressmaker and bootmaker, madam?" the Duchess protested with spirit, "I do not recall thus favoring them. Pazetti was becomingly grateful for the order for this plumed hat without my adding to her reputation by stopping at her door. Do your people of quality and fashion come themselves to a bustling, noisy place such as this?"

"Why, yes, we do," I replied with equal spirit. (The "we" showed how much I was nettled by her scornful questions—all the more so because I could see the good reason for them.) "That is," I continued, "we come to this store, but not to crowd about cheap counters like the women over there." Here my conscience reminded me that there were some unmistakably well-groomed women in the thick of the mob about the fine embroidery remnants, and that only a week ago I had joined in a struggle for some absurdly reduced Jouvin mousquetaires. "There are *some*," I admitted reluctantly, "for whom a bargain has a fascination quite out of proportion to the face value of the article."

"I vow that I do not understand," said her Grace, shaking her lovely head, "but there are then fine things here for gentlefolk as well as for tradespeople and servants?" Here the Duchess regarded severely a cook-like creature of vast proportions who was shouldering out of her way a delicate lady with high-piled silver hair.

"Oh," I hastened to assure her, "in the departments on the upper floors you would find the most charming and exclusive things from Paris and Vienna. I saw the other day a most heavenly rose peau de soie from Paquin, and there was a Doucet princesse model with point de Venise—"

"La! You relieve me mightily," broke in the Duchess. "So something else is à la mode besides these musty cloths and

clumsy fustians that make the creatures look like so many plough-boys. Sure, I thought they must all be like poor, crazed Lady Evelyn Wakely, who fancied herself the eldest son whom her brute of a father made no secret of having hoped for, and dressed for the part like a play-actor. Don't they all know," her white hand left its immortal pose to wave over the buzzing throng, "don't the poor fools know that it's not dark, heavy cloths that will best set off their looks, and leave the men breathless, but a shimmering silk or a smart, stiff brocade? And good lack, is there such a thing as a hairdresser in the whole town?"

I put up my hand furtively to my hair—I knew too well that the waves of my Marcel were at ebb-tide—and surveyed with freshly critical eyes the ill-kept, straggly heads about me. In the days of the Duchess of Devonshire even the serving-maids had boasted well-curled tresses. And then I thought of the gay muslins that they had worn on their trim figures, the kerchiefs that set off white throats, and the flowered petticoats that showed neat ankles! I seemed to see the prettiness of their middle-class mistresses in their bright silks, and the glory of the ladies of fashion in their gold brocades and dashing plumes!

No wonder that Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, ever beautiful and ravishing in the softly flowing gowns brought to her morning-room by demure tradespeople—no wonder she marvelled that women of all classes would permit themselves to strive and toil in a big, stifling, noisy market, for ugly, fad-serving clothes; for heavy, shapeless boots; for hats without charm of color or line! Why should not this great lady of another century scorn our sordid struggle to get a great deal for nothing, and to rival wealthier neighbors in general effect, if not in delicate material? Why should she not feel a contemptuous pity for these women's expenditure of time and strength and money for that which can claim neither charm nor beauty? Why should she not pity them because they are the slaves rather than the mistresses of their clothes?

"Ah, your Grace," I said, "it was your great fortune to live at a time when Dame Fashion stumbled upon such beauty of line and color as rejoiced a Gainsborough and by his art was immortalized. To-day a woman of fashion as well as a servant would wound his artist sense, and yet to obtain such hideous

things we endure—this!” And with something of a court courtesy, such as was due to the rank of the exquisite critic, I stepped again into the current of shoppers, leaving the eighteenth century beauty to smile cynically down upon the fruitless efforts which misdirected vanity inspires.

JANET DEWITT MASON.

### THE BELL-BOY EX MACHINA

“Good morning, Anabal,” said Miss Sutherland as she entered the elevator of the small Roman pension. The little chap in the red uniform and brass buttons bowed punctiliously, and greeted his first passenger of the day with the sunniest of smiles. For Anabal had admired the handsome American signorina ever since she had come to the pension with her father, two months before.

It seemed unusual that such a popular young woman as Kathleen Sutherland could be contented to spend the winter so quietly, scarcely taking any part in the society of the capital. But she seemed to be perfectly contented with the life she led, and the few new friends she had made in Rome wondered at this quite as much as the old ones in America, where she had been a society leader in her city. Yet they wondered in vain, for Miss Sutherland never discussed her affairs with them. She did not take the attitude of being either blasé or a recluse. She simply enjoyed herself moderately, in her own way. She studied Italian diligently, she went about in her motor, she worked among the poor, spent hours in the art museums, and—she talked to Anabal.

Kathleen hardly realized what this meant to the little fellow. His admiration for her grew into worship. All that she did, looked, said, was perfect in his eyes. He was a lonely boy, who supported his mother and could not have the companionship of other children. His friendship with the beautiful signorina, for such their acquaintance grew to be, meant everything to him. Kathleen had always been fond of children. It was most natural for her to fall into conversation with the small boy while going up and down in the slow elevator, and while he escorted her to her car, carrying the rug, of which he



always relieved the maid who followed. And yesterday had been a red-letter day for Anabal. He had carried up his lady's mail, and she had asked him into her sitting-room to show him some photographs about which she had told him. The child gazed around with awe at the little room, which seemed strange to him, with its cosy American air. No European could give a room just that lived-in look. Kathleen noticed his interest, and drew his attention, now to a table covered with silver toys from Holland, which led her to tell him about its windmills and canals, now to a pair of snowshoes fastened on the wall. When she pointed out some Indian trophies of General Sutherland Anabal's eyes opened wider, and Kathleen roughly sketched some bits of Indian life, which she had seen as a child on the frontier. But what pleased the boy most of all, though he did not know it, was that there was no condescension in the signorina's manner as she showed her possessions. She displayed them as to an equal, capable of understanding and appreciating them. From then on, the footing of their fellowship was firmly established.

But during the happy half-hour which Anabal spent in her room, after the delivery of the mail (the elevator had not much traffic in the middle of the morning, so he dared desert his post), he never forgot how strange she had looked as she was scanning the envelopes. When she came to the last she grew quite white and caught her breath an instant, that was all. Then she had turned to him, asking him to come in. The pleasant time had followed, but the memory of that moment in the doorway had troubled the little fellow for hours, as he pulled the clumsy elevator car up and down.

But this morning the signorina appeared bright and smiling, starting for her ride as if nothing troubled her. So Anabal brightened up too, and answered her "Good morning" with one as pleasant. "It is a fine day for the ride, signorina," he said as he helped her into the car, and smiled again, showing a row of even teeth snowy white in contrast with his brown face. He tucked the robe in carefully, then lifted his red cap from his black curls, and stood in the porte-cochère watching until only her long gray fur could be seen flying in the breeze, as she disappeared around the corner.

"No, signor," he was saying later in the day, to a tall, well-built man with a bronzed face, who stood waiting impatiently

in the office, "the signorina is most sorry, but she cannot see you." Anabal regarded the stranger sympathetically. He felt something was lacking—some reason should be given for Miss Sutherland's refusing to see her friend. But he had not been instructed to give any. Then impulsively he added, "Possibly the signorina is tired. The signor could come again?" Jack Allen, bitterly disappointed, looked down into the lad's honest eyes. "Yes, my man, I will; you may be sure of that," said he, quite as if Anabal stood higher than his elbow, and strode into the street. The clerk at the desk looked up from the ledger curiously, first at the man's retreating figure, then at Anabal, as with a humorous dignity, which would admit of no questioning, he returned to the elevator.

But the next day and the next he was forced to return with the same reply to the man waiting in the office, and the disappointment which the answer gave was his own as much as the stranger's. He could not understand why the signorina would not wish to see a friend. She was not ill, could she be unhappy? and the little boy in red livery began to worry again. He spent his hard-earned centimes in funny, stiff nose-gays, which he presented on the tray with the letters, to cheer his lady.

Up-stairs Kathleen was saying to her father, always her confidant, "Oh why couldn't that man have stayed peacefully at home in America? Oh *why* should he come worrying me?" Suddenly she laid her head on the old gentleman's shoulder, as she sobbed, "I was just learning to forget and not to care. I mustn't care any more. After that no explanations can make it right! Oh dad, what shall I do? I don't want to see him again! I don't want to see his card again! Why won't he keep away?"

The general was distressed. His daughter was usually so self-possessed. "Never mind, little girl," he murmured soothingly, "Jack will understand after a while that you really don't wish it. And now shall we see to those Christmas doings for the poor little Beppo? Why, Kit, Christmas will be here to-morrow! Who'd think it, with this balmy weather? Christmas eve," he went on, "I remember, Kit, when you were little, how your mother and I used to sit up half the night filling your stocking and putting last things on the tree."

"Tell me about it, father," and the tall woman had become a little girl again, eager for a story. Sinking on a cushion at his

feet, she looked expectantly up in the general's weather-worn face. Thus they sat before the tiny fire of coals, chatting softly, until darkness settled down over the great old city.

On Christmas morning Saint Peter's cathedral was filled with a motly throng—dignitaries, diplomats, tourists, artists, plain middle-class citizens, peasants, beggars, tiny children clinging to their mothers' skirts. As the choir began to sing the heavenly chant, the people near one of the entrances turned to look, as a woman entered. She was dressed in dark blue with gray furs, and was followed by a trim German maid. A group of Italian officers stared in open admiration, while they consciously gave their mustachios a twirl. A Cook's tourist woman whispered audibly to her neighbor, "American, I'm sure. You'd never find a continental as good-looking as that!"

When the service was over, Kathleen remained kneeling in the dark, secluded corner where she had gone upon entering. Little groups lingered here and there through the building. Men and women came and went. Still she knelt in the dark corner. The faint strains of the organ came to her as strains of peace. The good old English words, "Peace on earth—good will toward men", repeated themselves in her thoughts, meaning more to her than ever after the Latin chants which she did not understand. She thought of the man towards whom she had borne only ill-will. Then suddenly, had she been fair? Had she not perhaps been mistaken in hardening her heart? Had she been unjust in refusing to listen to explanations, after the misunderstanding? Oh that on this day of days she might be at peace with him with whom, of all men, she most wished to be at peace. She could not remember a Christmas day for years that she and Jack had not been together, from the time when they spent the day playing with each other's toys.

But here they were, both in the same city, yet widely separated. With a little sob Kathleen bent her head yet lower over the rail in front of her. And then in thought she was no longer in Saint Peter's, but back in Massachusetts, speeding over the snow in a little one-horse cutter—and not alone. The man beside her was laughing gaily with her, and there was peace in both their hearts on that Christmas day.

She was wakened from her reverie by voices not far off, coming from the other side of the high pillar where she knelt.



A man and a small boy in scarlet livery were approaching. "In here—this is the little corner to which she goes. I saw her once when I came to mass with the mother," the boy was saying eagerly. "She said she would come here this morning. We shall find her without fail, signor."

Kathleen looked up quickly as they came around the pillar. She started, hesitated a moment, then with shining eyes she rose. "Jack, oh Jack!" she cried, and her longing for him, which she only now realized, rang in the words.

Anabal waited patiently until his two friends joined him. There was peace, good will in their faces, and something yet more glorious in their hearts. "Anabal, you betrayed me! Traitor!" said the girl, but the light in her eyes told him that his treachery was not unpardonable.

"You're a trump, old chap," said the man, and though Anabal wasn't familiar with the term, he knew it meant something nice, and smiled. His heart beat faster under the scarlet jacket at the thought that on Christmas day he had helped to make two people happier, especially when one of them was his adored signorina.

Unconsciously they strolled up the central aisle of the church. On their right was the massive bronze statue of Saint Peter. The foot, showing beneath the folds of the mantle, was worn smooth by the kisses it had received from the lips of the devoted people. As the three passed, a peasant woman lifted up her child to perform the rite. "Oh," said Anabal softly and wistfully, to Allen, "*could* you—could you lift me up?"

"We'll do anything for you, old fellow!" A strong pair of arms swung him up and held him while he imprinted a fervent kiss on the cold bronze.

This was only the beginning of the happiest day the bell-boy had ever spent. For did not the signor, after arranging with the pension clerk, take him, with the signorina and the general, to dine? And such a dinner! To Anabal it was the crowning glory of the day, which remained bright in his mind when the rest had faded, and though Jack and Kathleen soon forgot the dinner, they felt that for them also the day had had its glory.

BARBARA KAUFFMANN.



## A MEETING IN THE DESERT

It was one of the things that grew and do not happen. It was Fate. She was a woman close on to thirty, he not altogether seriously a man. She seemed alone with few ties, either of friends or family. Her slender, black-clad figure exacted a curious respect from the somewhat kaleidoscopic family of 38 Frankfort street. Mrs. Boyd, a widow without means, who had opened her home to strangers, treated her like a daughter, but in spite of her kindness she had never crossed the threshold of Ellsworth Habersham's reserve. She was a Southerner, an orphan, without friends or connections, who hoped by the precarious patronage of conventional art to gain her livelihood.

That she was a gentlewoman one could never doubt. Neither could one deny her charm, in spite of her persistent reserve. That was all. What she asked was respect only. They gave her admiration as well, but presumed no farther, and apparently her life was without pleasure other than her work and her books.

It was the dreariest part of an especially dreary December that Rogers came. Every time he entered the house he brought with him something of the bluster and healthy freshness of the cold outside. Also he talked, and under his leadership the monotonous formality of dinner blossomed into an almost social event. He talked well, about books and the news of the world, with a certain pleasant determination that carried conviction with it.

Before he had been in the house a month Rogers had become an accepted addition to the family. He took great pleasure in studying the faces around him, and readily understood them all—except one. Miss Habersham puzzled him. She was young, yet her face suggested experience and sorrow; cheerful, yet he more than once observed an almost hopeless drooping of her lips. She was his exact opposite in almost every respect. He was hopelessly young and he knew it, yet she attracted him with the peculiar charm that an older woman sometimes has for a boy. She enjoyed his unexpected directness and, let him

see that she did. They never met except over the conventional expanse of linen and in the presence of ten or more people.

One evening late in February Rogers came home early. By the dim light of an open window that looked upon a dead wall of brick not six feet distant Miss Habersham sat reading. The cheerful flicker of an open fire gave to the dismal living room an atmosphere of unwonted charm.

"Evening! I say, isn't this jolly! Will I disturb you?" indicating a hair-cloth chair of hostile curve.

"Not at all," laying her book face upward in her lap, her hand on the leaves. "Would you charge me with selfishness?"

It was the nearest approach to the personal he had ever heard her use.

"Please don't," said Rogers, awkward and unhappy. "I never know what to do when women talk that way. Always say the wrong thing. Odd about a fire, isn't it?" he asked, poking it vigorously.

Miss Habersham regarded the brick wall and said nothing.

"Don't you think so?" persistently.

She looked this time at the fire soberly and a little coldly. She was thinking of something quite different.

"Very," she said.

"Now I—er—" pause. "I—would you mind, Miss Habersham, if I talk like a human being?"

She laughed. He was so genuinely in earnest. Such a great, straightforward boy. Miss Habersham liked Rogers.

"Please do."

"Well, you see, I've known you three months now—that is, I've seen you twice a day for almost a hundred days. In other words, I've seen you two hundred times and have never said one word to you except on the war, the weather, or somebody or other's book. I hate the weather and don't know anything about the war. Miss Habersham," almost putting the fire out in his determination, "would you think me a—presumptuous cad if I asked you to hear the opera to-morrow night?"

She looked fixedly again at the brick wall, then frankly and gratefully into his boyish gray eyes and smiled.

"I should like to go. Thank you." Both were silent for a moment. "I think it must be past six," she said. "Shall we go in to dinner?"

Ellsworth Habersham was not a slave to convention. She

recognized in the hearing of good music no disrespect to her dead, and was too thoroughly normal not to realize that she did wrong to shut out from her life its one possible source of diversion. She had never known a boy before. She found the anticipation undeniably diverting.

Always comely, she seemed to Rogers distinctly lovely in a sober little gown of dull black, whose one claim to distinction lay in the old lace she wore at her throat and wrists.

They left the house together, and the good people, amazed, lifted their eyebrows. Miss Habersham was not an impregnable fortress it seemed.

"I sha'n't tell you how much I appreciate your coming, Miss Habersham." He swung along with an angular sort of grace that was refreshing. "Won't you take it for granted?"

"I will if you like, but it seems the other way round to me." He shook himself.

"Do you feel queer?" he demanded.

"Queer?"

"Yes—the beginning of something—'queer', you know."

"Oh," she looked at him oddly, amused.

"I've felt it ever since I saw you," he went on. "It's Fate. Hi there, cabby," as a hansom dashed by. "Do you know," he continued, leaning back luxuriantly, "I'm not a bit afraid of you now."

"Why should you be—ever?"

"I don't know! Can't explain it. Something in the atmosphere. I felt it myself. I wonder," he said, looking at her steadily and whimsically, "if we really met to-night or, as the people at the house would say, three months ago."

His mood was contagious.

"To-night, I think," with a flash of bright eyes and a glimpse of white teeth. "Do you know this is very unconventional?"

"Is it? That's why it's nice."

"I don't know, I never was before. We can't at home."

Both fell silent, he wondering over her life that he knew nothing of. He was sure she came from a little Southern city—with lots of roses and sunshine. He was sure she told the truth when she said she knew nothing of unconventionality. He wondered that she had never married—some one. Miss Habersham brought him abruptly back to the present by an energetic shake of her head and a laugh.

"I feel like Cinderella. I hope cabby will stay cabby. I hate mice."

"Hum," he meditated. "In other words, I'm your god-mother."

"How absurd! Well, the prince if you like."

"I do like. Thank you."

They stopped before the lighted theatre. He was out in a moment and ready to help her.

"My dear princess," he said, pausing mock seriously before her, "is your slipper intact?"

"The facts uphold me," she retorted, revealing a slender foot surprisingly small.

If Rogers did not know war or the weather, at least he understood music, and Ellsworth found herself wondering if that explained the weakness she suspected in his mouth.

It was past midnight when they reached the steps of 38 Frankfort.

"Do you believe in regeneration?" he asked, getting the key in the lock.

"Not that I know of," smiling.

"I do. I'm sure we knew each other before. I dare say in Egypt. Don't you remember?"

She knitted her brows. "It was on the edge of the desert—" "Yes."

"The camels used to pass on their way to Istomboue."

"Yes," excitedly.

"You were a camel driver."

"Just a camel driver?" disappointed.

"Yes, just a camel driver. I used to watch you through the folds of my veil."

"I knew you did. I saw you. I've known you all my life."

"And we only met to-night," she remarked. "I will be an Egyptian if I stand longer. Good-night, Mr. Rogers."

"Good-night." He looked at her, his gray boy's eyes smiling, and added with brazen presumption, "Good-night, Cinderella." Her door shut softly, and turning off the light, he went to his room.

In the next four weeks she was out with him four times. She had made up her mind that, living at such close range, once a week would keep their friendship warm but not burn it out. At the end of the month it was indeed as though they had known each other always.



By May, Rogers had come to consider the other six nights of the week superfluous and a bore, but it was characteristic of him that he never for a moment considered himself in love. Instead of profiting by his opportunities, he wasted at least half of these evenings quarreling over her obstinacy, for she had resolutely maintained her determination, though the evenings were oftener two than one.

"Stingy, I call it—downright stingy—close-fisted."

"You're wonderful, Billy—"

"Am I, now? Hang it, Cinder"—accepted abbreviation for Cinderella—"you don't take me seriously." He sulked.

"You're greedy. What would my work do?"

"You'd call a starving man greedy—that's what you'd do. I'd hate to be a stray dog at your back door. You're hard-hearted."

"You're unjust, Billy. I fed a mangy one, last week. Mrs. Boyd helped me. He was half-starved, but he licked my hand before he ate his dinner,—*before*, mind you. *Dogs* are grateful."

She looked at the big boyish fellow playfully. She half-suspected that some of his fun was real earnest, but would not admit it, even to herself, since that would mean the end of things. "He was yellow and affectionate," she went on.

"Hum!" he growled, "I believe you care more for that dog this minute than you do for me. You'll be sorry some day."

"What makes you so sure?" she asked.

"I'm going away, Cinder. Ah—I thought you'd be sorry."

Ellsworth's lips trembled.

"When?" she asked.

"Six days from to-night. It's an opening out West. It's pretty good for me, but I'd chuck it in a minute if—I'm all rattled, but you'll be good, Cinder? I want you every night this week. Will you?"

Ellsworth looked at him—at his eyes, serious, but not quite soberly serious. She was lonely, and this boy had grown to mean more to her than ever a man had before, save one—her mouth drooped—and that one she meant to forget. She knew as well that she did not love him as she knew now that he did love her.

"Will you, Cinder?" he persisted hopefully.

"If you like, Billy."

"We'll start with dinner to-night," he began, in a business-like way. "If I'm greedy, I'm hungry, too."

They left the Manhattan and found a place they knew—a table hidden behind palms—not too respectable to be interesting.

"I'm coming to see you twice a month," he said, untying her veil. Confound this thing!"

"You mean you think you are,"—wiggling on purpose.

"Some people are looking at you," he remarked coldly. Cinder subsided, crushed, and he triumphantly maneuvered the knot.

"You're easy," dropping into the chair across from her, "not a human being in sight."

"I suppose I'm nobody," she retorted.

"You're inhuman," he growled, "you haven't got any heart." He put his big hand over hers. "Cinder, I can't bear it." She slipped it away.

"You *said* you were hungry, Billy."

"I've got a soul above being hungry—sometimes. Shall I order you a five-pound steak?" haughtily.

"I daresay it would not be amiss," she acquiesced condescendingly, "I've seen you manage them."

"I say, Cinder, you didn't. I'm not carnivorous."

"Suit yourself."

He lifted the bill of fare and began reading, "Mulligitawny, chicken, oxtail"—

"Chicken," she said decisively.

"Just like a woman. "Sirloin steak, beef à la something or other, veal à la—hang it! I'll not have any of the à las—we'll have a straightforward American steak—mushrooms, celery, peas, potatoes—"

"Billy! do I look like an army?"

"O—well, this will do." loftily to the waiter, who bent beside him and seemed to like it, for he went away smiling.

"You're incorrigable. Your servants will never respect you."

"Never mind, they can respect you," in an off-hand manner.

"Billy!" remarked Miss Habersham.

"Cinder, let's be serious," said Rogers wistfully.

"You couldn't, Billy, if you tried."

"But I'm going away, Cinder, you may never see me again. The train may be robbed and the passengers murdered. I've \$25 in my pocket and even you must admit the charms of my new blue suit. You never can tell."

But Ellsworth refused to be impressed. She wanted to keep her friend, and she cared for him too much not to tell him the truth when he asked for it. It was late when they reached the house. He was silent in spite of his fun. In the shadow of the vestibule he stopped.

"It's no use, Cinder, I didn't mean to—you don't take me seriously, but I want you, Cinder. I love you." He gathered both her hands in his, but she drew them back.

"You mustn't, Billy."

"Why not?"

"I'm too old for you. I don't love you that way."

"I'll make you, Cinder."

"You can't," she said.

"Is it somebody else?" he demanded tragically.

"No."

"Then you must, Cinder. It's no use, you've got to marry me."

"I can't, Billy, ever. You're like my brother. I like you and shall miss you, but—O please, Billy, don't take it that way. I didn't know that you cared really. Please look at me, Billy."

He shook his head and began mechanically to open the door. She held out her hand.

"Good-night." It was like that first night long before.

"Good-bye." He looked up at her as she stood on the stairs above him, all his suffering in his eyes. They were a man's eyes now, not a boy's. "Is it no use, Cinder?" he pleaded.

"No use, Billy." She turned and climbed the stairs wearily.

She never saw him after that night. She wrote him once and he answered; a man's letter, but at the end he broke into the old boyish way. "Is it no use, Cinder? I'm lonely without you. Won't you say the word and let me come back?"

She longed to see him again, but it wouldn't be fair to him. He was just a boy, and she—she sighed and laid his letter carefully away. She never answered that letter. She was true to what she thought to be honest.

A year later she heard that he was married. She lived in the same old room that gave upon the bleakness of the brick wall. He had found some one to take her place. Well, she had thought he would, but had hoped, and he had loved her, and she had thought she had not loved him. Ah well, Cinder of the old days was lonely, just lonely. She counted the bricks

mechanically as she had often before—eleven, thirteen, fifteen, seventeen. She drew a deep breath, sat wearily at her littered desk, and began resolutely to labor upon the intricacies of an unfinished design.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

### A WANDERER

A wanderer, out of the world away,  
Come from the dusk and into the dawn,  
Held by the zest of life and love,  
By flash of flame we know not of,  
His quest, by fate forever drawn  
Through mysteries of dark, and on  
Where untried waters lay.

Green waves retold his wander-song  
Cruel and clear and free,  
While rough winds blew in strange unrest  
Where love's day died in the silent west  
And hands reached up from the treacherous lea  
And bore him him over the crimson sea  
Into a spectral throng.

While over the flame-tipped waves there slept  
A garden by the shining sands,  
And all the tender flowers lay dead  
Along the blackened paths that led  
Where one alone in desolate lands,  
Buried her face in wan white hands  
And wept.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.



## SKETCHES

Theodore approved of the island of Marken, a blissful place, without a single picture-gallery! He shuddered at the recollection of dismal hours recently en-

**An Island Stronghold** dured. Picture-galleries everywhere! and not one escaped his mother and Aunt Sophia—especially Aunt Sophia. They did not fail in their duty toward him, but he must bend his small, aching neck to see still more queer stiff people and fuzzy trees. How could grown-ups so readily distinguish between them? He could remember a rather pretty lady in Cologne. He had hailed her as an old friend, often met on advertisements of the “Queen Quality” shoes at home. And at the Hague, a painting of a bull and sheep that Miss Stevenson had told him to look at carefully—she knew he would like it. A Perry picture had accompanied her injunction. But it wasn’t so awfully real. And anyway, why not go to the Zoo and see live animals? The Zoo was far more entertaining. There was an open-air gymnasium there from which one could rout the fat little Dutchies with great triumph. As for the Louvre, Theodore was never quite clear whether it was a department store or a picture-gallery. One was as nasty as the other, any way. A long, long hall, called the Grande Gallerie, would have been a bully place for roller-skating, but of course they wouldn’t let you do it, probably because you might knock over some of the people who stood about with their mouths open. Why could they see pictures better that way? As for the last place of torture at Amsterdam, that had been the worst. They had dragged him before many paintings of heavy old Dutchmen eating and drinking and waving flags until, last of all, came a homely, brown thing, which they called the “Night Watch.” He wondered which of the men carried the night watch, and just how it differed from his Ingersoll dollar one.

To-day, however, had proved pleasantly different. They had

come out on a cunning little steamer whose deck, though small, afforded play-room for a small boy. They had come through a most elaborate stone "lock", infinitely superior to those on the Morris and Essex canal at home, and then out into that Zuyder Zee where house-tops and tree-tops peeped above the dikes, exactly as Miss Stevenson had described it in the First Primary Geography.

The island of Marken itself was the most enchanting thing of all. When its low roofs and the crowded masts of its anchored fishing smacks first lifted into view, Theodore felt a strange enthusiasm for the odd little place. Nor was he disenchanted when, the landing made, they were welcomed by a throng of children who might have stepped from picture post-cards, and who gravely enquired, "*Photographen?*" "*Photographen?*" when they sighted his Brownie camera. It was great fun to snap them in their self-posed groups and to dispense coppers and small silver in the lordly manner of a grown-up. It was greater fun to steal up behind a group of old women and catch them before they could scatter indignantly into their houses—those houses that mother said were "so painfully clean," and yet an ideal place for a small boy. They were so much like ships stranded firmly on shore with their built-in beds, and the fish-nets hanging from dark beams overhead. There were so many curious shells, and old blue and yellow plates that Aunt Sophia called "priceless", and then mourned because the sturdy owners declared that their family treasures were really so.

She and mother were comforted, however, by the discovery of a little shop crowded with plates and old silver. There was little more time then, tourists were already moving slowly toward the landing-place. So Aunt Sophia and mother dived further back into the little shop and concentrated their energies on finding the rarest plates and most bewind-milled salad forks.

Theodore lingered outside in the fast-emptying street. Two Marken boys of his own size were rolling iron hoops up and down the pavement, their full bloomers and tight little coats rather impeding the operation. As they raced past Theodore, one of the hoops trundled toward him. He caught it before it could clang on the stones, then grinned cheerfully, and handed it to the little Dutchman, who grinned in return and held out the hoop and the stick with another engaging smile, which said plainly, "Don't you want a turn?"

"Sure," said Theodore promptly, and then chuckled to himself at the thought of a pitcher of the Acorn Junior base-ball team playing a "kid game" like hoops. It was nice though to be with other fellowmen, if they did play girls' games and wear bloomers and talk Dutch. He had not met any boys at the hotels for so long that he was grateful for even a few minutes' society of his kind.

But they were tired of rolling the hoops up and down the short street. Between their cluster of houses and the boat-landing stretched a glorious hard brick path across the marshes. Perfect indeed! The three charged along until they were beyond the boat-landing and down by the fishing smacks. Theodore was seized with a great interest in these odd crafts. He liked a certain tale of "Captains Courageous", and though these were far from being Gloucester boats, he felt that they did not lack charm. He wanted to explore, but how could he make his friends understand? Then he thought of one of Aunt Sophia's maxims, "Actions speak louder than words", and promptly applied it by attempting to scramble into the nearest boat. His companions, also appreciating the truth of the proverb, dragged him down. Seizing each a hand, they led him along the whole line of smacks to where, beyond the last one, beached high and dry, another boat rocked gently at anchor in the deeper water. Up into the nearer one they "boosted" Theodore, then, well accustomed to the scramble, they came on board after him and led the way to the narrower space between the two boats. It was a simple matter to cross that. In the farther boat they were at home and ready to play the host. In fact there is no great difference between home-words in Dutch and English, so Theodore grasped the fact that he was in their father's boat. It was certainly interesting to be in a real fishing-smack, all rough and smelly as it was. When the boys began to produce many interesting articles from under the rough benches he was greatly excited. There were large, heavy hooks, nets, pieces of sail-cloth, and two small clumsy sweaters, which the boys proudly donned, running up to the bow to point out over the Zuyder Zee. What could it mean but that they were allowed to go out with their father in good weather? And when one of them, tearing off his sweater, urged it on Theodore and pointed out again, what could it mean but that he, too, might go out with them if he would but stay on this delectable island?

With the suggestion came the resolution. He would stay here—stay till the end of the long summer in this happy place where picture-galleries ceased from troubling and small boys were at rest. He need only stay curled up in this cosy boat until the steamer left with his aunt and mother on board. For they couldn't stay on the island in those houses which, although "painfully clean", smelled of fish,—Aunt Sophia was so fond of her pretty bed-room and her little salon overhanging the canal at Amsterdam. Then to keep them from worrying or even sending out the police and the soldiers for him, he would take the two gulden in his pocket and hire a fisherman to sail over to the city and leave a note for his mother, and then slip away in the dark. The note would tell her not to worry about him, but to travel all she wanted to, and let Aunt Sophia have her fill of picture galleries. Then on the tenth of September he would meet her at the same hotel in Amsterdam, ready to sail with them for home. That would sound awfully interesting and mysterious, like those Herald personals she had forbidden him to read. Now he must make the Dutchies lie low, too, until the ship was gone.

That was easy—he had only to yawn a bit and curl up on a pile of sail-cloth. The two little hosts politely curled up beside him, and soon actually fell asleep. Theodore himself did not stay wide awake—the gentle rocking of the boat was too soothing—so he did not hear the excitement on shore. He never suspected that he had a betrayer, a stocky old house-vrouw who had noticed the scurrying youngsters, and had soon connected with her grandsons' strange companion the white-faced American lady who was outstripping the knot of tourists, sailors, fishermen, even the excited guide. She saw them all peering into the houses, running through the small alleys, calling in a strange tongue. So she stood at her doorway, ready to receive the torrent of Dutch questions and the meaningless English ones. Yes, the children were in Hans Brychers' boat, that one moored farthest from shore, at the end of the island. They rushed down the beach. It was twenty minutes past sailing time and the captain was enraged. The beach sloped swiftly out beyond the farther boats! The poor mother, the distracted aunt, the curious passengers, all pressed on down the shore, while a fisherman lumbering across the first boat, leaned over into Hans Brychers' craft. Two little Marken boys woke and



sprang to their feet with unwonted energy. Two little boys, but not her son! The heart of Theodore's mother stood still. Then a precious brown head rose above the gunwale. She cried for joy. But he was quite safe, and he had been very naughty.

"Quick, Theodore!" she commanded. "The captain is so angry!"

The placid islander reached out a hand to him, and the next moment she saw him defiantly poised before the swinging mast.

"No, mother," he announced firmly, "I will not come. I like this island, I like this boat. I am going to stay here."

"Theodore, are you crazy? Come at once!" she cried, running to the water's edge. "Oh, can't you make him come?" she demanded of the fisherman. But Theodore was now out on the bow-sprit. Any attempt to dislodge him, and in the struggle he must inevitably fall into the deep water where the beach shelved so abruptly. He certainly had the situation well in hand. It was time to launch his ultimatum.

"Mother," he called firmly, "I'll be good and come on shore, and go home with you, if you'll promise—" a significant pause, while the amused tourists wondered what the price would be—"if you'll promise not to make me go to a single picture-gallery the rest of the summer, and to take me to all the zoos."

His mother stood looking at him. It was humiliating before all these strangers—but there was little foothold near the masts and the steamer whistle was tooting angrily.

"No galleries, I promise, Theodore."

"Does Aunt Sophia promise, too?"

"Aunt Sophia, too."

The captain was furious, the passengers were amused and appeased by the comedy. His mother and Aunt Sophia were silent between anger at his impishness and joy at his safety. But in the heart of Theodore glad triumph reigned. Henceforth Europe, freed of hateful Old Masters, would be one glad round of zoos.

JANET DEWITT MASON.

## The Thread of Gold

SCENE—Venice, a canal.

TIME—A June Night.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—An Unknown Man. A Gondolier.

GONDOLIER (*Singing in the distance*)—

“Soft, soft, the night is young,  
Still, still, its sweetness just begun,  
Dip, dip, the paddles softly ply,  
Dip, dip, how idly life slips by!”

MAN'S VOICE (*From the parapet near canal*)—

“How hot these winds of summer  
Breathe across my brow,  
As if to add but greater fire to my brain;  
The very stillness of the night  
Seems but to mock at my unrest.  
Yonder a careless gondolier  
Carols out his senseless song,  
Unmindful of the odds of life  
And of great laws gone wrong.  
Hark? His voice now nearer comes!  
There through the dark his colored lights appear;  
Oh what a petty mockery of joy is this  
To idle out one's life with colored toys.  
And yet, why not?  
His brow, I vow, no line doth bear,  
And in his heart no haunting care  
Of whys and wheres.  
And love—perchance a woman's heart is won  
By such frail gifts as his rough hands can bear.  
Aye, soft! be gentle yet awhile;  
Right, perchance, his heart may be,  
And who am I to mock at such as he?  
But stop! the singer's here.”

*The gondola goes by, THE GONDOLIER singing.*

“Soft, soft, life yet is young,  
Still, still, it's daybreak scarce begun,  
Dip, dip, the paddles softly ply,  
Dip, dip, how smoothly life glides by.”

THE MAN again—

“Thank God, he's gone!  
That song, it rankles in my breast—  
'How smoothly life glides by'. Forsooth,

In all my course I've found no rest ;  
 Pride, love and doubts have done with rest.  
 'Life yet is young', ha, dare I laugh ?  
 To-morrow—  
 Yet in the lanterns' crimson glow  
 His face was deeply marred with lines,  
 Whose meaning well my soul doth know.  
 Can it be true that such as he  
 Has felt of life full bitterly ?  
 And yet that song, that idle song !  
 Perchance 'tis I that's in the wrong,  
 And life hath yet her sweetest song  
 For him that doth not read her wrong.  
 No, no ! an idle fool am I  
 Who saw his face from out seared eyes ;  
 He could not sing were he but I,  
 Doubt doth not come to such as he !  
 An idle dreamer of the light.  
 What knows he of a soul's black night ?  
 And yet the song is fair,  
 Ah, hark ! it comes again  
 As light across the dark ! ”

*In the distance, GONDOLIER singing—*

“Soft, soft, our joys are young  
 Still, still, their fulness just begun ;  
 Dip, dip, the paddles softly ply,  
 Dip, dip, why question, you and I ? ”

MAN again—

“Enough ! Why mock me with a song ?  
 Life brings no answer to her wrongs,  
 And yet perchance—ah well,  
 The morning dawns !  
 And love may yet perchance right wrong.  
 Come, let's away !  
 Singing to face the new-born day.”

*He turns to the house, when through the night THE GONDOLIER'S voice is faintly heard.*

“Soft, soft, life yet is young  
 Still, still, love yet may come ;  
 Dip, dip, our paddles softly ply,  
 Dip, dip, our lives go sweetly by.”

FLORENCE LOUISE HARRISON.

Apart from the general swarm of bargain-seekers, stiff and uncompromising, sat Mrs. Tilton. The auctioneer's hammer

thumped intermittently; his voice thundered unceasingly, and both were the source of an internal wracking which expressed itself in nothing more personal than a stony stare. Every piece of quaint old furniture, every bit of fine old china had warm, clinging associations which would not and could not be disentangled and expelled, for when one has dwelt in a house for over fifty years, and when one's grandfather has dwelt in the same house fifty years back of that, it is quite impossible for even the coldest person to exclude all sentiment.

A close observer might have noted many little tell-tale signs on Mrs. Tilton's face, but only once was there an unmistakable manifestation of anything like excited interest. A certain silver candlestick, heavy and carven, was in question. A stout, red-faced woman, good nature radiating from every dimple, with a reassuring smile towards Mrs. Tilton's passive profile, put in her bid. A general movement of sympathy seemed to sweep through the crowd for, although the candlestick was of rare beauty, still the well-known fact of its value to the Tilton family for personal reasons, prevented anyone's bidding against Mrs. Bartlett, an own cousin of Mrs. Tilton's.

The prize was just about to be knocked down to the cousin, when a shrill voice named a somewhat higher sum. Then it was that Mrs. Tilton had gripped the arms of her chair and clenched her teeth as she searched, almost against her will, for the owner of the detested voice. There she was, elbowing her way through the throng,—now, face to face with Mrs. Bartlett, she stood triumphant and defiant,—a little brown, weazened woman—all eyes.

Good-nature yielded to determination on Cousin Annie's painfully reddening face, and bid after bid was exchanged. A battle royal was in progress. The crowd around grew still. Mrs. Tilton's face lost every vestige of its passivity. The auctioneer looked on in startled wonderment. A nervous little man by his side became more and more nervous. The bids reached fifty dollars, an almost unheard-of sum in those parts. Mrs. Bartlett, regardless of turned and re-turned gowns, regardless of the worn-out condition of "Sonny's" shoes,—oblivious, in fact, of everything save the matter in hand, was just about



to utter "fifty—fifty"—when the nervous little man, gathering courage, plucked his wife by the skirt and whispered something in her ear which effectively closed her mouth.

Chin in air, the little brown woman made her arrangements with the auctioneer, appropriated the candlestick and sailed away without casting even one glance toward the corner where Mrs. Tilton was clenching and unclenching her hands. For a moment no one spoke, and then all broke out at once into a perfect babel, from which little could be distinguished except an occasional vehement, "Well, mean!"; "There's no name for it!"; "Of all people in the world!"; The only woman Hetty really detests; "Well, I never! such brazeness!"

But all the boldness of her exit failed her, once Martha Sloan reached the little elm-shaded path. Fifty dollars! The enormity of the sum startled her now that the excitement had passed. Oh dear, what should she do! Of course there was her nest-egg, but she had planned to use that for Baby's education. Well, there were no two ways about it. Her present savings must go and she must earn some more. Anyhow, it was worth it, and her face beamed with honest satisfaction. A real sacrifice, and then the hot walk! She took perhaps a too genuine joy in the latter, but all along she had felt that Hetty Tilton was in the wrong. Still, Martha could afford to be generous. In fact she was compelled to be, for with the care of her dead sister's baby had come a love for the whole world and a wish to be at rights with it. The silver candlestick, she thought happily, would be a peacemaker, and then she could look with perfect contentment into the depths of Baby's blue eyes.

With such thoughts and with plans for presenting the gift, home was quickly reached. The open hall door gave her a start. What if something had happened to Baby! It wasn't safe to leave him alone, but she did have to go out at times and she could not afford a maid. Her fears, however, were soon relieved by the low chucklings and gurglings that issued from a little hooded crib in the corner. And the rest of the afternoon and evening were quite taken up with Baby.

In the morning she planned to go over to Mrs. Bartlett's and get Hetty's address, for Martha had found out that Mrs. Tilton was to leave town on the night of the auction to go to live with her sister. Martha was glad of the necessity of sending the peacemaker. It would be much easier. A personal interview

at first would have been very awkward for both, but gradually to bring about a full understanding by means of letters and then to meet quietly and easily—a continuance of the old friendship with all thought of the strife left out—that was the ideal way.

In anticipation of the renewal of the old relations, Martha inserted a bayberry candle of her own making into the silver holder and then as she crooned Baby to sleep she eyed the stick reflectively. The same old carving,—the hunting scenes; the same old dent for which Hetty had been so severely punished, and there in front the inscription that had been made the piece the pride of many generations of Tiltons,—“To M. P. T., from G. W.” Martha remembered how her own eyes had grown wide with wonder when she first learned that the mysterious “G. W.” stood for the great George Washington.

Early the next day, at the thump of the knocker, Mrs. Bartlett’s good-natured round face peered over the banisters, but at sight of the caller the good-nature all vanished, and after a moment’s hesitation on the stair she made a hasty retreat. Somewhat later, a small counterpart, with two thick flaxen braids and a gingham apron, politely announced to the visitor that “Ma” wouldn’t see her.

A little amused at this piece of insolence, which she felt the child bluntly exaggerated, Martha determined to seek the address elsewhere. Yes, there, down the path a bit, were Miss Burton and Miss Stone. Surely, one of them would know. Martha hurried along until she was within hearing distance and then, just as she was about to speak, the words froze on her lips. “Yes, of course she did it out of spite. She’s never forgiven Hetty, you know, and Hetty says Martha just knew there wasn’t a person in town whom she’d hate more to have the candlestick. Hetty said she couldn’t have gotten her revenge better, for she just shivers every time she thinks of that lovely old silver contaminated by such a creature.” Ambiguity of pronouns prevented Martha not a whit from understanding every word with all its stinging significance.

She turned back home, a dumb ache in her heart which the hour’s cry over baby’s crib only turned into bitterness. Well, if Hetty Tilton thought she was such a person she’d just let Hetty think so. Night after night the candle was lit, but with every ray it cast it seemed to burn some new hard line into

Martha's face. Why she didn't put the stick out of sight was more than she herself could understand, for she hated it with all the intensity of her fiery nature. Somehow she felt that it must stay in the same spot where she had first placed it.

Weeks and weeks passed. Martha's changed manner seemed to affect baby. He cried often, and his old merry chuckle had lost all its glee. One night when he was especially fretful the bright light of the candle caught his eye. "Pretty—pretty—me want," he insisted over and over again until Martha, the tense lines about her mouth deepening, drew a small table up beside the crib and resolutely placed the candle upon it. Then she sat down to her work. After a few stitches, however, she remembered that Mrs. Matthews hadn't given her full directions about the embroidery stitch, so with a glance at the sleeping baby she quietly left the room.

Ten minutes later, as she was coming back to the house, a bright flash in the front room puzzled her. Suddenly she realized the situation—baby and the the candle! Oh, it couldn't, couldn't be just retribution! Up the path to the door she rushed, frantically all the while repeating a prayer, the first part of which finally grew into a demand—"Oh, God, don't let him get burned! Oh, don't! Oh—I'll send the candle back to-morrow."

With little gurgles of joy, his big blue eyes rapturously fastened on the splendor slowly creeping toward him, sat the unconscious baby. But his dream of bliss was rudely shattered by two shaking arms that snatched him away from the pretty light and sat him roughly down in a hard chair. He felt outrageously abused and set up a cry illustrative of the fact. The cry, however, receiving no attention, he became quite still with wonderment. The fire was soon extinguished, Baby was put in Martha's own big four-poster and Martha herself took up her task. Far into the night she wrote. Many were the sheets of paper torn, but finally, with the dawning of the day, a prim little letter, stiff and impartial, explaining all impersonally, lay along with an oblong box, waiting to be mailed.

Two weeks later, just at nightfall, Martha again was humming baby to sleep. The hard lines in her face seemed to have mysteriously softened and baby's little face seemed much happier, too. In Martha's hands was a letter which now and then received a loving pat, while grasped tightly in baby's two little fists was a plain silver porringer.

"She's coming to see us soon, baby dear, baby dear," was the refrain of Martha's lullaby, the burden of which was something of this sort: "It's all due to you, baby dear, baby dear, and perhaps the candle, baby dear, baby dear."

After the little fellow was asleep, carefully disengaging the porringer from the firm little grip, Martha placed it upon the mantel just where the candlestick had stood. Then the silver bowl strangely enough seemed to be resolved back again into the great general's gift. She saw the same old hunting scenes, the same old dent and the famous inscription. Martha rubbed her eyes dazedly. Yes, yes, a beautiful porringer; and beautiful as it seemed to her then, if only she could have known that all that remained of the Tiltons' pride had been melted down to form the new peace offering, its beauty, in her eyes, would have been doubled.

RUTH MCCALL.

#### A SPRING NIGHT

Oh! the moonlight shines on yonder bank,  
The air blows soft and the stream runs slow,  
The leaves sway gently to and fro,  
While the night bird trills his lullaby,  
The silent stars shed down their ray,  
And man's forgot the work of day.

MARGARET DICKINSON BRIDGES.

It was in the Lenten season. The bells of the Church of the Transfiguration, better known to New Yorkers as "The Little Church Around the Corner",

**The Disillusioning of Beppo** were summoning the devout to Evensong, and a well-dressed throng was coming from Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. The congregation was unusually large on this particular day, because there was going to be a musical service and it was known that a certain famous tenor soloist would sing.

In front of "The Little Church Around the Corner" a young Italian lad was playing a hand-organ. He watched the passers-by with great interest until he came to one tune, the last in his collection. Then, forgetting everything else, he bent over the



battered old organ and listened in silent rapture. Many a penny was tossed to him by admiring and sympathetic people, who were touched by his evident devotion to his forlorn little instrument.

"How absurd!" said a laughing girl to her companion. "Do you suppose he can possibly think that noise is musical?"

"I am sure that he loves that hand-organ as dearly as I love my violin," was the answer. "Just look, he is perfectly absorbed in it."

They smiled to hear "King Ever Glorious" from Stainer's "Crucifixion" issue from the wheezy hand-organ, after a program of rag-time; but Beppo Bonacorsa, the Italian boy, did not see their smiles, nor would he have understood the meaning of them.

Ever since he had come to New York to make his fortune—now almost a year ago—he had clung to this organ. On his arrival from Italy he had bought it from a neighbor in the tenement where he lived in Grand street. It was the last tune which had won his heart and had persuaded him to spend his small hoard of pennies on a thing that his own better judgment and the advice of his friends told him was in every way inferior.

The solo from the "Crucifixion" that was mingled with "Hiawatha" and "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" had at once struck Beppo's fancy. He had the Italian passion for music, and he would run over all the tunes just to hear his favorite one. He never tired of listening to it, and long after his little store of earnings made the purchase of another organ possible, he had refused to part with his treasure.

The thoughtful face and dreamy eyes of the young Italian had always attracted interest and brought him many pennies when he wandered uptown. Yet it was a rare thing for Beppo to go far away, for he had soon learned that the great city of New York furnishes the more appreciative audiences the deeper one goes into the slums. But to-day he had purposely gone as far from Mulberry Bend and the Bowery as he could. It was near there that he lived, in a room with seven or eight of his countrymen. They had again been urging him to part with his wheezy hand-organ and to invest his savings in a newer one, with a monkey.

"Get a better organ," repeated his friend, Leonard Dondero, "then you make more money."

So Beppo had gone to the floor below to look at some hand-organs that were for sale. Their owners proudly and anxiously played over their selections, but none of them included the lad's favorite melody.

"Not the tune I like," was all he would say, and then he had wandered far away to avoid Leonardo's ridicule.

In his wandering Beppo had grown interested in watching the handsomely clad congregation that was gathering in the Church of the Transfiguration as he was mechanically grinding out his ragtime. The bells stopped ringing and no one was in sight, save a few belated worshippers who hurried in. One of them tossed some money to Beppo and, as he picked it up, he drew nearer the door.

Now he had come to his dearest tune, and the boy bent his dark head lovingly over the little organ. Suddenly he looked up and listened, spell-bound. Somebody, something, was reëchoing his favorite music. How beautiful it was! The sound seemed to come from the church, and Beppo, forgetful of all else, stepped into the vestibule and pressed his ear to the crack of the door.

In waves of majestic harmony the great organ peeled forth Stainer's "Crucifixion". Then the loud strains were softened, and some one began to sing. Beppo laid his hand-organ on the floor and stole inside. It was a wonderful lyric-tenor voice that sang that day, and no one was more deeply moved by it than this ignorant Italian lad. He stood drinking in every note with his head slightly raised and his great black eyes soft with happiness.

"King ever glorious! King ever glorious!" sang the tenor; then a little later:

"Glory and honor; let the world divide them", burst forth in melting sweetness.

"Crown the monarchs and unmake them. But Thou—Thou wilt reign", and at last the final cry of triumph: "Thou art the King! Thou art the King!"

As the last notes died away and the congregation knelt in prayer Beppo crept out silently. With trembling hands he picked up his little organ and fastened it on his back. He stood for a moment trying to hear again that wonderful music, that voice that had filled him with such exquisite joy and pain. But the church was hushed now. Then he thought of his

organ. That loved music was his, after all ; he could play it whenever he liked.

Far off in an obscure corner he played over all the tunes until he came to the last, the solo from the "Crucifixion". But alas ! how his hand-organ wheezed ! He had never noticed it before. And the notes jingled and jangled provokingly. How could he ever have thought it beautiful ? It was terrible, unbearable—he could not listen to it. Beppo's eyes were blinded with hot tears. He brushed them roughly against the sleeve of his ragged jacket and started to trudge wearily homeward. On the way he stopped at a second-hand shop and sold his once-loved organ.

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON.

AMOR VITÆ

From the cool, gray depths of the chancel  
Comes the sound of a harp that is played  
By the rushing winds of darkness,  
From the crypts where the dead are laid.

And the music is sweet and tender,  
For the strains that the harp far flings  
Are the farewells of the ages  
To the living world of things.

MARY GAIL TRITCH.

The very kitchen had a pleased, contented air. The little kettle was humming on the bright stove ; the dishes on the small table were arranged with their usual

Miss Elizabeth geometrical precision, and Miss Elizabeth's chair creaked drowsily as she rocked slowly back and forth and gazed musingly at Abraham Lincoln, who was purring a contented bass on the rug before the stove. The setting sun was pouring its soft, golden light through the open window, and the polished neatness of the room reflected it sympathetically. But Miss Elizabeth, engrossed by her pleasant reflections, rocked on, unmindful of the warning hiss from the little kettle.

All through her narrow, cheerless life she had longed for a real Brussels carpet, but it was only a year ago that the desire

had come upon her with such compelling force. Only one year, but it had seemed twice that time. The determination to own a Brussels carpet had taken possession of her the spring before, when a neighbor bought a new parlor carpet and invited Miss Elizabeth to help her select it. How beautiful they looked, spread out in their wealth of bright colors and wonderful flowers! Not even her cherished posy-beds looked half so pretty or more natural to Miss Elizabeth! Before she reached home that afternoon her purpose was fixed. She had planned her little economies, and the next day they went into effect. She dismissed the boy who had been helping her with the chickens; she made no more deserts; a little later she found that she could do without sugar very well; then in rapid succession she gave up butter, coffee, meat, tea.

It seemed to Miss Elizabeth as she looked back upon the past year that the carpet had not been out of her thoughts for one moment. She had dreamed of it by night; she had worked for it by day; during the evenings as she sat in the darkness, she had held Abraham Lincoln on her knee and had talked to him about "The Carpet". She had told him just which colors she wanted,—there were to be red roses and green leaves and blue forget-me-nots; on that point Miss Elizabeth never changed her mind—there must be blue forget-me-nots. The other colors, however, were subject to frequent changes, and Abraham Lincoln may be pardoned if he became somewhat confused on the color question. But Miss Elizabeth knew that he had purred encouragingly, and she was satisfied.

That long year was not spent altogether in pleasant dreaming. There had been days when Miss Elizabeth had shivered with cold; and again she had felt weakened, unnerved, and as though even a Brussels carpet—but at this point Miss Elizabeth's eyes had always flashed and she had set her lips more firmly together. But even when she felt most discouraged she knew that the money was accumulating; that each day brought her nearer the goal of her desires.

At last, after all her waiting and working and dreaming, the carpet was actually on her parlor floor, and on the next afternoon her neighbors were coming to take tea with her and to see the wonderful new possession. She could almost hear their admiring comments. Miss Elizabeth gave a sudden chirpy little laugh. She started at the sound and glanced in a furtive, half-



ashamed way at Abraham Lincoln, who favored her with an indulgent but sleepy blink. At that moment the kettle gave a last, expiring gasp, and Miss Elizabeth rose to fill it.

This little incident disturbed the train of her reflections and she ate her supper, still with an exalted expression on her face. She had heard of the joy of attaining an ambition, but she had never supposed it to be so nice as this.

Miss Elizabeth's sleep was broken that night. Gorgeous green roses, surrounded by red leaves, nodded at her from the darkness; they perched on the posts of the bed; in an endless procession they marched before her.

But all this did not prevent Miss Elizabeth from keeping the early bird company the next morning. She felt stiff and sore, and nothing went right. Abraham Lincoln, usually a well-behaved cat, was constantly under foot; her cakes were not light enough; the icing was rough. But despite all hindrances, by noon Miss Elizabeth was ready for company and had seated herself in her crisp lavender dress behind the half-closed blinds in her little parlor.

Soon her guests began to arrive, and Miss Elizabeth, with her short gray curls bobbing and her cheeks a girlish pink, fluttered busily from one to the other, pointing out the wonderful beauties of her carpet. She did not know that after her plate of cake was emptied she still offered it to people, begging them to "Take a piece of cake, now do!" But she did know that she was supremely happy and that she had never before experienced such a sensation. Abraham Lincoln, shut in the kitchen, longed for his supper and mused cynically on the fickleness of womankind.

So the long afternoon drew to a close and the company, awaking to the fact that "chores" should have been done long ago, set out together. In the confusion at parting, Abraham Lincoln escaped from the kitchen and went on a foraging expedition.

Miss Elizabeth stood in the doorway and watched her guests out of sight. As the last lingering couple passed from view she became conscious of her aching limbs and back, and remembered that she had not eaten since morning. She went outside, carefully locking the door behind her, just as a loud crash and a frightened "meow!" sounded from the parlor. She hurried to the door, stared, rubbed her eyes, and stared again. Then she rushed toward the window and began fumbling with nerve-

less fingers at the string which held the shutters. It was a shadow! She *knew* it was a shadow! The blind flew open, letting in a flood of sunset light, and Miss Elizabeth faced about. A moment later, she sank into the low chair behind her. There on her beautiful carpet was a great wet spot, a broken pitcher, and calmy licking up the milk, Abraham Lincoln!

For a moment the little scene danced before Miss Elizabeth's eyes. Her carpet was ruined; it was ruined by her cat, Abraham Lincoln, to whom she had talked for a year about that very carpet. He had known all along how she had saved and worked for it; he knew *all* about it, and yet he had spoiled it. The cat was still at work upon the milk, and Miss Elizabeth gazed at him in dazed wonderment. She had worked and suffered so much for that carpet! And this was the end,—the end of all her saving, her self-denial, her ambition. Miss Elizabeth bowed her head and wept.

LINDA HALL.

## EDITORIAL

One of our predecessors, in a similar editorial crisis, has remarked that "the end of a term like the end of a book is an excellent place for moralizing"—and this she makes her point of departure. Now some of us fail to appreciate this feeling. We detest books with morals, and at the close of the college year our least inclination is to preach! Looking back over the past nine months we see a good deal to be proud of and little to regret. We survey the way that we have come with satisfaction. The issues of the year have strengthened our faith in our college ideals. We stand together for mutual toleration in the religious life and for moderation in political adjustments. Our original standards of liberality and simplicity have been strengthened.

It happens that we have recently been confronted with the problem of misplaced enthusiasm. We are tired of hearing about the "strenuous life" and the increasing complexity of modern civilization as exemplified in college. It is a relief to be told by a member of our own faculty that we "do not do too much", but it is a distinct shock to learn that we "do everything the wrong end to." There certainly is ground for the opinion that we are inclined to spend our first, fresh effort on small things and do the really serious work with the remnant of our strength and enthusiasm. We get our work done. We are too conscientious to let it slip. But we do not give to it the best that is in us. Upon reflection it must, however, be said that this condition is far from being constant or universal among us. It is peculiar to the season or the individual. Earnest, scholarly work is often a delight. There is a most stimulating enjoyment in study and our most intense happiness frequently grows out of intellectual interests. We actively prefer them to alluring diversions. It is perfectly true that we *love* to give ourselves up to our work. At such times we do not begrudge it our full strength. Thus it is seen that the two

extremes exist and the question becomes one of practical results. Is such a method of life advantageous? We reply that it is.

Deliberate regulation of interest and a schedule evenly proportioned in all its parts would put the college at a jog trot, fatal to anything which could be called, in the true sense of the term, good work. It is in recognition of this fact that so many students arrange their programs with a great deal more work at one end of the week than the other. Such a concentration and relaxation results most effectively. The student may count upon generation of fresh thought and enthusiasm which gives a certain impetus and "spirit" to whatever she undertakes. Here is the opportunity for genuine inspiration, and that spontaneous effort which we firmly believe is the secret of any true success. Of course such a scheme permits of occasional delinquent days, but, after all, we accomplish a deal of creditable work, and not infrequently something really extraordinary. If we are to maintain this reputation we must recognize the inevitable wave movement of our enthusiasms, and we must keep shy of a too carefully regulated "life by schedule". Habits as *habits* are pernicious to the free, full development of our powers.

If there is anything to be regretted at this time of the year, it is that there should be so many farewell ceremonies. We begin saying good-bye to the outgoing class fully a month before college closes, and spring term takes on a valedictory hue as early as the middle of May. All the "last" events are so strongly emphasized. Every club has its "junior-senior". We assume an air of tender melancholy whenever we refer to the virtues of those who are so soon to leave us. The seniors themselves look at matters quite differently. While there lingers with them the thought that college has been a singularly happy experience, they also realize that the four years are complete. Rich in their deepest meaning, which has come to them only with this last, best year of all, they are ready and eager to go out into the world, quietly, without ceremony. Many seniors have told us that they would be glad to dispense with the formality of commencement. And even if the "traditions of the college" did not demand that their exit should be rendered impressive—albeit without the dignity of cap and gown!—we should still find our inspiration in what they have accomplished, and humbly—very humbly—take up the mantle which they have let fall.



## EDITOR'S TABLE

The reading public at college, like that outside, loves the short story. This thoroughly demonstrated fact doubtless explains the prevailing tone of most college exchanges, but it does not justify the mediocre productions offered each month by many of the "literary magazines". In all fairness, it is safe to say that their unread "heavies" are invariably fifty per cent. better than the carefully perused pages labelled "Sketch Book". While we admit that much time is generally spent on the essay or criticism, is there not a universal tendency to slight work in a lighter vein? Why should an editor seem to sanction crudeness and inartistic literary form in the short story?

Sainte-Beuve's sane view of life might well be applied to literature. It is all one great book—self-expression—and "it makes no difference whether you read in Chapter XX, which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter XXXIX, which is hearing the band play in the gardens." The differential calculus is comparatively easy, but how shall one describe the playing of the band? The problem is a difficult one, but its solution may be simplified by remembering two rules: Be sure that sometime you yourself have been in the garden, and that your opinions of the music will be vastly more interesting than those of the man at your elbow, even though that man be *Creatore* himself.

The best story of the month is found in the *Williams Literary Monthly*. "For Monsieur" is the tale of a St. Pierre peasant who became heroic in the hour of necessity. The story is remarkable for its straightforward simplicity and vigor of description, and shows, besides an artistic, handling of contrasting characters and scenes.

At the Academy of Music, May 2, Sousa's Band.

Great variety was shown in the program, which ranged from Wagner to Mendelssohn, and included vocal and instrumental solos. Sousa's success rests undeniably upon the continued popularity of his marches, but the predominance of brass wind-instruments detracts from his rendering of the overture from Tannhauser.

At the Academy of Music, May 3, "As Ye Sow."

This came much advertised as a soul-stirring religious drama. If it had been called a rural melodrama with a minister for its

hero, whose moral reflections had little to do with the plot, one would have been better prepared for the play. "As Ye Sow" is distinctly a melodrama, and as such, good. To melodrama as such we have no objections, but when melodrama raises higher claims, it opens itself to hostile criticism.

M. R. O.

At the Academy of Music, May 17, "The Law and the Man."

Wilton Lackaye presented his dramatization of the story of Jean Valjean, in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables", in which he played the title rôle. Although faithful in the main to the narrative, the dramatization failed to give the atmosphere of the book. There were no distinctively French touches. The prologue promised more than the play fulfilled. Lackaye as Jean Valjean lacked spontaneity. His performance was of a wearisome sameness throughout, heavy without being impressive. He failed to win the sympathy of his audience. Monseigneur Bienvenu was mediocre. There was no satisfactory character study in the whole play. As a literary production it fell below even the ordinary standard. The phraseology was trite for the most part and always commonplace. The introduction of the tragic moment or happy coincidence never seemed inevitable. The dramatic situations appeared forced and unnatural and were relieved by no comedy.

M. S.

"The Intellectual Miss Lamb", by Florence Morse Kingsley. (The Century Co.).

Mrs. Kingsley's reputation as an author rests upon the success of her first story, "Titus: a Comrade of the Cross." Since 1894, she has published, in addition to several religious stories, a series dealing with the lives of "Modified Spinsters", in which her optimistic vein is most evident. Mrs. Kingsley describes the intellectual Miss Lamb as a walking edition of Greathead's "Psychological Psychology." In the story, a less intellectual but thoroughly devoted lover, Mr. William Gregg, undertakes the task of winning a bewitching young professor from her too assiduous pursuit of psychological enigmas. She is at first inclined to regard him merely as an exceedingly well-developed specimen of the "human male adult." An accumulation of psychological expressions is cleverly managed throughout the story which serves as a mild satire upon the too learned learning of the day.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### TO HER

I would that in some dusky sunset room,  
Full of old memories and golden gloom,  
You should come toward me, bending down your face,  
And let me look into your eyes a space ;  
I would not even ask to touch your hand,  
But, sweet, I think your heart would understand.

Then should I kneel beside you, comforted,  
Having such benediction on my head ;  
Dear, would your eyes grow tender with old pain,  
Or would they look in scorn on me again ?  
I know that many times, as night drew on,  
I should look up and fear to find you gone.

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR '03.

### OF LIFE

Not then is life, when burdens are laid down,  
When the heart dreams and sorrow has surcease ;  
Nor when true, tireless toil receives its crown  
Of full fruition and appointed peace ;  
Life comes not in the breathless, mighty strain  
Of the mid-strife ; nor even when heart and will  
Keep faithful to high labor, hand and brain,  
Life's being to justify, her use fulfil.

For, dwelling not in languorous summer nights,  
Nor yet in earthquake, storm, or mastering fire,  
Lo—as when April's tender summons smites  
The earth, awakes, and satisfies desire,—  
Life out of loves new-born the soul receives,  
Seeing ancient hates lie dead as last year's leaves.

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR '03.

## FOR A MADONNA

As blessing lyeth in the shadowed white  
Of Heaven's gate of pearl or angel's wing,  
So her white hands are filled with pitying  
And wreathed about in graciousness and light.  
Her halo is the skylarks' circled flight  
Against blue sky, their pilgrim journeying  
On high achieved, who there do stay and sing,  
Finding that Heav'n lyeth but in her sight.

Afar upon the hills is made her place,  
The path her shining feet are set upon  
Is ever white for other feet to tread,  
And yet so near the dearness of her face,  
You seem to feel her silent benison  
And hear the skylarks singing round her head.

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT '04.

## WINGS OF FIRE

I sent my love on wings of fire  
To burn its way to Heav'n and you.  
The hail-clouds smoked that my desire  
Had laboured through.  
Yea, spurnéd peaks might watch their snows  
Upon the glacier expire,  
Till wand'ring vale-born mists arose  
To shroud the pyre;  
But, flaming to the stars, still flew  
My love, and gained your garden close,  
To lose its fire-wings in the dew  
That shields the rose.

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT '04.

## THE SONG OF THE BROOK

Drip, gurgle, drip,  
Through the moss I slip,  
Over the gray-green rock to skip,  
And drip!

Splash, chatter, chatter, splash,  
Down the mountain-side I dash.  
Ho! do you see the white foam flash!  
Splash!



Swirl, swish, swirl, swirl,  
Over the pebbly sands I purl  
Where blue iris flags unfurl.  
Swirl !

Brawl and roar, roar and brawl,  
Sunless pool 'twixt rocky wall,  
Heaving, crashing waterfall,  
Brawl !

Ripple, ripple, noiselessly  
Mirror skies of blue in me ;  
Swiftly flowing, winds are blowing to the white-capped sea.

ELEANOR ADLER '05.

A safe guide to action along social lines is that good, old-fashioned "piece of advice" which James Russell Lowell has caught and held for us in all the pristine freshness of its Yankee dialect :

" Now don't go off half-cock : folks never gains  
By using pepper-sarse instead of brains."

It seems as if we had been particularly lavish with our "pepper-sarse" and saving of our "brains" in dealing with the matter of domestic service. We have insisted upon serving up the question as a side dish on our social board, concealing its true substance beneath all sorts of garnitures and dressings, instead of giving it a merited place of prominence upon our menu and calling it by its real name. We have persistently declared "this is *not* a social problem, it is a question of management in the home : it is not a matter for economists but for the individual housewife to settle ; it is not worthy of thoughtful consideration by the student of sociology." Meanwhile the housewife has struggled singly with her problem and in vain ; since the question is too great for one mind in isolation to view upon all sides and too wide in extent to be affected by reform in one household. The "pepper-sarse" bottle has been thoroughly shaken, and personal indignation, general humor, private woes and public remonstrance have been poured forth upon the cause of our annoyance with no definite suggestions for alleviation. Apparently the "pepper-sarse" is now running low and we are coming to employ our "brains".

An organization for the study of household employment sprang into being through an effort to remove vicious practices in employment agencies, brought to light a little over two years ago by an investigation under the auspices of the Women's Municipal League in New York city and the College Settlements Association. The "coaching" system among employee patrons, the carelessness of employers in requiring and giving references, their ignorance or disregard of immoral surroundings in the agencies where they secured their helpers, the custom among agents of taking girls from positions in households in order to place them again and thereby get an extra fee,—

these and other conditions convinced those interested in the investigation that the evil could never be eradicated until its relation to domestic service should be acknowledged by the public at large, and until certain standards in the occupation should be assured.

The work in hand resolved itself, accordingly, into an exhaustive study of household employment in itself and as influenced by conditions among unemployed women. The organization undertaking this sociological study is known as the Inter-Municipal Research Committee. Since the problem is universal rather than local, the work has had, from the start, a national character. New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington are represented on the committee, which is comprised of delegates from local institutions in each city. The Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, the Philadelphia Research and Protective Association, the Woman's Municipal League in New York, and the Washington Public Education Association are allied in the work together with the National Council for Jewish Women, and the College Settlements Association. Women well-known in social and philanthropic circles are included in the membership,—among them, Mrs. Mary Morton Kehew, chairman of the committee, Miss Margaret L. Chanler, and Miss Francis A. Kellor, general director of the work. The committee's headquarters are in New York, at the Women's Municipal League building. Each city has a local office with a secretary in charge, the Boston office being at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union on Boylston street.

The committee's object is primarily educational. Constructive social work in order to be lastingly effective should be based upon thorough research, accurate and broad knowledge of conditions and needs among the class or occupation which it is intended to assist. The failure of various enterprises for bettering domestic labor is attributable to imperfect understanding of the situation by their promoters. Where it was possible for those concerned to see but one side, no authority was at hand to instruct them in the full facts of the case and offer suggestions derived from wide acquaintance with conditions and enriched through the experiences of other enterprises futile or successful. Before starting a training school, for example, it is well to know whether such a school would at present be attended by young women; from what nationalities, what industrial, educational and moral status these would be likely to come; in what way the lack of incentive to training, resulting from a non-standard of wages with its often equal rating of skilled and unskilled labor, could be offset by counter inducements; and whether or not employers could be depended upon to prefer trained helpers.

Yet no such headquarters for information on domestic service have previously existed. The first aim of the Inter-Municipal Committee, consequently, has been to supply a centre where facts relating to the occupation might be accessible. During its first year and a half, it has pursued investigations bearing upon the source of supply for household labor, including as its major subjects immigration and the negro. These investigations have consisted in discovering the proportion of workers derived from each source, the conditions of transportation to this country and the North, standard of living among various nationalities as influencing household labor, natural adaptability for the work, experience and facilities for training, and methods by

which the quality of labor could be improved and the social and industrial status of the occupation raised.

Among the committee's publications this year has been a report by Miss Mary G. Smith (class of 1902, Smith College, and fellowship worker for the committee in Boston,) of her investigation on the immigrant side of the question. Numerous articles have appeared in newspapers and magazines by Miss Kellor and others relating to the negro phase of the subject.

Further topics for study have been lodging accommodations for unemployed women, conditions of waitresses' work in restaurants and present opportunities and methods in domestic training.

The results of the committee's investigation are on file at the local offices, together with a classified bibliography on household service and economics. This information, supplemented by personal suggestions from the local secretary, is at the free disposal of all persons interested in the advance of household labor to a more dignified industrial basis.

The committee publishes a monthly Bulletin containing notes of its work and special articles on domestic service. It has also had charge of a department called "The Housewife and Her Helper" in the Ladies' Home Journal, as a means of interesting a large body of women in the practical issues of home labor.

The committee's method of research is principally through fellowships provided by outside coöperation. Harvard University, Smith College, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania and Tufts College are represented among its fellowship students. In some cases the fellow's work under the committee's direction has been accepted as a thesis for graduate work by the college. By the fellowship method scholarship, accuracy, and an unbiased attitude on the part of the worker are secured.

But research alone does not constitute the entire aim of this organization. The committee's effort has been to attempt reform through coöperation with social agencies already equipped for administrative work, and, where such mechanism does not exist, through building up a new mechanism to meet the need. Through legislation it has been the means of regulating employment agencies by license in New York City, and has been persistently working for the same end in Philadelphia and Washington. By constant watchfulness it has compelled the enforcement of the law, reporting evidence regarding agencies to the proper authorities. In New York over one hundred and fifty violations of the agency law were brought before the commissioner. Lists of recommended agencies provided by the committee's local bureaus in all of the cities have done much to hold the better class of agents to the right conduct of business and to put down corrupt practices among other agents.

As an outgrowth of the investigations concerning the needs among immigrant women, protective organizations and Homes have been founded through the committee's direct instrumentality. Greater protection has also been afforded for negro women coming North, against a system of fraud, extortion and wrong operated by unscrupulous persons who have been bringing negro girls from the South solely for motives of personal profit. The committee's efforts have been very largely directed this year towards providing lodging



accommodations for these girls where they may be safely housed, and aided by friendly direction in obtaining suitable employment.

Only by this sort of endeavor can household employment hold a position of equality with other occupations. When it has received the attention of sociologists, and has been properly classified as a division of social economy, when the same principles of analysis and synthesis have been applied to this problem that are being applied to other social questions, the solution will be but a matter of finding the shortest way out.

To the college woman, trained in sociology, the field offers exceptional opportunity. Her natural inclination towards home life leads her there; her dispassionate and unprejudiced attitude toward the general situation makes her a valued worker; her love of truth and fair play, combined with her earnestness and fearlessness, prophesy her success in the battle against wrong; her broad conception of life, her careful training, guarantee her efficiency in the work; while her inbred desire to "better the world a little" gives her the enthusiasm which knows no waning. The domestic service problem needs women who are able and willing to eliminate personality and deal with the subject scientifically. It requires the broad platform of general welfare, unselfishness and adherence to principle. While it is not possible for every college woman to engage actively in the betterment movement, it is possible for her to carry into her home and the community in which she lives a desire for standards in housework which shall be business-like and as high as those approved in other occupations.

VENILA S. BURRINGTON '94,

Boston Secretary of Inter-Municipal Research Committee.

The annual meeting of the Association for Maintaining the American Woman's Table at the Zoological Station at Naples and for Promoting Scientific Research by Women was held April

**The Naples Table Association** 27 and 28. By the invitation of President Thomas and the board of trustees of Bryn Mawr College, the meeting was held at Bryn Mawr. The meeting of the executive committee was held on Friday afternoon, the meeting of the association on Saturday morning.

On Friday evening a reception was given to the association at the deanery, and opportunity was thus given to the members to meet the faculties of Bryn Mawr College, Swarthmore College and the University of Pennsylvania. On Saturday after the meeting the members were shown over the fine new library building and the new dormitory. On Saturday afternoon those members who could remain were given a foretaste of the May Day fête by seeing a dress rehearsal of two of the Elizabethan masques that were to be presented the following Tuesday.

For the year 1906-1907 the table was assigned to two candidates. For the months of November and December, 1906, it was awarded to Miss Florence Peebles, B. A. Woman's College of Baltimore '04. Miss Peebles has twice before held the table for a few months. For the months of March, April and May, 1907, the table is awarded to Miss Grace Watkinson, B. A. Smith '02; M. A. Smith '04. Miss Watkinson was also made the appointee of the table



for the month of April, 1906. This is the second time the table has been awarded to a Smith alumna, Mrs. Anne Barrows Seelye having held the appointment for the year 1902-1903.

It was voted to announce the offer of the \$1,000 prize for the fourth time. The conditions under which the prize is offered have been previously stated in the MONTHLY, and are the same for this time as before. The essays in competition must be in the hands of the chairman of the prize committee before December 31, 1908, and the announcement of the award will be made at the spring meeting in 1909. Any information with regard to the prize will be given by the chairman of the prize committee, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, or by the Smith representative of the committee.

The association has now existed for eight years, in spite of its cumbersome name. That the name has been unfortunate has been fully appreciated by the committee, but it was distinctive, and certainly clearly set forth the purpose and aims of the association. At this meeting it was voted to change the name, and after much discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of the many names suggested, the choice was made, and the association now exists as the Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research.

The representatives who were present at the meeting were: Miss Florence Cushing, for the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ; Dean Laura D. Gill, for Barnard College; President M. Carey Thomas, for Bryn Mawr College; Dean Agnes Irwin, for Radcliffe College; Mrs. Samuel F. Clarke, for Smith College; Dean Pendleton, for Wellesley College; President Charles F. Thwing, for Western Reserve University; Dr. Lillian Welsh, for the Woman's College of Baltimore; Miss Mary E. Garrett, for the woman's advisory committee of the Johns Hopkins Medical School; and Miss Helen Collamore, Mrs. Alice Upton Fearmain and Mrs. Ada Wing Mead.

The officers elected for the year 1906-1907 are: Miss Florence Cushing, President; Mrs. Ada Wing Mead, Secretary; Mrs. Samuel F. Clarke, Treasurer. By the invitation of President Wooley, the next annual meeting will be held at Mount Holyoke College in April, 1907.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE '83.

The Biological Society would like to recover the book of minutes prior to September, 1898. Will anyone who can give information in regard to it kindly notify the secretary of the society, Carrie Woodward 1908, Southwick House.

All alumnæ desiring copies of the 1906 Class Book should send their names with \$2.15, the price of book and postage, to Sarah R. Bartlett, 12 Arnold Avenue. The book will be issued about June 10.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, Morris House.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'94.	Alice Atwood Coit,	.	.	.	.	May	1-4
'82.	Alice Pelaubet Norton,	.	.	.	.	"	3-7
'05.	Alice Foster Danforth,	.	.	.	.	"	4
'80.	Justina Robinson Hill,	.	.	.	.	"	4-6
'98.	Mabel F. Brooks,	.	.	.	.	"	5
'00.	Maudie B. Randall,	.	.	.	.	"	5
'00.	Gertrude Henry Mead,	.	.	.	.	"	7
'04.	Alice Morgan Wright,	.	.	.	.	"	9
'03.	Sara Beecher,	.	.	.	.	"	10
'05.	Helen Clarissa Gross,	.	.	.	.	"	10
'02.	Clara Gerrich Barstow,	.	.	.	.	"	10-13
'98.	Alice B. Ricker,	.	.	.	.	"	11
'97.	Jennie G. Foster,	.	.	.	.	"	12-14
'04.	Elizabeth Biddlecome,	.	.	.	.	"	12-14
'04.	Abby Merchant,	.	.	.	.	"	12-14
'04.	Adele Cys,	.	.	.	.	"	13-20
'93.	Adeline M. Procter,	.	.	.	.	"	14
'97.	Grace Taylor Lyon,	.	.	.	.	"	14
'05.	Marion Rice,	.	.	.	.	"	15
'05.	Marguerite North,	.	.	.	.	"	15-17
'91.	Grace Allen Hollis,	.	.	.	.	"	16-18
'05.	Eleanor H. Adler,	.	.	.	.	"	19-23
'05.	Ruth E. Gallagher,	.	.	.	.	"	19-25
'01.	Ellen T. Emerson,	.	.	.	.	"	20
'99.	Abby Allen Eaton,	.	.	.	.	"	20-21
'05.	Pauline Fullerton,	.	.	.	.	"	23
ea-'07.	Margaret Chevalier,	.	.	.	.	"	23
'97.	Ella M. Hurtt,	.	.	.	.	"	25
'00.	Lucy A. Munroe,	.	.	.	.	"	26
'83.	Mira H. Hall,	.	.	.	.	"	29

Contributions for this department are desired *before* the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont Avenue.

- '96. Alice Louise McDuffee has been one of the volunteer helpers at the Sailors' Home in Charlestown during the past year, and has done special work among the men of the navy.
- '00. Carolyn Lauter of Indianapolis has announced her engagement to Mr. Fred Paddock Robinson. The wedding will take place in June. Address, 2518 Bellefontaine Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Edith Gray Pope has announced her engagement to Rev. Milton Carter Holt of Natchitoches, Louisiana, Yale '04.

- '01. Evelin M. Goodsell has announced her engagements to Mr. Edward A. Jennings of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

- '03. Helen E. Broadhead of Fulton, Illinois, has announced her engagement to Harry Cowles Smith of New York.  
Louise Freeman of Everett, Massachusetts, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Stone.  
Blanche G. Hardy has returned from Europe after a fourteen months' absence, most of which was spent in Germany, doing graduate work in Heidelberg University.  
Elizabeth Strong was married, April 18, to Mr. Warren Sherman Hayden of Cleveland, Ohio.
- '04. Maude H. Brown was married, June 9, to Dr. Raymond Mazeine of New Britain, Connecticut.  
Ethel Augusta Hazen has announced her engagement to Mr. W. Houston Lillard, Dartmouth '05.  
Elizabeth Mason was married, June 7, to Mr. Frank Clarence Howland.
- ex-'04. Elizabeth Cabell Ryals has announced her engagement to Herman Blickle of Pittsburg, Lehigh '92. The wedding will take place June 26, in East Orange, New Jersey.
- '05. Julia Preston Bourland has announced her engagement to Mr. George Arthur Clark of Peoria, Illinois.  
Elizabeth Freeman has announced her engagement to Edwin Hoyt Peirce.

## BIRTHS

- '97. Mrs. Guthrie McConnell (Genevieve Knapp), a daughter, Frances Shackleford, born May 12.
- '98. Mrs. John W. Lumbard (Elizabeth D. Tarbox), a daughter, Elizabeth Wheeler, born May 13, White Plains, New York.
- '01. Mrs. John Cloyes Brigham (Ethel Young Comstock), twin sons, David Comstock and John Cloyes, Jr., born May 25.

## DEATH

- '98. Mrs. George Atkinson (Frances Bridges) of Monroe, North Carolina, died Saturday, May 9.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

WITH APOLOGIES TO LONGFELLOW

I breathed a flunk into the air ;  
It fell to earth, I cared not where ;  
'Twas not the only one, alas,  
That lightly from my lips should pass.

I took some cuts without remorse,  
I had a "health excuse", of course ;  
'Tis passing strange what joys may fill  
Two happy hours when you're "ill".

Long, long after in exams.,  
Notwithstanding desperate crams,  
I found them all, each in its place,  
With vengeance written on its face.

NELLIE BARNEY SERGENT '06.

### A FFW RUBAIYAT OF A COLLEGE GIRL

Wake! for the bell that scattered into flight  
The lights at ten o'clock on yester night  
Now rings and calls you from your bed again,  
• Before your freezing room receives the light.

That bell will ring again in half an hour,  
To call you down from your delightful bower,  
To join the throng about the table grouped ;  
It is to eat, my dear, and not to glower.

Another bell will ring for chapel then,  
And you must run or you'll be late again.  
With books and papers left outside the door  
You enter in, but take your fountain pen.

No more will I the "K. K.'s" rooms frequent,  
Nor Boyden's, where my hard-saved cash is spent,  
But passing by those dear old doors, I'll say,  
"No more for me their simple merriment".



No more from out my banished chafing dish  
Shall odors rise, the best that taste can wish ;  
And when my turn at others' parties comes,  
In thought of me, turn down an empty dish.

This voice of mine was once sweet, soft and low,  
But since I've been to college 'tis not so ;  
Bear with me, friends,—what made it squeak so high  
Was calling to my roommate down below.

And that sweet desk I bought the other day,  
With blotting-pad and fluffy ink-well gay,  
Oh, lean upon it lightly, for who knows  
At what dire moment it will give away ?

The girl you gazed at when you should have worked,  
And for whose sake your little task you shirked,  
Think no more of her,—in her stony heart  
The slightest thought of you has never lurked.

While shines the sun 'tis we must make the hay ;  
A little while for work, but more for play ;  
"And this first summer month that brings the rose"  
Shall take our dear old seniors all away.

HILDA MANSFIELD '08.

THE LAMENT OF A REFERENCE READER

(Echoes from the College Library)

Reference books are a reminder  
Of the girl who read before,  
And, departing, left behind her  
Footnotes there forever more ;—

Footnotes that, however hurried  
We may be, will catch our eyes ;  
Make us pause, or else feel worried  
Lest we're missing something wise.

Here and there an underscoring  
Marks some unimportant thought,  
Relic of the studious poring  
Of some girl who thought she ought

To leave landmarks on the pages,  
Or a beacon-light to aid  
Those who in the future ages  
Through these reference books might wade.

Trust no footnote in your reading,  
 Shun all marks, with purpose strong;  
 For you'll find that they're misleading,  
 That they're almost always wrong.

Let us, then, refrain from writing  
 In a college reference book,  
 Knowing that what we're inditing  
 Will but worry those who look.

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON '06.

At the open meeting of the Biological Society Professor George T. Moore addressed the students on "Bacteria in the Service of Agriculture". He said

that science is showing that the

**Lecture by Professor George T. Moore** soil is not an inert mass as commonly supposed, but that it is a complicated mass of several million bacteria to every cubic inch, and these are rendering man a service of which he is only now learning to take advantage.

The Agricultural Department at Washington has finally succeeded in drying these bacteria so that they can be shipped in tablet form, and the farmers, by putting them in water, where they increase one or two generations an hour, can apply them to the dry seed or the seedlings of peas, beans, alfalfa and other plants of the same family. This inoculated soil has produced a great increase, even four hundred per cent., and promises among other things to establish the flax fiber industry in this country. Though the reasons for these phenomena are still not entirely determined, this is an example of the great service that the scientist is rendering to the farmer.

C. A. M. '06.

On the evening of May 2 the senior class was invited to meet the alumnae members of the trustees and faculty, for the purpose of discussing matters of general interest to the college.

**Senior Reception** Miss Cushing presided. Miss Barbour, Misa Caverno and Miss Cutler spoke of the aims of the Alumnae Association of Smith College, the Students' Aid Society, and the Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

The general topic of the evening was "What Smith College Means to Us". Lucia Johnson '06 spoke of the reasons for going to any college, and to Smith College in particular. She was followed by Vardrine McBee '06 and Florence Mann '06, who presented respectively the social and the intellectual side of college life. Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Thayer and Mrs. Norton then spoke, as trustees and also as alumnae, of the standards of the college, what it has done for its students, and what we in turn owe to the college, both now as undergraduates and later as members of the Alumnae Association. An informal reception followed.

When the Morris House, on May 5, presented "The Little Princess", we saw the performance of the story of Sarah Crewe, whose sorrows we may have bewept in our youthful days. Some of

**Morris House Dramatics** the audience indeed seemed to feel that the play retained for them still its pathetic quality.

Most of the characters represented were children, and it was surprising to see how well and easily the superfluous years of the actors disappeared. Mildred Springer, as Sarah Crewe, was a pathetic little person, and with the exception of one or two places, when she forgot that she was only a child, her part was delightfully rendered.

Katherine Dauchy, as Ermengarde, was one of the funniest figures that has appeared on the Students' Building stage. Her curl-papers and wails over "more books!" were indeed moving! Mildred Wilson, who represented Donald, made an excellent small boy. Most of the other children were attractive and interesting. Lottie in particular was a delightful baby whom it was difficult to to imagine over six years of age, even in real life. Helen Dupuy, as Mrs. Carmichael, played her part with ease and understanding of the feelings of her large family; it was a good bit of characterization. The scenery and staging were among the best that we have seen in house dramatics.

This is the last of the house plays of the year. Some have been rather ambitious for amateurs to undertake, but they have been good on the whole. In the wave of reform that has been sweeping over the college, the house play need not be abolished on the score of being badly done. Among the plays of the year, this of the Morris House may take high rank for excellence and adequacy of presentation. The cast was as follows:

Sara Crewe,.....	Mildred Springer
Miss Minchin.. ..	Helen Harris
Miss Amelia,.....	Virginia Smith
Ermengarde.....	Katharine Dauchy
Lavinia. ....	Marion Ellis
Lottie,.....	Virginia Elliott
Lilly,.....	Katharine Hinman
Jessie,.....	Sophie Harris
Dorothy.....	Elinor Goodridge
Bucky, a maid, .....	Elizabeth Bliss
Emma, a maid,.....	Sibyl Buttrick
Mrs. Carmichael,.....	Helen Dupuy
Janet,.....	Jean Welch
Mazie,.....	Mildred Taylor
Ned,.....	Ethel McCluney
Donald,.....	Mildred Wilson
Mr. Carmichael,.....	Nettie Strobhar
Mr. Barrow, a lawyer, .....	Helen Maxcy
Mr. Carrisford,.....	Emma Bowden
Mr. Carrisford's Secretary,.....	Margaret Fiscus
Ram Dass,.....	Hazel Catherwood

The annual Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi play was given in the Students' Building, Saturday evening, May 26. "Monsieur Beaucaire", by Booth Tarkington, was the play this year. It was a most creditable

**The Alpha Phi-Kappa  
Psi Play**

performance throughout, marred only by the low tone in which many of the characters spoke. If the girls could remember the poor acoustic properties of the Students' Building the audiences would be very grateful; for nothing is more wearing than to strain one's attention to catch every word. The work of Carmen Mabie in the title-rôle was exceptionally fine. The way in which she made her climaxes, fairly lifting the tenor of the scene and sustaining it to the end, was almost professional in its effect. The men in the cast were unusually well taken, especially the parts of Laura C. Geddes and Katharine Gager, the latter noteworthy because of its natural humor and easy nonchalance. The parts of the women were less effectively done, though in most cases they were good to look at. Mary Wham, as the heroine, lacked fire and convincing force, and Ethel Bond made "Lucy" too much of a shrew. The cast is as follows:—

Monsieur Beaucaire,....	Carmen Mabie
Duke of Winterset,..	Louise Geddes
Molyneux,.....	Sophie Wilds
Rakell,.....	Katharine Gager
Beau Nash,.....	Helen Putnam
Banteson,.....	Vardine McBee
Bichsitt,.....	Alice Barker
Townebrake,.....	Helen Maxcy
Badger,.....	Ruth O'Donnell
Marquis de Mirefoix,.....	Clara Porter
François,.....	Mary Kissoch
Tolliffe,.....	Mason Montgomery
Lady Mary Carlisle,....	Mary Wham
Lucy Rellerton, ...	Ethel Brown
Mrs. Mabsley, .....	Elizabeth Gates
Miss Presbrey,.....	Mary Smith
Miss Paitelot,.....	Eunice Fuller
Lady Rellerton,.....	Marion Dana
Duchess of Greenbury,.....	Mary Kerr
Lackeys,.....	Malleville Emerson, Alta Smith, Martha Weed

Mr. Samuel T. Pickard addressed the open meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society, Friday, May 18, on "The Humor of Whittier". The address was quite informal, consisting of personal reminiscence of the poet, with whom Mr. Pickard

**Phi Kappa Psi Lecture** had been brought into close association. Only those who knew Whittier intimately realized how keen was his sense of humor, as he was reserved to a point of sternness on most occasions. Mr. Pickard's own pleasure in telling anecdotes of his old friend made it most enjoyable for those who sat near enough to see and hear him well.



S. C. A. C. W. Notes

Correction From the Annual Report, Page 8, Treasurer's Report

Cr

Balance on hand,.....	\$203 08
Money held in trust for Silver Bay,.....	97 90
Membership dues,.....	382 67
Advertising,.....	98 50
Ice-cream.....	60
	<hr/>
	\$782 75

Dr

Gifts to conventions, .....	\$ 50 00
Gifts to International Institute of Spain,.....	25 00
Printing, .....	175 00
Guests, .....	27 65
Rent of room, .....	13 25
Stationary,.....	2 15
Convention delegates, .....	80 35
Social expenses, .....	18 58
Extra expenses, .....	12 90
Stamps and expressage, .....	50 00
Books, .....	26 75
Furniture, .....	25 00
Silver Bay Fund,.....	97 90
	<hr/>
	\$604 53
Total receipts,.....	\$782 75
Total expenditures,.....	604 53
	<hr/>
Balance in Bank May 1, 1906, .....	\$178 22

ALTA SMITH, Treasurer.

Audited and found correct May 28, 1906.

H. N. GARDINER.

On May 21 the College Orchestra gave a concert in College Hall, under the direction of Miss Rebecca W. Holmes. The orchestra was assisted by Mr. A. A. Gore, flute; Mr. Arthur P. Irving, clarinet, and Mr. George Kuralt, clarinet. The program was interesting and the solos were good, especially Miss Rockwood's rendering of the third movement of the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor.

On May 26 a mass meeting of the college was held, to discuss the council's suggestion in regard to major and minor offices. It has been felt that "too much work has been put upon a few girls, and that several offices, in college or class, whatever they may be, demand more time than should be required of any one person. There seems to be no reason why the work attached to these offices should not be more widely distributed." The new system was adopted with almost no discussion.

At the open meeting of the Current Events Club, on May 10, Miss Jordan spoke on "The Present Situation in Russia". Few of us, she said, realize how great a crisis has come in Russia's political

**Lecture by Miss Jordan** life to-day. The country is so far away that even with the daily newspaper accounts of the anarchistic state, we do not comprehend how critical its condition is at the present time. The peasants are incited to revolt by the revolutionaries, the revolutionaries are continually in conflict with the officials, and all parties are bitterly hostile to the nobility.

Such is the state of the country at present that the upper classes are selling their estates and leaving the country in thousands, thereby displaying an utter lack of courage or of patriotism.

The civilized world to-day is eagerly waiting to see what the Duma is going to stand for; if it is destined to aggravate or better the prevailing condition of affairs.

In spite of the present state of their country, the Russians are a large-minded people, whose possibilities are far from being developed. After all, the best way is to let them work out their own salvation and to trust that their problems will be met in the end.

At the open meeting of the Clef Club, June 1, 1906, the following program of compositions by members of the club was given:

Sonata in the style of C. P. E. Bach,	Jennie M. Peers 1905
Songs,	Marion A. Niles 1907
Pinaforte Suite,	Louise H. DeForest 1907
Part Songs. (a) "The Constant Cannibal Maid",	Emma B. Bowden 1907
(b) "Old Roses",	Marjorie S. Allen 1906
Oantabile for Violin,	Emilie V. Piolet 1906
A Suite of Northern Pieces,	Marjorie S. Allen 1906
Songs.	Agatha E. Gruber 1907. Pauline Sperry 1906. Ruth M. Fletcher 1906
Part Song. "The Spanish Tambourine Girl",	Jennie M. Peers 1905

The class of 1907 wishes to announce that Miss Katherine E. McClellan has been elected senior photographer. She offers a new and exceptionally fine grade of work. The rates are as follows:

Pictures made in black and white platinum paper, in colored folders:

50 pictures, 7x10, vignnetted,	\$20 00
50 " 7x10, matted,	18 00
50 " 4x6, vignnetted,	16 00
50 " 4x6, matted,	14 00

Pictures made in sepia peltinum paper, mounted on four different colors:

50 cabinets mounted, 9x12,	\$20 00
50 ½ cabinets mounted, 6x10,	15 00

Each 50 pictures includes one glossy print for class book.

Pictures finished from two different negatives without extra charge.

Four sittings are included in the above prices.

Miss McClellan is a Smith College graduate, whose interest in class photography cannot fail to be recognized.

The junior class held its promenade on May 16, and enjoyed it enthusiastically. The fact that it was the one and only "prom" of their own that they could ever experience forced many to in-

**The Junior Promenade** dilge who otherwise would have scorned so crowded a place as the Students' Building. The concert was held in the afternoon, as in former years, and ice cream and cake were served. The real prom, however, began at seven and lasted until eleven o'clock.

The decorations were unusually effective, especially those of which the sophomore committee had charge. The patronesses were: Mrs. Seelye, Mrs. Cowing, Mrs. Berry, Miss Hanscom, Miss Eastman, Miss Williams, Mrs. Wackerhagen, Miss Maltby, Mrs. Sawtelle, Miss Moffat.

### SOCIETY ELECTIONS

#### PHYSICS CLUB

President—Alice Green  
Vice-President—Alvara Proctor  
Secretary and Treasurer—Elizabeth Bliss

#### BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President—J. Dorothea Schaufler  
Vice-President—Georgia Jackson  
Secretary—Carrie Woodward  
Treasurer—Margaret Edwards

#### GLEE CLUB

Leader—Emma B. Bowden  
Manager—Julia L. Parks  
Treasurer—Florence A. Grey

#### MANDOLIN CLUB

Leader—Louisa F. Niles  
Manager—Clara R. Ford

#### BANJO CLUB

Leader—Alice McElroy  
Manager—Christina Rodenbach

## *CALENDAR*

June 6, Beginning of Final Examinations.

“ 14, Dress Rehearsal of Senior Dramatics.

“ 15, Senior Dramatics.

“ 16, Senior Dramatics.

“ 17, Baccalaureate Sunday.

“ 18, Ivy Exercises.

Glee Club Concert.

President's Reception.

“ 19, Commencement. Speaker, Hon. Samuel W. McCall.

1906 Class Supper.















